

EDMOND WALLER

Ætatis suæ 76.



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POEMS, &c.

Written upon ſeveral

OCCASIONS,

And to ſeveral

PERSONS.

By *EDMOND WALLER*, Eſq;

The Tenth Edition, with Additions.

To which is Prefix'd

The AUTHOR's LIFE.

Non ego mordaci diſtrinxi carmine quenquam,
Nulla venenato litera miſta joco eſt.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

WHEN the Author of theſe Verſes (written only to pleaſe himſelf, and ſuch particular Perſons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad ſome Years ſince, He was troubled to find his Name in Print, but ſomewhat ſatisfied to ſee his Lines ſo ill rendred, that he might juſtly diſown them, and ſay to a miſtaking Printer, as one did to an ill Reciter———

Malè dum recitas, incipit eſſe tuum.

Having been ever ſince preſſed to correct the many and groſs Faults (ſuch as uſe to be in Impreſſions wholly neglected by the Authors) his Anſwer was, that he made theſe when ill Verſes had more Favour and eſcaped better, than good ones do in this Age; the Severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by thoſe Faults in the Impreſſion, which hi-

therto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks *hang old Rags (or ſuch like ugly things) upon their faireſt Horſes and other goodly Creatures, to ſecure them againſt Faſcination: and for thoſe of a more confin'd Underſtanding, who pretend not to Cenſure, as they admire moſt what they leaſt comprehend, ſo his Verſes (maim'd to that degree that himſelf ſcarce knew what to make of many of them) might that way at leaſt have a Title to ſome Admiration; which is no ſmall matter, if what an old Author obſerves be true, That the Aim of Orators, is Victory; of Hiſtorians, Truth; and of Poets, Admiration. He had reaſon therefore to indulge thoſe Faults in his Book whereby it might be reconciled to ſome, and commended to others.*

The Printer alſo he thought would fare the worſe, if thoſe Faults were amended; for we ſee maimed Statues ſell better than whole ones, and clipt and waſht Money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up. Theſe are the Reaſons which for above twelve Years paſt he has oppoſed to our Requeſt; To which it was reply'd, that as it would be too late to recall that which had ſo long been made publick, ſo might it find Excuſe from his Youth (the Seaſon it was produced in:) And for what had been done ſince, and now added, if it commend not his Poetry, it might his Philoſophy, which teaches him ſo chearfully to bear ſo great a Calamity, as the loſs of the Part of his Fortune (torn from him in Priſon, in which, and in Baniſhment, the beſt Portion of his Life hath alſo been ſpent) that he can ſtill ſing under the Burthen, not unlike that Roman,

—Quem

——Quem demiſere Philippi
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et Laris, & fundi——

Whoſe ſpreading Wings the Civil War had clipt,
And him of his old Patrimony ſtript.

Who yet not long after could ſay,

Muſis amicus triſtitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.

They that acquainted with the Muſes be,
Send Care and Sorrow by the Winds to Sea.

Not ſo much moved with theſe Reaſons of ours, (or pleas'd with our Rhimes) as wearied with our Importunity, he has at laſt given us leave to aſſure the Reader, That the Poems which have been ſo long and ſo ill ſet forth under his Name, are here to be found as he firſt writ them; as alſo to add ſome others which have ſince been compoſed by him. And though his Advice to the contrary might have diſcourag'd us; yet obſerving how often they have been Reprinted, what Price they have born, and how earneſtly they have been always enquired after, but eſpecially of late; making good that of Horace,

——Meliora dies, ut Vina, Poemata reddit:

Some Verſes being (like ſome Wines) recommended to our Taſte by Time and Age, we have adventur'd upon this new and well corrected Edition, which, for our own ſakes, as well as thine, we hope will ucceed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

POSTSCRIPT.

NOT having the ſame Argument as at firſt to perſuade the Author that I might print his *Verſes* more correctly, which he found ſo ill done at his Return: I have now adventured, without giving him farther Trouble, by importuning him for a new Permiſſion, to collect all I can find, either left out of the former Edition, or ſuch as have been ſince made by him; to which I am the more encouraged, becauſe the firſt (tho' moſt of them were compos'd Fifty or Sixty Years ſince) ſeem ſtill new; which would be more ſtrange in ſo changing a Language, had it not been by him improved; which may make one think it true, that I have heard from ſome learned Criticks, that *Virgil*, when he ſaid ——— *Nova carmina pango*, meant not *Verſes* that were never ſeen before, (for in that Senſe all at firſt are new,) but ſuch as he thought might be ever New. May theſe ſtill appear to be ſo, for the Diverſion of the Readers, and Intereſt of

Their Humble Servant.

AN



AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE *and* WRITINGS OF *Edmond Waller*, Esq;

MR. *Edmond Waller*, Author of the following Poems, was the Son of *Robert Waller*, Esq; of *Agmondesham* in *Buckinghamshire*, by his Wife the Daughter of ——— *Hampden* of *Hampden*, in that County, one of the most ancient Families in *England*, and Sister to Colonel *John Hampden*, as Dr. *Birch* assur'd us, who having been a leading Member in the Par-

liament in 1641, dyed in its Service. Mr. *Waller* was born on the 3d of *March* 1605, at *Coleſhill*, which gives *Hertfordſhire* the Honour of his Birth; for though *Coleſhill* be in the Pariſh of *Agmondeſham*, 'tis in the County of *Hertford*. His Father had the Reputation of a Wiſe Man, and his Oeconomy was one of the diſtinguiſhing Marks of his Prudence: For though the Family of *Waller* in *Buckinghamſhire* was but a younger Branch of the *Wallers* in *Kent*, yet this Gentleman at his Death left his Son, our Mr. *Waller*, an Eſtate of 3500 *l.* a Year; a Fortune at that Time fit for a Nobleman: And indeed, the Antiquity of this Family, and the Services they have rendred their Country, deſervedly place it among the moſt Honourable in *England*. Mr. *Robert Waller*, Father of *Edmond*, was bred a Lawyer, and practiſed at the Bar ſome time, but quitted it, to live the Life of a Country Gentleman; which he often repented, looking upon it as too idle. He had a great Eſteem for the Common Law, the Study of which he preferr'd to the Civil. He was a Man of Parts and Virtue, and wrote Advice to his Son, Mr. *Edmond Waller*; which Manuſcript is in the Hands of Mrs. *Waller*, Widow of Dr. *Stephen Waller*, our Poet's Son. Thoſe who have ſeen it, commend it. This Mr. *Waller*, as has been obſerv'd, improv'd the Eſtate ſo much, that 'twas look'd upon to be one of the beſt in the County, and there was a kind of Emulation between the Families of *Hampden* and *Waller* on that Score. *Richard Waller*, of *Spendhurſt* in the County of *Kent*, Eſq; was Sheriff of that County the 16th of *Henry* VI. of whom we read this remarkable Account in the *Villare Cantianum*. He

ſerv'd

ſerv'd in the Wars of *France*, under *Henry* V. and ſignaliz'd himſelf ſo far that he took *Charles* Duke of *Orleans*, General of the *French* Army, Priſoner at the Battel of *Agencourt*. He brought him into *England*, and according to the Cuſtom of thoſe Times, had the Cuſtody of that Prince, whom he kept in honourable Reſtraint at *Gromebridge*, his Seat, near *Spendhurſt*; as appears by a Manuſcript in the *Heralds Office*. The Duke was his Priſoner there twenty four Years; and in the time of this Retirement he rebuilt his Manſion-Houſe at *Gromebridge* on the old Foundation. He was a great Benefactor to the Church of *Spendhurſt*, where his Arms remain in Stonework over the Porch; and in them we find an Addition to the former Bearing of the Family, aſſigned by King *Henry* to him and his Deſcendants, *viz.* A Creſt with the Arms of *France* hanging by a Label on an Oak, with this Motto, *Hic fructus Virtutis*, in Remembrance of the glorious Services of *Richard Waller* at *Agencourt*. From him Sir *William Waller*, who was Sheriff of *Kent* the 22d of *Henry* VII. lineally deſcended; and Tradition ſays, the Family had then 7000*l.* a Year. But it was very much reduced in the Time of Sir *William Waller*, famous in the Wars between the King and Parliament for his good and bad Fortune; which Sir *William* lineally deſcended from the former, of whom probably is that noble Monument in *Spendhurſt* Church of Sir *Walter Waller* and his Lady, who in the Roll of Sheriffs may by miſtake be written Sir *William*. We could not learn at what Time the *Wallers* of *Buckinghamſhire* removed thither out of *Kent*, and ſettled at *Agmondeſham*;

deſham; but it ſeems not to have been long before Mr. *Waller*'s Father's Time, becauſe a Family of ſuch a Fortune could not have eſcap'd furniſhing the County with a Sheriff, and we find none of this Name in the Rolls. The Houſe at *Agmondeſham* being old and decaying, Mr. *Waller*, of whom we write, lived moſtly at *Beconsfield*, where his Mother dwelt in her Widowhood, and often entertain'd *Oliver Cromwell* there, during his Uſurpation, he being related to her. But notwithſtanding her Relation to the Uſurper, and Colonel *Hampden*, ſhe was a Royaliſt in her Principles; and when *Oliver* viſited her at *Beconsfield*, ſhe would frankly tell him how his Pretenſions would end. The Uſurper us'd merrily to throw a Napkin at her in return, and ſaid he would not enter into further Diſputes with his Aunt; for ſo he us'd to call her, though not quite ſo nearly related. However, finding at laſt that Mrs. *Waller* was more in earneſt than he was in jeſt, and that ſhe correſponded with Perſons of her own Principles, in favour of the King, ſhe was for ſome time made a Priſoner to her Daughter in her own Houſe.

Mr. *Waller*'s Father dying when he was very young, the Care of his Education fell to his Mother, who ſent him to *Eaton* School, where having made a good Proficiency in *Grammar* Learning, he was remov'd to *King's College* in *Cambridge*; and it is very manifeſt, that both at *Eaton* and at *Cambridge* he muſt have been aſſiduous in his Studies, ſince he acquir'd ſo fine a Taſte of the Ancients in ſo ſhort a Time; for at ſixteen or ſeventeen Years of Age he was choſen into the laſt Parliament of King *James* I. and

ſerv'd

ſerv'd as Burgeſs for *Agmondeſham*. 'Twas about the ſame time, in the ſeventeenth Year of his Age, that Prince *Charles* had like to have been caſt away in the Road of St. *André* coming from *Spain*. Upon which he wrote that admirable Poem,

Now had his Highneſs bid Farewel to Spain,
And reach'd the Sphere of his own Pow'r, the Main,

at an Age, when, generally ſpeaking, Perſons of the moſt forward Parts begin juſt to diſcover themſelves, and at a Time when the *Engliſh* Poetry had hardly any Harmony or Grace in it. But he roſe like a great Reformer, and ſhook off at once the Barbariſm and Rudeneſs, under which it had long labour'd.

Great Maro *con'd no greater Tempeſt feign,*
When the loud Winds, uſurping on the Main,
For angry Juno, *labour'd to deſtroy*
The hated Reliques of confounded Troy.
His bold Æneas, *&c.*

If this was not written at that very Time (which is probable) it could not be long after it, as is plain by ſeveral Hints in the Poem. That Parliament being ſome time after diſſolv'd, on the Day of its Diſſolution, he, out of Curioſity or Reſpect, went to ſee the King at Dinner, with whom were Dr. *Andrews* Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, and

and Dr. *Neal* Biſhop of *Durham*, ſtanding behind his Majeſty's Chair. There happen'd ſomething very extraordinary in the Converſation thoſe Prelates had with the King, on which Mr. *Waller* did often reflect. His Majeſty ask'd the Biſhops, *My Lords, cannot I take my Subjects Money when I want it, without all this Formality in Parliament?* The Biſhop of *Durham* readily anſwer'd, *God forbid, Sir, but you ſhou'd, you are the Breath of our Noſtrils:* Whereupon the King turned, and ſaid to the Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, *Well, my Lord, what ſay you?* *Sir*, replied the Biſhop, *I have no Skill to judge of Parliamentary Caſes:* The King anſwer'd, *No Put-offs, my Lord, anſwer me preſently: Then Sir*, ſaid he, *I think it's lawful for you to take my Brother* Neal's *Money, for he offers it.* Mr. *Waller* ſaid the Company was pleaſed with this Anſwer, and the Wit of it ſeemed to affect the King: For a certain Lord coming in ſoon after, his Majeſty cry'd out, *Oh my Lord, they ſay you* lig *with my Lady: No, Sir*, ſays his Lordſhip in Confuſion, *but I like her Company becauſe ſhe has ſo much Wit. Why then*, ſays the King, *do you not* lig *with my Lord of* Wincheſter *there?* The Truth of this Converſation is not to be doubted, it having been often told Dr. *Birch* by Mr. *Waller* himſelf, one of whoſe Daughters he marry'd; and the Doctor communicated it to us, with ſeveral other Paſſages concerning our Author.

King *James* did not long ſurvive this Parliament, and his Son and Succeſſor King *Charles* the Firſt beginning his Reign by a Match with *France*, and a War ſoon after with *Spain*, the Fleet that was fitted out and ſent thither under the

the Command of my Lord *Wimbledon*, was probably the Occaſion of the Copy of Verſes which begins this Collection, *To the King on his Navy, in the Year* 1626, which was the Time of that Expedition; and the *Engliſh* Navy is hardly mentioned in Hiſtory from the Year in which Mr. *Waller* was born, 'till the One and Twentieth of his Age: For which Reaſon we may very well imagine the Noiſe of this Naval Enterprize inſpir'd his Muſe to ſing to his Majeſty,

Where-e'er thy Navy ſpreads her Canvas Wings,
Homage to thee, and Peace to all ſhe brings.

Two Years after this, when Mr. *Waller* was Three and Twenty Years old, the Duke of *Buckingham* was aſſaſſinated by *Felton* at *Portſmouth*. King *Charles* was then at *Southwick*, a Seat of *Richard Norton*, Eſq; in *Hampſhire*, and received the News of this Aſſaſſination when he was at Chappel; and this gave Occaſion to another Copy of Verſes *On his Majeſty's receiving the News of the Duke of* Buckingham's *Death, in the Year* 1628.

So earneſt with thy God, *can no new Care,*
No Senſe of Danger, &c.

Our Author was now known at Court, and careſs'd by all the People of Quality, who had a Reliſh of Learning and Wit: He was alſo one of that famous Club with the Lord *Falkland*, Sir *Francis Wainman*, Mr. *Chillingworth*, Mr. *Godolphin*,

dolphin, and others. At one of their Meetings they heard a Noiſe in the Street, and were told a Son of *Ben Johnſon*'s was arreſted: They ſent for him, and he prov'd Mr. *Morley*, afterwards Biſhop of *Wincheſter*: Mr. *Waller* lik'd him ſo well that he pay'd the Debt, which was no leſs than 100*l.* on condition he would live with him at *Beconſfield*, which he did for eight or ten Years together; and from him Mr. *Waller* us'd to own he learn'd a Taſte of the ancient Poets, and got what he had of their Genius. But 'tis evident, by his Poems written before this Incident of Mr. *Morley*'s Arreſt, that he had early acquir'd that exquiſite Taſte; however he improv'd and enlarg'd it afterwards by Mr. *Morley*'s Converſation and Aſſiſtance, to whom this Adventure prov'd very advantageous; for Mr. *Waller* introduced him into that learned and polite Society, as my Lord *Falkland* did Mr. *Hyde* Earl of *Clarendon*, at the ſame Time; and the Friendſhip continued between them 'till both were greater Men.

We have not been able to learn certainly at what Time Mr. *Waller* married; but a very good Friend of his told us, he believ'd his firſt Wife *Ann*, Daughter and Heir of *Edward Banks*, Eſq; was dead, before he became enamour'd of my Lady *Dorothy Sidney*; and that he was then a Widower, and about the Four or Five and Twentieth Year of his Age, when he began to have a Paſſion for *Sacchariſſa*, whoſe Beauty triumphs over Time in his Verſes. 'Tis known to every one, that *Sacchariſſa* was a borrowed Name he gave that Lady, Daughter to the Lord *Leiceſter*, and afterwards Wife to the Earl

Earl of *Sunderland.* The firſt Poem he addreſſes to her in this Collection, begins,

Such was Philoclea, *ſuch* Mucidorus' *Flame,*
The matchleſs Sydney, *that immortal Frame*
Of perfect Beauty, &c.

She likewiſe is the Subject of that Poem entituled, *Of the Lady who can ſleep when ſhe pleaſes*; and of that *Of the Miſ-report of her being painted*; and of that *Of her paſſing through a Crowd of People*; But that which paints out her and himſelf, and the Succeſs of his Love the plaineſt, is, the Fable of *Phœbus* and *Daphne:*

Thyrſis, *a Youth of the Inſpired Train,*
Fair Sachariſſa *lov'd, but lov'd in vain,*
Like Phœbus, *&c.*

This is one of the moſt Gallant and beſt turn'd Copies of Verſes in the *Engliſh* Tongue; and that which he applies to himſelf with a modeſt and juſt Boldneſs, can never be enough admir'd.

All but the Nymph, that ſhould redreſs his Wrong,
Attend his Paſſion, and approve his Song:
Like Phœbus *thus, acquiring unſought Praiſe,*
He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

Nothing

Nothing can be more agreeable than the Parallel between *Amoret* and *Sachariſſa*, in the Stanza's addreſs'd to the former. Who that *Amoret* was, is not known. Though in theſe Stanza's *Sachariſſa* carries him away from *Amoret*, yet by ſome Verſes in the Pages that come after, we may ſuppoſe *Sachariſſa*'s Cruelty made him prefer *Amoret*'s Good-nature. It appears by the Verſes to *Phillis* and others, Mr. *Waller*'s Love for *Sachariſſa* did not make him forget what was due to the Beauty of other Ladies, and that they were not all of them ſo unjuſt to him, as ſhe whom he of all moſt admired. His good Fortune elſewhere might perhaps render him the more eaſie under her Treatment; and we find he was not of a Complexion to become a Martyr to his Paſſion; as will appear from the following Letter, which he ſent to the Lady *Dorothy*'s Siſter, when *Sachariſſa* Married the Lord *Spencer*, afterwards Earl of *Sunderland*.

To my Lady *Lucy Sydney*, upon the Marriage of my Lady *Dorothy*, her Siſter, to my Lord *Spencer*.

Madam,

IN this Common Joy at Penſhurſt *I know none to whom Complaints may come leſs unſeaſonable than to your Ladyſhip, the Loſs of a Bed-fellow being almoſt equal to that of a Miſtreſs; and therefore you ought at leaſt to pardon, if you conſent not to the Imprecations of the Deſerted, which juſt Heaven no doubt will hear.*

May

May my Lady Dorothy, *if we may yet call her , ſuffer as much, and have the like Paſſion for his young Lord, whom ſhe has preferr'd to the reſt f Mankind, as others have had for her; and may his Love, before the Year go about, make her taſte f the firſt Curſe impos'd on Womankind, the Pains f becoming a Mother. May her firſt-born be none f her own Sex, nor ſo like her, but that he may eſemble her Lord as much as her ſelf.*

May ſhe that always affected Silence and Retiedneſs, have the Houſe fill'd with the Noiſe and Number of her Children, and hereafter of her Grand-Children; and then may ſhe arrive at that reat Curſe ſo much declin'd by fair Ladies, Old Age: May ſhe live to be very old, and yet ſeem oung, be told ſo by her Glaſs, and have no Aches o inform her of the Truth: And when ſhe ſhall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, ut go Hand in Hand with her to that Place, where we are told there is neither marrying nor giving in Marriage, that being there divorced, we may all have an equal Intereſt in her again. My Revenge being immortal, I wiſh all this may alſo befall their Poſterity to the World's End, and afterwards.

To you, Madam, I wiſh all good things, and that this Loſs may in good Time be happily ſupplyed with a more conſtant Bed-fellow of the other Sex.

Madam, I humbly kiſs your Hands, and beg Pardon for this Trouble, from

Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant,

E. WALLER.

He

He liv'd to converſe with the Lady *Sunderland* when ſhe was very old: But his Imprecation relating to her Glaſs did not ſucceed, for my Lady knew ſhe had the Diſeaſe, which nothing but Death can cure; and in a Converſation with Mr. *Waller*, and ſome other Ladies and Gentlemen at the late Lady *Wharton*'s at *Woburn* near *Beconsfield*, ſhe then ask'd him in Raillery, *When, Mr.* Waller, *will you write ſuch fine Verſes upon me again? Oh, Madam*, ſaid he, *when your Ladyſhip is as young again.* From this Beauty is deſcended the preſent Earl of *Sunderland*, whoſe great Qualities, whoſe Integrity and Love of his Country have made his Name dear to every true *Engliſh* Man. Mr. *Waller* had *Sacharissa*'s Picture at his Seat at *Hall Barn*, which he built about a quarter of a Mile from *Beconsfield*, his Mother living in that Town. That Seat has been ſince rebuilt by Dr. *Stephen Waller* his Son, and is now a very handſome Edifice.

Beſides all the great Wits of his own, Mr. *Waller* convers'd with all thoſe of the Fair Sex; the chief of whom was the Counteſs of *Carliſle*, a Lady very famous in her Time, and one who was thought to be as deeply concerned in the Councils of the Court, and afterwards of the Parliament, as any in *England*. When *Voiture* was at *London*, he held her in ſuch Admiration, that he could not forbear writing of her to his Friend Mr. *Gourden*, when he was got no farther than *Dover*, in his return to *France*. We may very well imagine, a Man of Mr. *Waller*'s Genius wou'd not let ſuch a one as *Voiture*, (who had ſo great a Turn to Gallantry) be in *England*, without making ſome Acquaintance with him; and,

d, if our Conjecture is right, we ſhall find
n in an Intimacy with the greateſt Wits of
ance, *Voiture*, *La Fontaine*, *St. Evremont*, &c.
His Wife *Anne* dying in Childbed, left him
e Daughter, who marry'd Mr. *Dormer* of
fordſhire, and is now his Widow; he had
ewiſe a Son by her, but he dy'd in his Infan-
. His ſecond Wife was *Mary*, of the Family
the *Breſſe*, or *Breaux's*, as is ſeen by the In-
iption on his Tomb, by whom he had a nu-
erous Iſſue.

There's no doubt, but had Mr. *Waller* liv'd in
Age when Parliaments were frequent, he
ou'd have diſtinguiſh'd himſelf as much by his
liticks, as by his Poetry; but his Relation to
Hampden Family inducing him to eſpouſe the
rty which was againſt Ship-money, and other
ctices in thoſe Times, he never was accepta-
to the Reigning Favourites, further than his
uſe made him; and this Life of Inaction is
haps the Occaſion of his giving up ſo much of
Time to Poetry as he did.

However, he was Return'd a Burgeſs for *Ag-
ndeſham* in the Parliament which met in *April*,
40. An Intermiſſion of Parliaments for twelve
ars had diſguſted the Nation, and the Houſe
t in no good Humour to give Money. It
ſt be confeſs'd, ſome late Proceedings had
s'd ſuch Jealouſies as wou'd be ſure to diſco-
themſelves when-ever the King came to ask
a Supply; and Mr. *Waller* was one of the
t to condemn thoſe Meaſures. A Speech he
de in the Houſe on this occaſion, and which
printed at the End of theſe Poems, gives us
me Notions of his Principles as to Govern-
ment.

ment. Indeed we can't but confeſs, he was a little too Inconſtant in them, and was not naturally as Steady, as he was Judicious; which variable Temper was the Cauſe of his loſing his Reputation, in a great meaſure, with both Parties, when the Nation became unhappily divided. His Love of Poetry and Indolence laid him open to the Inſinuations of others, and, it may be, prevented his fixing ſo reſolutely to any One Party, as to make him a Favourite of Either.

As Mr. *Waller* did not come up to the height of thoſe who were for an Unlimited Monarchy, ſo he did not go the Lengths of ſuch as wou'd have ſunk the Kingdom into a Common-wealth, but had ſo much Credit at Court, that in this Parliament the King particularly ſent to him to ſecond his Demand of ſome Subſidies to pay off the Army: And Sir *Henry Vane* objecting againſt firſt Voting a Supply, becauſe the King would not accept it, unleſs it came to his Proportion, Mr. *Waller* ſpoke earneſtly to Sir *Thomas Jermyn*, Comptroller of the Houſhold, to ſave his Maſter from the Effects of ſo bold a Falſity. For, ſays he, *I am but a Country Gentleman, and cannot pretend to know the King's Mind.* But Sir *Thomas* durſt not contradict the Secretary; and his Son, the Earl of St. *Albans*, afterwards told Mr. *Waller*, *That his Father's Cowardice ruin'd the King.*

That Parliament being diſſolv'd in about five Weeks time, he was at Liberty to retire 'till *November* following, when he was choſen again Repreſentative for *Agmondeſham*. He was in this Seſſion zealous againſt Ship-money; and no doubt his Unkle *Hampden*'s Sufferings animated

Zeal on that ſcore. He was choſen to Im-
ach Judge *Crawley*, who had been a buſie Man
that Affair: He did it in a warm and eloquent
eech, printed at the End of the Poems: The
eech was highly applauded, and Twenty Thou-
nd of them ſold in One Day. He a long while
ted in this Seſſion with thoſe who were moſt
affected to the Adminiſtration. And when on
e great Breach between the King and Parliament,
War enſu'd, he did not leave the Houſe; but,
Dr. *Birch* phraſes it, from his own Mouth, *fol-
w'd the Opinion of the then Lord* Dorſet *and the
euters.* It is likely that Mr. *Waller* might here
t a Gloſs on his Actions, and that he ſtay'd out
Complacency to his Unkle Colonel *Hampden*,
follow'd his preſent Opinion, which might
ver afterwards. Whether it was his Precaution,
Fear, or Generoſity, or Loyalty, that put him
on it, we are credibly inform'd he ſent a Thou-
nd Broad Pieces to the King at *Nottinghm*, when
s Majeſty ſet up his Standard there; yet he ſtay'd
ith the Parliament, and continu'd ſo to do,
ll that *Plot* was diſcover'd, which coſt him and
s Family ſo dear, that they cou'd never recover
This Event being the moſt Remarkable and
nportant of any in Mr. *Waller*'s Life, we ſhall
ke care to render it clearly and faithfully, as we
nd it related by the Lord *Clarendon*, and in ſome
anuſcripts that have fallen into our Hands:
nd it will, by this Account, be ſeen, that Mr.
Valler always kept his Meaſures with the Court,
d ſo manag'd himſelf, that the Royaliſts inclin'd
believe he was in their Interests; which he
ight be ſo far, as to diſapprove the hot Coun-
ls of thoſe, who, for private Ends, oppos'd the
pub-

publick Peace; and there were but too many in the Parliament, whom we may reaſonably ſuſpect to be acted by Views contrary to the true Welfare of their Country.

The *Conſpiracy* we are about to treat of, is beſt known by the Name of *Mr. Waller's Plot*, of which moſt Hiſtories give but a dark Account. The Lord *Clarendon* has endeavour'd to clear it up, and he was the better able to do it, becauſe he muſt have been very intimate with Mr. *Waller* afterwards; and beſides, his Lordſhip ſays, *It was thought by many, and averr'd by others, who I believe did not think ſo, that I knew as much of it as any Man.* He continues: "Mr. *Waller* "was look'd upon by all Men as a Perſon of "very entire Affections to the King's Service, "and the Eſtabliſh'd Government of Church and "State, and, by having no manner of Rela- "tion to the Court, had the more Credit and "Intereſt to promote the Rights of it." My Lord, in what follows, differs from the Manuſcript, which, being written by one of his neareſt Relations, and who dwelt in his Family, carries ſuch Credit with it, as no other Account can prejudice; and that ſays, as is before mention'd, *When the War came on, he did not leave the Houſe, but follow'd the Opinion of the Lord* Dorſet, *and the Neuters; and yet he forgot not to ſend the King a Thouſand Broad Pieces to* Nottingham. Whereas his Lordſhip writes, "When "the Ruptures grew ſo hot between the King "and the Two Houſes, that very many of the "Members withdrew from thoſe Councils: "He among the reſt, with equal Diſlike, ab- "ſented himſelf. But at the time the Standard

"was

" was ſet up, having Intimacy and Friendſhip " with ſome Perſons, now of Nearneſs about " the King, with the King's Approbation he " return'd to *London.*" By which 'tis plain, he did leave the Houſe. Whether he did, or did not, he ſpoke on all Occaſions, when he was there, with great Sharpneſs and Freedom; inſomuch that when the abſent Members pretended, *they did not come to the Houſe, becauſe they were not ſuffer'd to declare their Opinion freely*; 'twas objected, that was a groundleſs Pretence, *when all Men knew what Liberty Mr.* Waller *took, and ſpoke every Day with Impunity againſt the Senſe and Proceedings of the Houſe.* This won him a great Reputation with all who wiſh'd the King well, and ſuch Lords and Commons as really deſir'd to prevent the Ruin of the Kingdom, enter'd into a great Familiarity with him, as a Man reſolute in their Deſigns, and beſt able to promote them. All Men ſpoke their Minds freely to him, and thought themſelves ſecure in his Fortune and Natural Warineſs.

Mr. *Waller* had a Siſter marry'd to one Mr. *Tomkins*, Clerk of the Queen's Council, a Gentleman of a very good Character, and great Intereſt and Reputation in the City, among thoſe who were for the old Conſtitution, and diſaffected to the Parliament; from whom he learnt the Diſpoſition of the Citizens upon all Accidents, which he freely communicated to his Brother *Waller*, as the latter imparted to him what Obſervations he made from thoſe he convers'd with. Mr. *Waller* told him how many Lords and Commons were for a Peace;

Mr. *Tomkins* made the ſame Relation with reſpect to the moſt ſubſtantial Men of *London*: Which Mr. *Waller* reported to the well-affected Members of both Houſes, and Mr. *Tomkins* to the well-affected Citizens; from whence they came to a Concluſion, that if they heartily united in the mutual Aſſiſtance of one another, they ſhould be able to prevent thoſe Tumults, which ſeem'd to countenance the Diſtractions, and the Houſes would be induced to Terms of Moderation.

My Lord *Conway* at that time coming from *Ireland*, incens'd againſt the *Scots*, and diſcontented with the Parliament here, finding Mr. *Waller* in good Eſteem with the Earl of *Northumberland*, and in great Friendſhip with the Earl of *Portland*, enter'd into the ſame Familiarity; and being a Soldier, in the Diſcourſes they had, inſinuated, that 'twas convenient to enquire into the Numbers of the Well-affected in the City, that they might know what they had to truſt to: Which Mr. *Waller* telling Mr. *Tomkins*, the latter imparted it to his Confidents there; and 'twas agreed, "That ſome "truſty Perſons in every Pariſh and Ward a-"bout *London* ſhould make a Liſt of all the "Inhabitants, and by gueſſing of their ſeveral "Affections, compute the Strength of the Party, "which oppos'd an Accommodation, and of "that which was for it." My Lord *Clarendon* declares, he's perſuaded the main Deſign of this Project was to form a ſort of Aſſociation to oppoſe the levying Taxes to carry on the War, and to petition for a Peace; and that as to letting the King's Army into *London*, or raiſing an

an Army there, or ſurpriſing the Parliament, or uſing any Violence in or on the City, he could never ſee Cauſe to believe it. But it unluckily happen'd, that while this Combination was on foot, Sir *Nicholas Criſp* procur'd a Commiſſion of Array to be ſent from *Oxford* to *London*, which was carry'd by the Lady *Aubigny*, and deliver'd to a Gentleman employ'd by Sir *Nicholas* to take it of her; and this being diſcover'd at the ſame time that Mr. *Waller*'s Plot was, the two Conſpiracies were jumbled into one; tho' the Noble Hiſtorian, who is our chief Guide in this Relation, is ſatisfy'd they were two diſtinct Deſigns, and gives ſuch Reaſons for his Opinion as are very convincing. Thus all that Mr. *Waller* was guilty of, was a cloſe Correſpondence with the Men of Moderation, who were for accommodating Matters between his Majeſty and the two Houſes on ſafe and honourable Conditions, in order to which they had conſulted together of ſome Meaſures to forward it.

The Diſcovery of Mr. *Waller*'s Plot is variouſly reported. In the Manuſcript which we take to be of undoubted Authority, for the Reaſons before mention'd, 'tis thus related. "Afterwards he conferr'd with ſome Loyal Citizens and others, about recovering the City into the King's Intereſt, in which he was betray'd by his Siſter *Price*, and her *Presbyterian* Chaplain Mr. *Good*, who ſtole ſome of his Papers; and if he had not ſtrangely dream'd, the Night before he was ſeiz'd, that his Siſter betray'd him, and thereupon burnt the reſt of his Papers by the Fire left in his Chimney, he had

"certainly loſt his Life for it." The Lord *Clarendon* reports it otherwiſe, That a Servant of Mr. *Tomkins*, who had curſorily overheard Mr. *Waller* and his Maſter diſcourſe of the Argument we are now upon, plac'd himſelf behind a Hanging, and heard them ſay enough to put him upon informing, in hopes of a Reward. Accordingly he went to Mr. *Pym*, one of the Heads of the Parliament Party, and told him all he knew; to which my Lord adds, *or probably imagin'd*. The Circumſtances of the Publiſhing it were ſuch as fill'd all Men with Apprehenſions: 'Twas on *Wedneſday* the 31ſt of *May*, 1643, their ſolemn Faſt-Day, when being all at their Sermon in St. *Margaret*'s Church in *Weſtminſter*, a Letter was brought to Mr. *Pym*, who with ſome of the moſt active Members roſe from their Seats, and after a little Whiſpering together went out of the Church. Orders were immediately ſent to ſearch their Priſoners, who were *Malignants*; and as ſoon as the Houſes met, they were told "Letters "were intercepted going to the Court at *Ox*-"*ford*, that expreſs'd ſome notable Conſpiracy "in hand, to deliver up the Parliament and the "City into the Hands of the Cavaliers, and "that the Time for the Execution of it drew "very nigh." Upon which a Committee was appointed to examine all Perſons they thought fit, and to apprehend ſome nominated at that Time. Purſuant to which, Mr. *Waller* and Mr. *Tomkins* were apprehended the ſame Night, and others the next Day.

We ſhall not enter into the Particulars of the Proſecution of this Conſpiracy, but only report

report in general the great Stir the Parliament made about it. They firſt blended Sir *Nicholas Criſp*'s and Mr. *Waller*'s Projects together, and made the whole to contain four or five terrible Articles; "As ſeizing the King's Children, ſe-"veral Members of Parliament, the Lord-May-"or, the Out-works, Forts, and Tower of "*London*; the Magazines, Gates, *&c.* To let "in the King's Army; To reſiſt all Payments, "by Arms; to ſuſpend the whole Government "of the City; and, in ſhort, to *maſter the Par-*"*liament.*" A very different Project from my Lord *Clarendon*'s, which terminates only in a little cloſe Converſation how to bring about a Peace. But by his Deſcription of Mr. *Waller*'s Behaviour, one would think he was conſcious of ſomewhat more than what his Lordſhip lays to his Charge: For after our Author was ſeized, my Lord tells us, "He was ſo confoun-"ded with Fear and Apprehenſion, that he con-"feſs'd whatever he had ſaid, heard, thought or "ſeen; all that he knew of himſelf, and all "that he ſuſpected of others, without conceal-"ing any Perſon of what Degree or Quality "ſoever, or any Diſcourſe that he had ever "upon any Occaſion entertain'd with them: "What ſuch and ſuch Ladies of great Ho-"nour, to whom, upon the Credit of his great "Wit and very good Reputation, he had been "admitted, had ſpoke to him in their Chambers "of the Proceedings in the Houſe; and how "they had encourag'd him to oppoſe them; "what Correſpondence and Intercourſe they "had with ſome Miniſters of State at *Oxford*, "*&c.* He alſo accus'd the Earl of *Portland*

" and the Lord *Conway* of being concern'd in " the Agitations in the City, and the Earl of " *Northumberland* of wiſhing them Succeſs." The Houſes were or ſeem'd to be ſo alarm'd at the Diſcovery of this Plot, that ſix Days after they took *a Sacred Vow and Covenant*, which was alſo taken by the City and Army, denouncing War againſt the King more directly than they had done before. We ſhall not detain the Reader with the Tryals and Executions of Mr. *Tomkins* and Mr. *Chaloner*, but proceed to Mr. *Waller*'s Conduct and Sufferings. The Earl of *Portland* and the Lord *Conway* were impriſon'd on his Accuſation, and often confronted with him before the Committee, where they as peremptorily denying, as he charging them, and there being no other Witneſs but he againſt them, they were kept a while in Reſtraint, and then Bailed. My Lord *Northumberland*, though charged by him to be a Well-wiſher to the Conſpiracy, yet on Account of his great Reputation, was proceeded againſt very tenderly. This Lord is the ſame to whom our Author addreſſes two Poems in this Book, which are miſplaced, being written long before ſeveral that precede them. To return to Mr. *Waller*'s Tryal: He was all this while in Cuſtody of the Officers who belong'd to the Council of War, by whom *Tomkins* and *Chaloner* were condemned. The ſame Hiſtorian informs us, that " after he " had with incredible Diſſimulation acted ſuch " a Remorſe of Conſcience, that his Tryal " was put off out of Chriſtian Compaſſion, " 'till he might recover his Underſtanding, (and " that was not 'till the Heat and Fury of the

" Pro-

" Proſecutors was reaſonably abated with the " Sacrifices they had made) and by drawing " Viſitants to himſelf of the moſt powerful Mi- " niſters of all Factions, had, by his Liberality " and Penitence, his receiving vulgar and vile " Sayings from them with Humility and Reve- " rence, as clearer Convictions and Informa- " tions than in his Life he had ever had; di- " ſtributing great Sums to them for their Pray- " ers, and Ghoſtly Counſel; ſo ſatisfy'd Them, " that They ſatisfy'd others; was brought, at " his Suit, to the Houſe of Commons Bar." For, as a Member of that Houſe, he had appeal'd to them from the *Council of War*. When he appeared there, his Behaviour was unbecoming ſo great a Man, if my Lord *Clarendon*'s Information be Authentick: " Being, *ſays he*, " a Man very powerful in Language; and who, " by what he ſpoke, and in the manner of " ſpeaking it, exceedingly captivated the Good- " will and Benevolence of his Hearers, which " is the higheſt Part of an Orator, with ſuch " Flattery as was moſt exactly calculated to " that Meridian, with ſuch Submiſſion as their " Pride took delight in, and ſuch Dejection of " Mind and Spirit as was like to *cozen* the " major Part: He laid before them, *Their own Danger and Concernment, if they ſhould ſuffer one of their own Body, how Unworthy and Monſtrous ſoever, to be try'd by the Soldiers, who might thereby grow to that Power hereafter, that they wou'd both try thoſe they wou'd not be willing ſhou'd be try'd, and for things which they would account no Crimes; the Inconvenience and inſupportable Miſchief whereof, all wiſe Common-*

wealthy Men had foreſeen and prevented, by exempting their own Members from all Judgment but their own. By theſe and the like Arguments he prevail'd not to be try'd by a Council of War, but was taken out of the Cuſtody of their Officers, and ſent to the Tower; where, according to Dr. *Birch*'s Information, *He had Time to get his Friends to him, and with large Bribes he made ſome leading Members ſpeak for him; inſomuch that when his Caſe came to be adjudg'd, his Life was ſpar'd; but he was fin'd Ten Thouſand Pound, Sequeſter'd and Baniſh'd.* The Noble Lord, whoſe Hiſtory has been ſo ſerviceable to us, in this differs again a little from the Doctor: For immediately after what he ſays of Mr. *Waller*'s Speech, he adds; "So "that in truth he does as much owe the keep- "ing his Head to that Oration, as *Cataline* did "the loſs of his to thoſe of *Tully*; and by ha- "ving done ill very well, he, by degrees, drew "that Reſpect to his Parts, which always car- "ries ſome Compaſſion to the Perſon, that he "got leave to compound for his Tranſgreſſi- "on, and them to accept of Ten Thouſand "Pounds (which their Affairs wanted) for his "Liberty: Whereupon he had leave to recol- "lect himſelf in another Country (for his Li- "berty was to be in Baniſhment) how miſe- "rable he had made himſelf, in obtaining that "Leave to live out of his own; and there "cannot be a greater Evidence of the ineſti- "mable Value of his Parts, than that he liv'd, "after this, in the good Affection and Eſteem "of many, the Pity of moſt, and the Reproach "and Scorn of few or none." This Judgment of

of him from a Man who all along turns the Byaſs againſt him, will ſtrengthen the Idea we have conceiv'd of his great Senſe and Eloquence; and all thoſe Arts, (which the Hiſtorian repreſents ſo much to his Diſadvantage) he made uſe of to gain the Aſſembly before whom he ſpoke, are ſo far from being unwarrantable, when a Man pleads for his Life, that they exalt the Merit of the Orator, who ſo powerfully triumphed over his Judges. We ſhall finiſh this Account of Mr. *Waller*'s Plot with obſerving, that tho' 'twas diſcover'd, it was an Advantage to the King, by producing that *Severe Vow and Covenant*, which few ſwallow'd but by Compulſion, and many to avoid it fled to *Oxford*, whither alſo the Earl of *Portland* and the Lord *Conway* went as ſoon as they had an Opportunity.

It is eaſily to be imagined, that ſuch a Proſecution and Fine muſt conſiderably leſſen Mr. *Waller*'s Eſtate, which had receiv'd ſome Addition by his Marriages; but now he was forc'd to ſell a Thouſand Pound a Year to pay his Fine, and clear himſelf of the Danger he was in.

We cannot determine whether his Poems were firſt printed before his Baniſhment or after; but 'tis moſt likely that it was after, becauſe that the Plot was diſcover'd in 1643, and the firſt Edition of his Poems was in 1645, under the Title of *Poems*, &c. *Written by* Edmond Waller *of* Beconsfield *Eſq*; *lately a Member of the Honourable Houſe of Commons*: To which is added, in the Title Page, *All the Lyrick Poems in this Book were ſet by Mr.* Henry Lawes,

Gent. of the King's Chapel, and one of his Majesty's private Musick. This Book has a Dedication before it, but without a Name to it, which for the Reader's Entertainment is here preserv'd.

To My LADY ****

Madam,

YOUR Commands for the gathering these Sticks into a Fagget had sooner been obey'd, but intending to present you with my whole Vintage, I stay'd 'till the latest Grapes *were ripe; for here your Ladyship has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this Kind: Not but that I may defend the Attempt I have made upon* Poetry, *by the Examples (not to trouble you with History) of many Wise and Worthy Persons of our own Times; as Sir* Philip Sidney, *Sir* Francis Bacon, *Cardinal* Perron, *the ablest of his Countreymen; and the former* Pope, *who they say, instead of the Triple Crown, wore sometimes the Poets Ivy, as an Ornament, perhaps, of lesser Weight and Trouble: But, Madam, these Nightingales sung only in the Spring, it was the Diversion of their Youth; as Ladies learn to Sing and Play when they are Children, what they forget when they are Women: The Resemblance holds further, for as you quit the Lute the sooner, because the Posture is suspected to draw the Body awry; so this is not always practised without some Villany to the Mind, wresting it from present Occasions, and accustoming us*

to

to a Style ſomewhat remov'd from common Uſe. But that you may not think his Caſe deplorable, who had made Verſes; we are told, that Tully *(the greateſt Wit among the* Romans*) was once ſick of this Diſeaſe, and yet recover'd ſo well, that of almoſt as bad a Poet as your Servant, he became the moſt perfect Orator in the World. So that not ſo much to have made Verſes, as not to give over in Time, leaves a Man without Excuſe: The former preſenting us with an Opportunity at leaſt of doing wiſely, that is, to conceal thoſe we have made, which I ſhall yet do, if my humble Requeſt may be of as much force with your Ladyſhip, as your Commands have been with me. Madam, I only whiſper theſe in your Ears; if you publiſh them, they are your own; and therefore as you apprehend the Reproach of a Wit and a Poet, caſt them into the Fire; or if they come where green Boughs are in the Chimney, with the help of your fair Friends, (for thus bound, it will be too hard a Task for your Hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honour me with the Fate of* Orpheus; *for ſo his Poems, whereof we only hear the Form, (not his Limbs, as the Story will have it) I ſuppoſe were ſcatter'd by the* Thracian *Dames. Here, Madam, I might take an Opportunity to celebrate your Virtues, and to inſtruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: How much you exceed the moſt excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the leaſt inclin'd to Wonder of our Sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladyſhip for a* Roman *Name, ſo won'd they believe that I endeavour'd the Character of a perfect Nymph, worſhipp'd an Image of my own*

making,

making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the Brain, not of the Heart of,

Your Ladyship's

moſt humble Servant,

E. W.

Our Author being, as we have mention'd, condemn'd to Baniſhment, paſt over to *France*, taking his Lady's Jewels with him to ſupport him. He liv'd very hoſpitably at *Paris*; and, except my Lord St. *Albans*, who was the Queen of *England*'s Prime Miniſter when ſhe kept her Court there, there was no *Engliſh* Table but Mr. *Waller*'s: Which was ſo coſtly to him, that he us'd to ſay he was at laſt come to the *Rump Jewel*.

He reſided moſt part of the time he was in *France*, at *Roan*; where *Margaret*, his eldeſt Daughter by his Second Wife, was born. He was particularly fond of this Daughter, and ſhe us'd to ſerve him as his *Amanuenſis*. While he was in *France*, a ſurreptitious Edition of his Poems was publiſh'd, which occaſion'd his permitting a genuine one.

We have been inform'd, but with no Certainty, that he was a Proprietor of the *Summer Iſlands* in *America*; but whether he was ſo or not, we cannot learn he ever went thither from *France*, as ſome have imagin'd from that Copy of

f Verſes, *To Sir* William d' Avenant *upon his wo firſt Books of* Gondibert, *written in* France.

Thus the wiſe Nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her Native Wood, &c.

These alſo ſuppoſe he wrote the *Battel of the Summer Iſlands* after his Return, by the particular Deſcription he gives of its Product and Situation; but we are apt to believe he never was there, and that if he was, he wrote it before; and indeed there are ſome Lines which ſhew 'twas written when *Sacchariſſa* was his Wiſh and his Muſe; why elſe ſhould he cry

Oh how I long, my careleſs Limbs to lay
Under the Plantane's Shade, and all the Day
With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my Vein!
No Paſſion there in my free Breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet and beſt of Paſſions, Love:
There while I ſing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings ſo high,
With the ſweet Sound of Sachariſſa's *Name,*
I'll make the liſt'ning Savages grow tame.

If ever he was in *America*, 'tis probable he return'd to *France* again; at which time it was that being reduc'd to the *Rump Jewel*, Colonel *Scroop*, who had marry'd his Siſter, interceded with

with *Oliver* to let him return to *England*, and his Eſtate, which was granted. His Generoſity and Courtly Way of living, his Sufferings and Baniſhment, had now reduc'd his Patrimony to leſs than half of what it was when his Father dy'd. But he had ſtill enough remaining to ſupport him in a way of living ſuitable to his Rank; though, being no very good Oeconomiſt, his Eſtate continu'd ſtill rather to diminiſh than increaſe. He reſiding moſtly at *Hall Barn* near *Beconsfield*, he was on all Occaſions called *Mr. Waller of Beconsfield*; the greateſt Honour that poor but pleaſant Town in *Buckinghamſhire* has to boaſt of. On his Return to *England* he wrote his *Panegyrick* on *Oliver*, as an Acknowledgment, in the Year 1654; an excellent Poem upon an unworthy Subject. The Uſurper lov'd, or affected to love, Men of Wit; and he had Incenſe offer'd him by more Pens than one, as Mr. *Sprat*, Mr *Dryden*, and others, who had not Mr. *Waller's* Excuſe. He frequently waited on the Uſurper, being his Kinſman; and, as he often declar'd, obſerv'd him to be very well read in the *Greek* and *Roman* Story; for his rude Cant and ſpiritual Simplicity were downright Affectation. Than which nothing can be more evident from Mr. *Waller*'s Obſervation, and his Confeſſion to him. Our Author often took Notice, that in the midſt of their Diſcourſe a Servant has come in to tell him ſuch and ſuch attended; upon which *Cromwell* would riſe, and ſtop them talking at the Door, where he could overhear him ſay, *The Lord will reveal*, *The Lord will help*, and ſeveral ſuch Expreſſions; which when he return'd to Mr. *Waller* he excus'd, ſaying

Conſi

Couſin Waller, *I muſt talk to theſe Men after their own Way*; and would then go on where they left off. This created in Mr. *Waller* an Opinion, that he ſecretly deſpis'd thoſe whom he ſeem'd to court.

'Tis plain enough, by our Author's Poems, that he fell in with his Kinſman the Protector's Intereſt, at his Return from Baniſhment, and was of that Party who wou'd have had *Cromwell* aſſume the Title of King, which *Oliver* was fond enough of; and 'tis ſaid, he intended to put the great Wealth he took from the *Spaniards* to the Uſe Mr. *Waller* mentions in his Poem *Of a War with* Spain, *and Fight at Sea*, in the Year 1656, which ends thus;

His Conqu'ring Head has no more room for Bays:
Then let it be, as the glad Nation prays,
Let the rich Ore forthwith be melted down,
And the State fix'd by making him a Crown.

We have not learn'd, that *Oliver* ever took him further into his Confidence or Favour, or that he contributed any thing to his Fortune. Yet the Remembrance of his calling him from Exile, and perhaps his Reſpect for his Perſon, laſted when he could neither hurt him nor ſerve him. When he was gone to receive his Reward, then did Mr. *Waller* write that Poem, *On the Death of the Protector*, in the Year 1658.

We muſt reſign, Heav'n his great Soul does claim,
In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame.

And

And yet when *Oliver* has on other Occaſions fallen in his Way, he has not treated him with ſo much Reſpect; as may be ſeen in his Epitaph on Mr. *Charles Cavendiſh*.

Cromwell, *with Odds of Numbers and of Fate,*
Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State;
Which the ſad Iſſue of the War declar'd,
And made his Task, to ruin both, leſs hard.

When King *Charles* the Second was Reſtored, Mr. *Waller* early congratulated him, by that Poem, *To the King, upon his Majeſty's happy Return in the Year* 1660. His Majeſty always us'd him with great Humanity, and he was look'd on as one of the Reigning Wits of his Court. About this Time Monſieur *St. Evremond*, famous for his Wit, and the Politeneſs of his Converſation, being forc'd to leave *France*, came to the Court of *England*; and the Affinity there was between Mr. *Waller*'s Genius, and His, made him enter into a cloſe Friendſhip with him, which laſted to our Author's Death. When Monſieur *St. Evremond* went from *England* to *Holland*, where he ſtay'd four or five Years, he gave Mr. *Waller* his Papers to keep for him, a good Part of which was loſt in the Confuſion of the Plague Time in *London*, 1665. Monſieur *St. Evremond*'s returning to ſettle in *England* might, in a great meaſure, be occaſion'd by the Inducement he receiv'd from his Acquaintance with Mr. *Waller* and Mr. *Cowley*, of whom

om he had a great Opinion, and a particular eem for the former.

King *Charles*, in his Diverſions at the Duke *Buckingham*'s, and other Places, always made . *Waller* one of the Party, excuſing to the mpany his being not able to drink; upon ich Mr. *Saville* us'd to ſay, *No Man in* Eng*d ſhould keep him Company without drinking*, Ned Waller.

It is ſaid he had a Hand in the *Rehearſal*, th Mr. *Clifford*, Mr. *Cowley*, and ſome other its, and that it was at firſt written like a mment on ſeveral Plays; but the Duke think- the Method was too grave, and the Raillery t piquant enough, took his Hints from thence, d turn'd the Comment into a Comedy. We ve been told this by Perſons very converſant his Grace's Family, and it carries Probability th it, eſpecially if Mr. *Cowley* liv'd long e- ugh to be Witneſs of ſome of the Noiſe and onſenſe which was brought on the Stage, and there exploded.

Though Mr. *Waller* had ſuffer'd for the own, and was ſo welcome always to the ng, he gave him nothing but a Grant of the ovoſtſhip of *Eaton*; which Grant was truly thing, for another diſputed it with him, and was adviſed not to defend it. Indeed when, out 1683, his Couſin *John Hampden* Eſq; randſon of Col. *Hampden* before mention'd, as proſecuted for High Treaſon, he had the avour of obtaining his Pardon, and protect- g his Son from the need of one. His Tem- r was ſuch, that he could not puſh his Inte- ſt, nor make his Court by Methods unbeco-

ming

ming a Man of his Birth and Fortune. He w
beſides of an Age not fit for the Fatigue of P
liticks; and tho' he ſate in ſeveral Parliamen
after the *Reſtoration*, he is ſeldom or never me
tion'd in thoſe Affairs; neither did his old B
rough of *Agmondeſham* uſe to ſend him, but
was choſen for a *Corniſh* Borough by the Int
reſt of ſome of his Friends. He wou'd nev
be in the Commiſſion of the Peace or Lieut
nancy. Notwithſtanding the Promiſe he mad
the Lady, in the Letter before the firſt Editio
of his Poems, he wrote on, and made his Poetr
one of his greateſt Amuſements. He wrote ſe
veral Poems beſides theſe, but either loſt them
or never gave them the laſt Hand. He ſet
great Value on *Corneille*'s Plays, and joyn'
with the Lord *Buckhurſt* in the Tranſlation o
his *Pompey*. *Corneille* had the Pleaſure of know
ing he was honour'd ſo far by Mr. *Waller*, a
to have his Works tranſlated by him. For Mon
ſieur *St. Evremond* having prais'd *Corneille* in hi
Diſſertation on the *Alexander* of *Racine*, *Cor
neille* return'd him Thanks, in a Letter he wrot
to him for that purpoſe; and Monſieur *St. Ev
remond* ſays in his Anſwer, *Mr.* Waller, *one o
the fineſt Wits of the Age, is always watching fo
your New Pieces, and never fails Tranſlating a
Act or two into* Engliſh *Verſe for his particula
Satisfaction. You are the only Writer of our Na
tion, whoſe Sentiments have the Advantage t
touch his. He owns we Write and Speak wel
in* French; *but you, he ſays, are the only* French
man *who knows how to Think. Monſieur* Voſ
ſius, *the greateſt Admirer of* Greece, *who can'
bear the leaſt Compariſon between the* Latins
an

Greeks, *prefers you to* Sophocles *and* Euri-
es. *After two ſuch favourable Suffrages, you
prize me to tell me your Reputation's attack'd*
France. It is plain Mr. *Waller* did more
n his Share in *Pompey*; which is ſufficient
make us regret the Loſs of thoſe Verſions.
continu'd to the laſt in the full Vigour of
Genius. The Verſes he wrote when he
s almoſt fourſcore, before the Earl of *Roſ-
mmon*'s Tranſlation of *Horace*'s Art of Poetry,
ve not the leaſt Marks of Age.

His Verſes *on the Duke of* Monmouth'*s Ex-
dition to* Scotland, ſhew he was no Well-
iſher to the Party which oppreſt that Prince
ter his Succeſs there.

ut ſeeing Envy, like the Sun, does beat,
Vith ſcorching Rays, on all that's high and great;
his, ill-requited Monmouth, *is the Bough*
he Muſes ſend, to ſhade thy conqu'ring Brow.
ampoons, like Squibs, may make a preſent Blaze,
ut Time and Thunder pay Reſpect to Bays.

Mr. *Waller* muſt be above Fourſcore when
e wrote the Poem, Entituled, *A Preſage of the
Ruin of the* Turkiſh *Empire, preſented to his
Majeſty King* James II. *on his Birth-Day.* That
Prince was very gracious to him: His natural
Vivacity bore up againſt his Years, and made
is Company agreeable to the laſt. His Ma-
eſty one time order'd my Lord *Sunderland* to
id him ſee him in the Afternoon: When he
came,

came, the King carry'd him into his Cloſet, a
there ask'd him *how he lik'd ſuch a Pictu*
Sir, ſays Mr. *Waller*, *my Eyes are dim, and*
know not who it is. The King reply'd, *'Tis t*
Princeſs of Orange. *And*, ſays Mr *Waller*, *ſ*
is like the greateſt Woman in the World. W
do you call ſo? anſwer'd the King. *Queen E*
zabeth, ſaid he. *I wonder, Mr.* Waller, reply
the King, *you ſhould think ſo; but I muſt confe*
ſhe had a wiſe Council. And Sir, ſaid Mr. *Wa*
ler, did your Majeſty ever know a Fool chuſe a wi
One? It being known ſome time after, th
Mr. *Waller* reſolved to marry his Daughter an
Favourite to Dr. *Birch*, the King was prevail
with to endeavour to hinder it, as the Docto
inform'd me himſelf, and for that end order'd
French Gentleman of Quality to tell him, *tha*
the King wonder'd he could have any Thought
of marrying his Daughter to a Falling Church
He made Anſwer, *Sir, the King does me ver*
great Honour to take any Notice of my Domeſtic
Affairs; but I have liv'd long enough to obſerve
that this Falling Church has got a Trick of riſing
again. It is not to be doubted but that he wa
in the Secret of the Revolution; for he would
often ſay, *the King would be left like a Whal*
upon the Strand. But he charg'd ſome abou
him not to meddle, 'till they ſaw the Prince o
Orange actually landed, and his Son and Heir,
Edmond Waller, Eſq; then went in to the
Prince.

'Twas now that he began to turn his Muſe
towards Heaven, for which Flight his Soul had
been preparing.

He

He wrote the ſix Canto's of *Divine Love*, af-
he was Fourſcore: Two Canto's *of Divine*
ſie, occaſion'd upon Sight of the 53d Chapter of
ah *turn'd into Verſe by Mrs.* Wharton, the
ſent Earl of *Wharton*'s firſt Lady. Mr. *Wal-*
living in great Intimacy and Friendſhip with
Family, his Neighbours at *Winchendon*, he
ote *on the Paraphraſe on the Lord's Prayer,*
itten alſo by Mrs. *Wharton*, a Lady whoſe
it and Virtue render'd her the Admiration of
h Sexes; and 'twas this excellent Paraphraſe
induc'd him to write ſome *Reflections on*
ſeveral Petitions in the ſame Prayer. He in-
ded to crown all his Labours with the Po-
Of the laſt Verſes in the Book, which can
ver be too much admir'd.

There is a very good Copy of Verſes in
aiſe of it, in Mr. *Dryden*'s Third Miſcella-
; the four laſt Lines of which are,

ll here remain, ſtill on the Threſhold ſtand,
ll at this Diſtance view the promis'd Land:
o' thou may'ſt ſeem, ſo heav'nly is thy Senſe,
ot going thither, but new come from thence.

The next Poem to this, in the ſame Miſcel-
ny, By Mr. *Talbot*, on Mr. *Waller*'s *Divine*
ve, ſpeaks alſo the Praiſe of the Divine Wri-
. However this was not his laſt Poem, for
Fourſcore and Two, in 1687, he wrote Two
anto's *Of the Fear of God*, which never yet
pear'd in Print. He gave them to Mr. *Tho-*
as Elwood of *Coleſhill*, whoſe Love of Letters
and

and Humanity made his Converſation much de-
ſir'd by Mr. *Waller*, at that pleaſant Villag
where we could not paſs thro' the Woods wit
out envying thoſe Shades which Mr. *Waller* ha
ſo often made happy with his Songs. He pu
chas'd a ſmall Eſtate there in his old Age, wi
a little Houſe, to which he frequently retir'
but did not ſtay long. He was always inclin
ble to be paſſionate, from his fiery Temper; an
this ill Habit grew upon him with Age; but b
the Interpoſition of his Friends he was ſoon pa
cify'd. Mr. *Elwood* read that Poem *Of the Fe*
of God to him, the laſt time he ſaw him at hi
Houſe at *Beconsfield*; but Sickneſs and Deat
follow'd ſo cloſe, that Mr. *Waller* had not tim
to reviſe and poliſh it, as otherwiſe he might per-
haps have done in ſome Places.

The Sickneſs, of which he dy'd, was a *Drop-
ſie*. In the Summer of 1688 his Legs began to
ſwell, and being at *Beconsfield* he took Dr. *Birch*
with him to Sir *Charles Scarborough*, firſt Phyſi-
cian to King *James*, then in Attendance at *Wind-
ſor*: When he found him, he ſaid, *He came to
him as an Old Friend, as well as Phyſician, to
ask him what that Swelling meant.* Sir *Charles*
ſaid plainly, *Why, Sir, your Blood will run no
longer.* Upon which Mr. *Waller* repeated ſome
admirable Verſes out of *Virgil*, ſuitable to the
Occaſion, about the Condition of Human Life,
and receiv'd his Sentence very compoſedly.

His laſt Poems ſhew us, that his latter Years
were ſpent in Divine Studies, and that he had
fortified himſelf againſt this Hour by Spiritual
Meditations, and making his Peace with Hea-
ven. Finding his Diſtemper increaſe, he order'd
his

Son-in-law, Dr. *Birch*, to desire all his Chil-
n to join with him, and to give him the Ho-
Sacrament: He at the same time profes's'd his
ristian Faith, with great Earnestness telling
m, he remember'd the Duke of *Buckingham*
e talk'd profanely before King *Charles*, and
t he told him, *My Lord, I am a great deal*
der than your Grace, and believe I have heard
re Arguments for Atheism than ever Your Grace
, but I have liv'd long enough to see there is
hing in them, and so I hope Your Grace will.
remov'd some time before his Death from
consfield to *London*, where he dy'd. He being
ce carry'd to *Coleshill* to dine, said, *He should*
glad to die like the Stag, where he was rouz'd:
t he departed this Life in Autumn 1688, ha-
ng often said he should die at that Time of the
ear.

Mr. *Waller* left several Children behind him,
t of his former Estate not above Twelve or
hirteen Hundred Pounds a Year, which he be-
eathed to his Second Son, *Edmond Waller*,
q; before mentioned: His Eldest, *Benjamin*,
ing so far from inheriting his Father's Wit,
at he had not a common Portion; so he was
nt to *Jersey*, a Colony in the *West-Indies*,
here he's still living in Obscurity and Oblivion.
is Third Son was Mr. *William Waller*, a Mer-
ant of *London*; and his Fourth Dr. *Stephen*
aller, a famous Civilian, who was one of the
ommissioners appointed for the Union of the
wo Kingdoms. A Fifth Son there was, but
e cannot give any Account of him. The *In-*
cription on his Monument informs us, that there
ere Five Sons and Eight Daughters by the Se-
cond

cond Wife; as *Margaret*, the Eldeſt, who
dead; *Mary*, the Wife of Dr. *Birch*, dead alſo
as is another marry'd to —— *Hervey* of *Suffol*
Eſq; another marry'd to —— *Tipping* of *Oxford*
ſhire Eſq; *Eliza*, ſtill living unmarry'd, Execu
trix with her Brother *Edmond Waller*, Eſq
Dorothy, a Dwarf, who was ſent into the Nort
of *England*; another, whoſe Name we have no
learnt; and *Octavia*, ſo call'd for being th
Eighth. Mr. *Edmond Waller* his Heir us'd t
be choſen for *Agmondeſham*, and in the Parlia
ment never eſpous'd the Court or Country Par
ty, but as he thought it for their mutual Intereſt
whence he was generally look'd upon as th
Head of the *Flying Squadron*. He accepted o
the Commiſſions which his Father refuſed, an
was eſteemed in his Country as a very honeſt
Gentleman, and a Man of good Senſe: Nor
was he without a Taſte in Poetry, and a Vein
which wou'd have ſhin'd more, had it not been
ſet ſo near his Father's. We have ſeen ſeveral
Copies of Verſes written by him, moſt indeed
upon Religious Subjects, and particularly one on
Divine Worſhip, alluding to ſome Verſes in *Ho-*
race, where he hangs up his votive Offerings af
ter a Poem.

——When Love divine our Breaſt enflames,
It calms the Mind, and all our Paſſions tames:
Down ſink the Hills, and Mountains melt away,
The Vallies riſe, and Night is turn'd to Day.
The Waters to their hidden Seats remove,
And with the Olive Leaf returns the Dove;

The

The Ark then reſts, and Man's again reſtor'd,
And Noah *builds an Altar to the Lord.*

In the latter part of his Life he embrac'd the
ect of the *Quakers*, which Dr. *Birch* ſeem'd
o deny to us, urging, that his laying out ſo
uch Money on a Tomb for his Father ar-
u'd he cou'd not be *a Quaker, for that thoſe*
Men are profeſs'd Deſpiſers of all ſuch Rites:
ut that he liv'd ſo ſome time before his
eath, and dy'd ſo, is known to all in thoſe
arts, and is prov'd by his Will; for dying
. D. 1699, Eleven Years after his Father, at
he *Bath*, he order'd by his Teſtament that a
ertain Sum ſhould be laid out on his Funeral,
nd if there was an Overplus, it ſhou'd be di-
tributed among his *Poor Friends* the Quakers
n that Place, where his Body was interr'd,
which he directed to be with the Quakers;
nd it was done accordingly in the Burying-
round five or ſix Miles from *Bath*, the May-
r and Aldermen of that City attending it thi-
her. The Mother of this Gentleman oblig'd
im to promiſe he wou'd lay out Three Hun-
red Pounds in a Monument for his Father,
nd 'twas in Performance of that Promiſe the
ine Tomb was erected over Mr. *Waller*'s Grave,
welve Years after he was buried, by his Son's
Executors, Mrs. *Eliza Waller*, *John Fanſhaw*,
Eſq; and *Henry Gould*, Eſq; This Monument
s in the Church-yard where the *Wallers* were
ury'd, in little better than a common Grave;
ut now the Vault is enlarged, and the Tomb
as all the Advantages and Decorations that

cou'd be desir'd to honour the Remains of so great a Man. But before we say any thing further of this Monument, we must give some Account of that more Glorious One rais'd by himself, his Works.

Immediately after the Decease of our Author, came out a small Collection of Poems upon him, *Panegyricks* and *Elegies*, written by Monsieur *St. Evremond*, Sir *Thomas Higgins*, the Honourable *George Granville*, Esq; Sir *Robert Cotton*, Mr. *Rymer*, and others: And his Death, tho' in a very good Old Age, was as much lamented, as if he had been taken off in the Flower of his Youth. He had so many rare Qualities, that cou'd not but charm all who knew him; his Conversation being as Polite as his Muse: His Wit flow'd without Gall, and even his Raillery was delicate and just.

Nor was his Reputation confin'd to *England* only; he was known to all the Polite World, whatever Language they spoke; and the Politest of that Nation, which pretends to have the greatest Hand in Polishing all others, did him as much Justice as his own Countrymen. Mr. *De la Fontaine*, whose *Tales* and *Fables* are held in such Admiration in all Places where the *French* Tongue is known, speaks with the greatest Deference in the World of Mr. *Waller*'s Merit: Writing to Monsieur *De Bonrepaux* then in *England*, and afterwards the *French* Envoy to one of the Northern Crowns, he says, *J'ay tant entendu dire de bien de Monsieur* Waller, *que son Approbation me comble de joie*: "I have "heard so much said in the Praise of Mr. *Wal-*"*ler*, that I'm overjoy'd with his Approba-"tion."

tion." And ſpeaking of what that Gentleman had written to him of *Windſor*, he ſays, *Il y a pluſieurs choſes conſiderables, entre autres vos deux* Anacreons *Monſieur de* St. Evremond *& Monſieur* Waller, *en qui l'Imagination & l'Amour ne finiſſent point:* "There are ſeveral Things conſi-"derable, among others, your two *Anacreons*, "Monſieur *de St. Evremond* and Mr. *Waller*, "of whoſe Imagination and Love there is no "end." Monſieur *St. Evremond* had a particular Eſteem and Friendſhip for him: Writing to the ſame Mr. *de la Fontaine*, ſoon after his Death, he ſays, *Monſieur* Waller, *dont nous regrettons la perte, a pouſſé la vigueur de l'eſprit juſqu'à l'age de quatre-vingt-deux ans.* "Mr. *Waller*, whoſe "Loſs we mourn, carry'd the full Vigour of his "Wit to the Age of Fourſcore and two Years.

'Twas the Politeneſs of his Manners, as well as the Excellence of his Genius, which endear'd him to theſe Foreign Wits. All the World knows, Mr. *St. Evremond* was Polite almoſt to a Fault; and yet writing to my Lord *St. Albans*, he ſays, *Mr. Waller vous garde une Converſation delicieuſe, je ne ſuis pas ſi vain de vous parler de la mienne. Mr.* Waller *lets you not want a delicious Converſation: I am not ſo Vain as to mention Mine.* This is ſufficient to ſhew the Opinion Strangers had of his Manners; to which we may add, that he, who ſucceſſively liv'd in great Familiarity and Friendſhip with my Lord *Falkland*, Sir *Francis Wainman*, the Earl of *Northumberland*, the Earl of *Holland*, the Earl of *Leiceſter*, the Counteſs of *Carliſle*, the Earl of St. *Albans*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Earl of *Dorſet*, the Earl of *Rocheſter*,

cheſter, Sir *Charles Sidley*, the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*, Monſieur *Bonrepaux*, Monſieur *St. Evremond*, and many other Perſons of the ſame Rank and Character; He, who was careſs'd by all the Princes and Princeſſes, his Contemporaries in *England*, and whom his very Enemies cannot but extol for his Wit and Eloquence, muſt have been a Man of ſo agreeable a Converſation, that we may almoſt deſpair of ever having his Equal in this Reſpect. We ſhall cloſe what we intend to ſay of his Manners, and Perſonal Endowments, with the Earl of *Clarendon*'s ſhort Character of him: *There was of the Houſe of Commons one Mr.* Waller, *a Gentleman of very good Fortune and Eſtate, and of admirable Parts and Faculty of Wit, and of an intimate Converſation with thoſe who had that Reputation.*

The moſt difficult Part of this Undertaking will be to ſpeak juſtly of Mr. *Waller*, as a Poet. I believe every one will allow him to have been the great Refiner of our *Engliſh Verſification*, and to have reduc'd our Language to a far greater Harmony than any of his Predeceſſors could attain.

Fairfax is ſaid to have given him the firſt Taſte of Numbers, and indeed in his Verſion of the *Gieruſalemme* there's much more Muſick than in the *Fairy Queen*. A noble Lord (his Grace the Duke of *B*———*m*) who is himſelf a very good Judge of Poeſie, and a very good Poet, has heard Mr. *Waller* declare that it was to *Fairfax* he ow'd the Harmony and Sweetneſs of his *Verſification*.

Mr.

Mr. *Dryden* tells us, Mr. *Waller* us'd to ſay he could never read *Chapman*'s *Homer* without Tranſport; it muſt not be for the Muſick of his Verſe, but the Beauties of the Original, which he preſerv'd in his Tranſlation.

As great a Genius as Mr. *Waller* had, he ſometimes trifled with it too much, and laviſhed his Wit on leſſer Subjects, tho' he was qualify'd for the greateſt; as may be ſeen by ſome Flights in his ſhort Occaſional Poems. Dr. *Sylveſtre*, in his Edition of Mr. *De St. Evremond*'s Works, ſays, *Mr.* Edmond Waller, *s'eſt generallement fait admirer par la delicateſſe & l'elevation de ſon Eſprit; Ses Poeſies ont quelque choſe de ſi Grand & de ſi Noble qu'il n'y a point d' Auteur Anglois qui en ait encore approché.* "Mr. *Edmond Waller* was ge-" nerally admir'd for the Delicacy and Eleva-" tion of his Genius; there's ſomething ſo " Great and ſo Noble in his Poems, that no " *Engliſh* Author has ever yet come up to it.

What he has Tranſlated of the Fourth Book of *Virgil* (not to anticipate the Reader's Pleaſure by tranſcribing here the ſublime Paſſages ſcattered through his Works) ſhews he was well qualified for great and ſerious Undertakings.

So to mad Pentheus *double* Thebes *appears,*
And Furies howl in his diſtemper'd Ears:
Oreſtes *ſo, with like Diſtraction toſs'd,*
Is made to fly, &c.

But he was a Man of Pleaſure, as well as Wit; the Labour of *Heroicks* did not ſuit with his Indolence: He wrote for his Amuſement, and Fame came upon him unſought for: How he wou'd have ſucceeded in the *Drama*, we are not able to judge, he having attempted nothing in that kind that was capable of Succeſs in *Engliſh*; what he did of *Pompey*, *Corneille* is to anſwer for; what he alter'd from *Fletcher*, is ſo little, that neither the Beauties nor Faults of the *Maid's Tragedy* can be attributed to him. It is certain by his Verſes to the Author, he had a great Opinion of that Play, he having ſeveral Couplets on it, beſides theſe:

I never yet the Tragick Scene aſſay'd,
Deterr'd by that Inimitable Maid;
And when I venture at the Comick Style,
Thy Scornful Lady *ſeems to mock my Toil.*

He wrote alſo a Poem on *Ben Johnſon*, with whom and Mr. *Fletcher*, 'tis probable, he was very converſant, they being both his Contemporaries, as well as *Dryden*, *Otway*, *Shadwell*, &c. To which we may add *Shakeſpear*; for he was a Member of the Houſe of Commons three or four Years after that Poet's Death: However, his *Dramatick Eſſays* were not ſo eſteem'd by him, as to be preſerv'd or publiſh'd, tho' he was a great Admirer of this kind of Writing. He ſeems to have wrote (as ſome of the *Greek* and *Roman* Poets have done before him) for the Entertainment of himſelf, his Miſtreſs, and his Friends,

friends, and to have coveted no Reputation this way, that might lay the leaſt Reſtraint upon his inclinations.

Our Author is moſt properly ranked amongſt the Lyrick Writers; and he is the beſt in that Kind of the *Engliſh*, and perhaps of the Moderns. 'Tis not to be doubted but he was a Lover and an Imitator of *Anacreon*, and had alſo a Veneration for *Catullus*, of whoſe Two different Manners he has form'd One, which is as Gallant as that of *Catullus*, and as Eaſie as that of *Anacreon:* For in a hundred Places one may ſee he follows the Ancients, tho' never ſervilely. On this Occaſion we cannot but remember what Monſieur *St. Evremont* ſays of our Author, in his Diſcourſe *Des Belles Lettres*. *Je n'ai point*, ſaith he, *connu d'Homme a qui l'Antiquité ſoit ſi obligée qu'a Monſieur* Waller; *Il lui prête ſa belle Imagination auſſi bien que ſon Intelligence fine & delicate; en ſorte qu'il entre dans l'Eſprit des Anciens non ſeulement pour bien entendre ce qu'ils ont penſé, mais pour embellir encore leurs Penſées.* "I never knew a Man "to whom Antiquity is ſo much oblig'd, as to "Mr. *Waller:* He lends her his beautiful Ima- "gination, as alſo his fine and delicate Under- "ſtanding; ſo that he enters into the Genius "of the Ancients, not only to underſtand right- "ly what they have thought, but to embelliſh "their Thoughts ſtill more."

That Mr. *Waller* imitated *Anacreon*, will appear to any one who knows that Manner, and in his *French* Friends Works 'tis often mention'd. But the Happineſs of our Author's Imitation of *Anacreon*, will beſt be ſeen in

his Poems to *Amoret* and *Phillis*; especially this:

Phillis, *why ſhou'd we delay*
Pleaſures ſhorter than the Day?
Cou'd we (*which we never can*)
Stretch our Lives beyond their Span,
Beauty like a Shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies.
Or wou'd Youth and Beauty ſtay,
Love has Wings, and will away.
Love has ſwifter Wings than Time.

Nothing can be more ſoft, more eaſy, and more in the *Anacreontick* Way.

As to the Verſes written after the Manner of *Catullus*, where is there any thing more Gallant than that *Ode*, if we may uſe the Term, beginning thus?

Anger in haſty Words and Blows
It ſelf diſcharges on its Foes:
And Sorrow too finds ſome Relief
In Tears, which wait upon our Grief:
So ev'ry Paſſion, but fond Love,
Unto its own Redreſs does move;
But that alone, &c.

'Tis a Wonder how Mr. *Waller* comes to be charg'd with want of Fire, when he's ſo full of Metaphors and Similes; and when he very rarely makes uſe of any which do not embelliſh

h and raiſe the Subject: And in this, tho' he s been propoſed as a Pattern to copy after by moſt all the *Engliſh* Poets ſince, he has ſtill een found Inimitable.

Not to trouble the Reader with the frivo-us Criticiſms that Men of little Candour and dgment are apt to dwell upon, when they eak of Mr. *Waller*'s Writings; we will own at there are ſeveral little Overſights, Impropri-ies, and Slips in Grammar, to be found up nd down his Works: We may add likewiſe, hat ſometimes his Thoughts are not ſo very nſt, as in all probability they would have been, f he had been at the Pains to reviſe them in ool Blood. But to make Amends for the few lemiſhes that are to be found in his Works, he Beauties in them are very exquiſite, and own thick from one End of his Poems to he other. In a Word, nothing can be ſaid more to the Praiſe of any Author, than what s ſtrictly due to Mr. *Waller*, which is, That e left our Poetry in a much better State than what he found it in. His Verſe is to this ve-y Day harmonious, and his Language ſtill ourtly. Mr. *Dryden* (who knew the Excel-ence of our Author) having Occaſion to men-ion him in his Dedication before his Tranſla-ion of the *Æneis*, expreſſes himſelf in theſe Words. *I ſay nothing of Sir* John Denham, *Mr.* Waller, *and Mr.* Cowley; *'tis the utmoſt of my Ambition to be thought their Equal, or not o be much inferior to them.* And in his Dedi-ation of the *Rival Ladies*, to the Earl of *Orrery*: *Rhime has all the Advantage of Proſe beſides its wn, but the Excellence and Dignity of it were*

never fully known 'till Mr. Waller *taught it. He first made Writing an eaſy Art, firſt ſhew'd us to conclude the Senſe moſt commonly in Diſticks, which in the Verſe of thoſe before him runs on for ſo many Lines together, that the Reader is out of Breath to overtake it. This Sweetneſs of Mr.* Waller's *Lyrick Poetry was afterwards follow'd in the Epick by Sir* John Denham, *in his* Cooper's Hill. *But if we owe the Invention of it to Mr.* Waller, *we*, &c.

That way of uſing the ſame Initial Letter in a Line, which throws the Verſe off more eaſily, as

When Man on Many multiply'd his Kind,

was firſt introduced by him; as in this Verſe,

Oh how I long my tender Limbs to lay.

And Mr. *Dryden* imitated it to Affectation, as ſome others ſince him have alſo done. From what has been ſaid, there is no room left to doubt but that the *Engliſh* Poeſie, and conſequently the *Engliſh* Tongue, is the moſt indebted to Mr. *Waller* of any one Author that ever wrote, and that *England* never produced a Finer Wit, a more Gallant Genius, and a Politer Gentleman.

We have already obſerv'd, that the Executors of Mr. *Edmond Waller*, the Son of him whoſe Life we have written, have erected a very fine Monument for him in *Beconsfield* Church-yard. It ſtands on the Eaſt-ſide of the

e Church-yard, near the Vault of the Family. The Inſcriptions on the Tomb were written by Mr. *Rimer*, Hiſtoriographer to the Queen, and re as follows.

On the WESTERN END.

Edmundi Waller hic jacet id quantum morti ceſſit,
Qui inter Poetas ſui temporis facile Princeps,
Lauream, quam meruit adoleſcens,
Octogenarius haud abdicavit.
Huic debet patria Lingua quod credas,
Si Græce Latineque intermitterent, Muſæ
Loqui amarent Anglicé.

SOUTH SIDE.

Heus Viator tumulatum vides Edmundum Waller,
Qui tanti Nominis Poeta, & idem avitis opibus,
Inter Primos, Spectabilis; Muſis ſe dedit, & patriæ.
Nondum Octodecenarius, inter Ardua Regni tractantes,
Sedem habuit a Burgo de Amerſham miſſus.
Hic Vitæ curſus: nec Oneri defuit Senex, vixitque ſemper
Populo charus, Principibus in deliciis, admirationi Omnibus.

Hic

Hic conditur Tumulo ſub eodem
Rarâ Virtute & multâ prole Nobilis,
Uxor, Maria ex Breſſyorum Familia,
Cum Edmundo Waller, Conjuge Chariſſimo:
Quem ter & decies lætum fecit patrem,
V Filiis, Filiabus VIII,
Quos Mundo dedit, & in Cœlum rediit.

EAST END.

Edmundus Waller, cui hoc Marmor ſacrum eſt,
Colſhill naſcendi locum habuit, Cantabrigiam ſtudendi,
Patrem Robertum & ex Hampdena ſtirpe matrem;
Cæpit vivere 3 Martii, A. D. 1605.
Prima Uxor Anna Edwardi Banks filia Unica Hæres;
Ex prima bis Pater factus; ex ſecunda tredecies,
Cui & duo luſtra ſuperſtes; obiit 21 October,
A. D. 1687.

NORTH END.

Hoc Marmore Edmundo Waller
Mariæque ex ſecundis Nuptiis Conjugi,
Pientiſſimis Parentibus piiſſimè parentavit
Edmundus Filius.

Honores

Honores bene-merentibus Extremos dedit,
Quos Ipſe Fugit
E L. W. I F. H. G. ex Teſtamento H M P.
Id. Julii 1700.

We have nothing more to remember of this
mirable Poet, and his Family, but that his Son
dmond Waller dying without Iſſue, gave the
ſtate to *Edmond Waller*, Eldeſt Son of Dr. *Ste-*
hen Waller lately deceas'd, a very hopeful young
entleman now at *Eaton* School, who has a
rother nam'd *Henry*; and their Mother, Daugh-
r of Sir *Thomas Vernon* of the City of *London*,
ves now at *Hall-Barn*, a Lady of great Worth
nd Honour.

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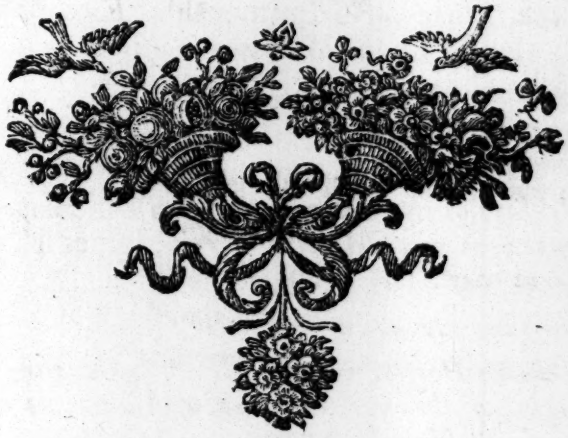
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TO



TO THE KING ON HIS NAVY.

In the Year 1626.

WHERE-e'er thy Navy ſpreads her canvas Wings,
Homage to thee, and Peace to all ſhe brings;
The *French* and *Spaniard*, when thy Flags appear,
Forget their Hatred, and conſent to fear.
So *Jove*, from *Ida*, did both Hoſts ſurvey,
And, when he pleas'd to Thunder, part the Fray.
Ships heretofore in Seas like Fiſhes ſped,
The Mightieſt ſtill upon the Smalleſt fed.

Thou on the Deep impoſeſt nobler Laws,
And by that Juſtice haſt remov'd the Cauſe
Of thoſe rude Tempeſts, which for Rapine ſent,
Too oft, alas, involv'd the Innocent.
Now ſhall the Ocean, as thy *Thames*, be free
From both thoſe Fates, of Storms, and Piracy:
But we moſt Happy, who can fear no Force
But winged Troops, or Pegaſean Horſe:
'Tis not ſo hard for greedy Foes to ſpoil
Another Nation, as to touch our Soil.
Shou'd Nature's Self invade the World again,
And o'er the Center ſpread the liquid Main;
Thy Pow'r were ſafe, and her deſtructive Hand
Wou'd but enlarge the Bounds of thy Command:
Thy dreadful Fleet would ſtyle Thee Lord of all,
And ride in Triumph o'er the drowned Ball.
Thoſe Tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile Plains might go,
And viſit Mountains where they once did grow.
The World's Reſtorer never cou'd endure,
That finiſh'd *Babel* ſhou'd thoſe Men ſecure,
Whoſe Pride deſign'd that Fabrick to have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond Flood:
To Thee his Choſen more indulgent, He
Dares truſt ſuch Pow'r with ſo much Piety.

Of

Of the Danger His Majeſty (being Prince) Eſcaped in the Road at St. André.

In the Year 1621.

NOW had his Highneſs bid farewel to *Spain*,
And reacht the Sphere of his own Pow'r the [Main;
With *Britiſh* Bounty in his Ship he Feaſts
Th' *Heſperian* Princes, his amazed Gueſts,
To find that watry Wilderneſs exceed
The Entertainment of their great *Madrid*.
Healths to both Kings, attended with the Roar
Of Cannons eccho'd from th'affrighted Shoar,
With loud Reſemblance of his Thunder prove
Bacchus the Seed of Cloud-compelling *Jove*.
While to his Harp Divine *Arion* ſings
The Loves and Conqueſts of our *Albion* Kings.
Of the Fourth *Edward* was his Noble Song;
Fierce, Goodly, Valiant, Beautiful and Young:
He rent the Crown from vanquiſht *Henry*'s Head:
Rais'd the white Roſe, and trampled on the Red;
'Till Love, triumphing o'er the Victor's Pride,
Brought *Mars* and *Warwick* to the Conquer'd ſide:
Neglected *Warwick* (whoſe bold Hand, like Fate,
Gives and reſumes the Scepter of our State)
Wooes for his Maſter, and, with double Shame,
Himſelf deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,

Of

The Lady *Bona*; whom juſt Anger burns;
And Foreign War with Civil Rage returns.
Ah ſpare your Swords, where Beauty is to blame;
Love gave th'Affront, and muſt repair the ſame:
When *France* ſhall boaſt of her, whoſe conqu'ring Eyes
Have made the beſt of *Engliſh* Hearts their Prize;
Have Pow'r to alter the Decrees of Fate,
And change again the Counſels of our State.
What the Prophetick Muſe intends, alone
To him that feels the ſecret Wound is known.
With the ſweet ſound of this harmonious Lay
About the Keel delighted Dolphins play;
Too ſure a ſign of Seas enſuing Rage,
Which muſt anon this Royal Troop engage:
To whom ſoft Sleep ſeems more ſecure and ſweet,
Within the Town commanded by our Fleet.
Theſe mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded Barge,
Proud with the Burden of ſo ſweet a Charge:
With painted Oars the Youths begin to ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth Face, and cleave the yielding Deep.
Which ſoon becomes the ſeat of ſudden War
Between the Wind and Tide, that fiercely jar:
As when a ſort of luſty Shepherds try
Their Force at Foot-ball, care of Victory
Makes them ſalute ſo rudely Breaſt to Breaſt,
That their Encounter ſeems too rough for jeſt;
They ply their Feet, and ſtill the reſtleſs Ball
Toſt to and fro is urged by them all:

So fares the doubtful Barge 'twixt Tide and Winds:
And like effect of their Contention finds.
Yet the bold *Britains* ſtill ſecurely row'd;
Charles and his Virtue was their ſacred Load:
Than which a greater pledge Heav'n could not give,
That the good Boat his Tempeſt ſhould out-live.
But Storms encreaſe, and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the Prince's Face;
The reſt reſign their Courage, Skill and Sight,
To Danger, Horror, and unwelcome Night.
The gentle Veſſel, wont with State and Pride
On the ſmooth back of Silver *Thames* to ride,
Wanders aſtoniſh'd in the angry Main,
As *Titan*'s Car did, while the golden Rein
Fill'd the Young Hand of his advent'rous Son,
When the whole World an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the Light of whoſe Deſire
Waves threaten now, as that was ſcar'd by Fire.
Th'impatient Sea grows impotent, and raves,
That (Night aſſiſting) his impetuous Waves
Should find Reſiſtance from ſo light a thing;
Theſe Surges ruin, thoſe our Safety bring.
Th'oppreſſed Veſſel doth the Charge abide;
Only becauſe aſſail'd on every ſide;
So Men with Rage and Paſſion ſet on fire,
Trembling for haſte, impeach their mad Deſire.
The pale *Iberians* had expir'd with Fear;
But that their Wonder did divert their Care;

To ſee the Prince with Danger mov'd no more,
Than with the Pleaſures of their Court before.
God-like his Courage ſeem'd, whom nor Delight
Cou'd ſoften, nor the Face of Death affright:
Next to the Pow'r of making Tempeſts ceaſe,
Was in that Storm to have ſo calm a Peace.

Great *Maro* cou'd no greater Tempeſt feign,
When the loud Winds uſurping on the Main
For angry *Juno* labour'd to deſtroy
The hated Reliques of confounded *Troy:*
His bold *Æneas*, on like Billows toſt,
In a tall Ship, and all his Country loſt,
Diſſolves with Fear, and both his Hands upheld,
Proclaims them Happy whom the *Greeks* had quell'd
In Honourable Flight: Our *Hero* ſet
In a ſmall Shallop, Fortune in his Debt,
So near a hope of Crowns and Scepters, more
Than ever *Priam*, when he flouriſh'd, wore,
His Loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
His Glory in the Bud, lets nothing fall
That argues Fear; if any Thought annoys
The Gallant Youth, 'tis Love's untaſted Joys,
And dear Remembrance of that fatal Glance,
For which he lately Pawn'd his Heart in *France*;
Where he had ſeen a brighter Nymph than ſhe
That ſprung out of his preſent Foe, the Sea.
That Noble Ardor, more than mortal Fire,
The Conquer'd Ocean could not make expire,

Nor

Nor angry *Thetis*, raiſe her Waves above
Th'Heroick Prince's Courage, or his Love;
'Twas Indignation, and not Fear he felt,
The Shrine ſhou'd periſh, where that Image dwelt.
Ah Love forbid! the Nobleſt of thy Train
Shou'd not ſurvive to let her know his Pain:
Who not his Peril minding, nor his Flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſs ſerious Game
Among the bright Nymphs of the *Gallick* Court;
All highly born, obſequious to her Sport:
They Roſes ſeem, which in their early Pride,
But half reveal, and half their Beauties hide;
She the glad Morning, which her Beams does throw
Upon their ſmiling Leaves, and gilds them ſo;
Like bright *Aurora*, whoſe refulgent Ray
Foretels the Fervour of enſuing Day,
And warns the Shepherd with his Flocks retreat
To leafie Shadows, from the threatned Heat.
From *Cupid*'s Strings, of many Shafts that fled,
Wing'd with thoſe Plumes which noble Fame had ſhed
As through the wondring World ſhe flew, and told
Of his Adventures haughty, brave and bold,
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid,
But Love's firſt Summons ſeldom are obey'd:
Light was the Wound, the Prince's Care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His Glorious Name had ſo poſſeſt her Ears,
That with Delight thoſe antique Tales ſhe hears

Of *Jaſon*, *Theſeus*, and ſuch Worthies Old,
As with his Story beſt reſemblance hold:
And now ſhe views, as on the Wall it hung,
What old *Muſæus* ſo Divinely ſung:
Which Art with Life and Love did ſo inſpire,
That ſhe diſcerns, and favours that Deſire,
Which there provokes th'advent'rous Youth to ſwim,
And in *Leander's* danger pities him:
Whoſe not new Love alone, but Fortune ſeeks
To frame his Story like that amorous *Greek's*.

For from the Stern of ſome good Ship appears
A friendly Light, which moderates their Fears:
New Courage from reviving Hope they take,
And climbing o'er the Waves, that Taper make;
On which the Hope of all their Lives depends,
As his on that fair *Hero's* hand extends.

The Ship at Anchor, like a fixed Rock,
Breaks the proud Billows, which her large Sides knock;
Whoſe Rage reſtrained foaming higher ſwells,
And from her Port the weary Barge repels,
Threatning to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.

Twice was the Cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Wou'd not be moved for our Siſter States:
For *England* is the third ſucceſsful throw,
And then the Genius of that Land they know:
Whoſe Prince muſt be (as their own Books deviſe)
Lord of the Scene, where now his Danger lies.

Well

Well ſung the *Roman* Bard; all Human things
Of deareſt value hang on ſlender Strings.
O ſee the then ſole Hope, and in deſign
Of Heav'n our Joy, ſupported by a Line;
Which for that inſtant was Heav'n's Care above,
The Chain that's fixed to the Throne of *Jove*;
On which the Fabrick of our World depends,
One Link diſſolv'd, the whole Creation ends.

Of His Majeſty's receiving the News of the Duke of Buckingham's *Death. In the Year* 1628.

SO earneſt with thy God, can no new Care,
No ſenſe of Danger interrupt thy Prayer?
The Sacred Wreſtler 'till a Bleſſing giv'n,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n:
Nor was the Stream of thy Devotion ſtopp'd;
When from the Body ſuch a Limb was lopp'd,
As to thy preſent State was no leſs Maim;
Tho' thy wiſe Choice has ſince repair'd the ſame,
Bold *Homer* durſt not ſo great Virtue feign
In his beſt pattern; of *Patroclus* ſlain
With ſuch Amazement as weak Mothers uſe,
And frantick Geſture, he receives the News:
Yet fell his Darling by th' impartial chance
Of War, impos'd by Royal *Hector*'s Lance;

Thine in full Peace, and by a vulgar Hand
Torn from thy Boſom, left his high Command.
The famous Painter cou'd allow no place
For private Sorrow in a Prince's Face:
Yet, that his Piece might not exceed Belief,
He caſt a Veil upon ſuppoſed Grief.
'Twas want of ſuch a Precedent as this,
Made the Old Heathens frame their Gods amiſs.
Their *Phœbus* ſhou'd not act a fonder part
For their fair Boy, than he did for his Heart;
Nor blame for *Hyacinthus'* Fate his own
That kept from him wiſh'd Death, hadſt thou been known.
He that with thine ſhall weigh good *David*'s Deeds,
Shall find his Paſſion, not his Love, exceeds.
He curs'd the Mountains where his brave Friend dy'd,
But let falſe *Ziba* with his Heir divide:
Where thy Immortal Love to thy beſt Friends,
Like that of Heav'n, upon their Seed deſcends.
Such huge extreams inhabit thy great Mind,
God-like unmov'd, and yet like Woman kind.
Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
Our *Charles's* Pedigree from Heav'n, and taught
How ſome bright Dame compreſt by mighty *Jove*
Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

To the Queen, occaſioned upon Sight of Her Majeſty's Picture.

WELL fare the Hand which, to our humble Sight,
Preſents that Beauty, which the dazling Light
Of Royal Splendor hides from weaker Eyes;
And all Acceſs (ſave by this Art) denies.
Here only we have Courage to behold
This Beam of Glory; here we dare unfold
In Numbers thus the Wonders we conceive:
The gracious Image ſeeming to give leave,
Propitious ſtands, vouchſafing to be ſeen;
And by our Muſe ſaluted,
Mighty Queen,
In whom th' extreams of Pow'r and Beauty move,
The Queen of *Britain*, and the Queen of Love.
As the bright Sun (to which we owe no ſight
Of equal Glory to your Beauty's Light)
Is wiſely plac'd in ſo ſublime a Seat,
T' extend his Light, and moderate his Heat:
So happy 'tis you move in ſuch a Sphere,
As your high Majeſty with awful Fear
In human Breaſts might qualifie that Fire,
Which kindled by thoſe Eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the ſcorched World like hazard run,
By the Approach of the ill-guided Sun.

No other Nymphs have Title to Men's Hearts,
But as their Meanneſs larger Hope imparts:
Your Beauty more the fondeſt Lover moves
With Admiration, than his private Loves;
With Admiration! for a pitch ſo high
(Save Sacred *Charles* his) never Love durſt fly.
Heav'n that preferr'd a Scepter to your Hand,
Favour'd our Freedom more than your Command:
Beauty had Crown'd you, and you muſt have been
The whole World's Miſtreſs, other than a Queen.
All had been Rivals, and you might have ſpar'd,
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd without a Guard.
No Pow'r atchiev'd, either by Arms or Birth,
Equals Love's Empire, both in Heav'n and Earth.
Such Eyes as yours, on *Jove* himſelf have thrown
As bright and fierce a Lightning as his own:
Witneſs our *Jove*, prevented by their Flame
In his ſwift Paſſage to th' *Heſperian* Dame;
When, like a Lion, finding in his way
To ſome intended Spoil, a fairer Prey;
The Royal Youth purſuing the Report
Of Beauty, found it in the *Gallick* Court:
There publick Care, with private Paſſion, fought
A doubtful Combat in his Noble Thought:
Shou'd he confeſs his Greatneſs, and his Love,
And the free Faith of your great Brother prove,
With his *Achates* breaking through the Cloud
Of that Diſguiſe which did their Graces ſhroud;

And

And mixing with thoſe Gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies and outſhine them all;
Or on his Journey o'er the Mountains ride?
So when the fair *Leucothoe* he ſpy'd,
To check his Steeds, impatient *Phœbus* yearn'd,
Though all the World was in his Courſe concern'd.
What may hereafter her Meridian do,
Whoſe dawning Beauty warm'd his Boſom ſo?
Not ſo divine a Flame, ſince deathleſs Gods,
Forbore to viſit the defil'd Abodes
Of Men, in any mortal Breaſt did burn;
Nor ſhall, 'till Piety and they return.

Upon his Majeſty's repairing of St. Paul's, *in the Year* 1631.

THAT ſhipwrackt Veſſel which th' Apoſtle bore
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon *Melita*'s Shore,
Than did his Temple in the Sea of Time,
(Our Nation's Glory, and our Nation's Crime)
When the firſt Monarch of this happy Iſle,
Mov'd with the Ruin of ſo brave a Pile,
This Work of Coſt and Piety begun,
To be accompliſh'd by his glorious Son;
Who all that came within the ample Thought
Of his wiſe Sire, has to Perfection brought.

He

He like *Amphion* makes thoſe Quarries leap
Into fair Figures from a confus'd heap:
For in his Art of Regiment is found
A Pow'r like that of Harmony in ſound.
Thoſe antique Minſtrels ſure were *Charles*-like Kings,
Cities their Lutes, and Subjects Hearts their Strings;
On which with ſo divine a Hand they ſtrook,
Conſent of Motion from their Breath they took.
So all our Minds with his conſpire to grace
The Gentiles great Apoſtle, and deface
Thoſe State-obſcuring Sheds, that like a Chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad Saint ſhakes off at his Command,
As once the Viper from his ſacred Hand:
So joys the aged Oak, when we divide
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd Side.
Ambition rather would affect the Fame
Of ſome new Structure, to have born her Name;
Two diſtant Virtues in one Act we find,
The Modeſty, and Greatneſs of his Mind;
Which not content to be above the Rage
And Injury of all-impairing Age,
In its own Worth ſecure, doth higher climb,
And Things half ſwallow'd from the Jaws of Time
Reduce; an Earneſt of his grand Deſign
To frame no New Church, but the Old refine:
Which Spouſe-like may with comely Grace command
More than by Force of Argument or Hand.

For

For doubtful Reaſon few can apprehend;
And War brings Ruin where it ſhou'd amend:
But Beauty, with a bloodleſs Conqueſt, finds
A welcome Sov'raignty in rudeſt Minds.
Not ought which *Sheba*'s wond'ring Queen beheld
Amongſt the Works of *Solomon*, excell'd
His Ships and Building; Emblems of a Heart
Large both in Magnanimity and Art:
While the propitious Heav'ns this Work attend.
Long wanted Showers they forgot to ſend;
As if they meant to make it underſtood
Of more Importance than our vital Food.
The Sun which riſeth to ſalute the Quire
Already finiſh'd, ſetting ſhall admire
How private Bounty could ſo far extend;
The King built all, but *Charles* the Weſtern-end:
So proud a Fabrick to Devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens and obliges Heav'n.
Laomedon that had the Gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the ſacred Day,
Cou'd no ſuch Structure raiſe; *Troy* wall'd ſo high;
Th' *Atrides* might as well have forc'd the Sky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings
To ſee ſuch Pow'r employ'd in peaceful Things.
They liſt not urge it to the dreadful Field;
The Task is eaſier to deſtroy than build.

—— *Sic gratia Regum*
Pieriis tentata modis. Hor.

The Country: To my Lady of Carliſle.

Madam,

OF all the ſacred Muſe inſpir'd,
Orpheus alone cou'd with the Woods comply;
Their rude Inhabitants his Song admir'd,
And Nature's ſelf in thoſe that cou'd not lye.
Your Beauty next our Solitude invades,
And warms us, ſhining through the thickeſt Shades.

Nor ought the Tribute, which the wondring Court
Pays your fair Eyes, prevail with you to ſcorn
The Anſwer and Conſent to that Report,
Which Eccho like the Country does return:
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our Springs
Preſent th' impartial Images of things.

A rural Judge diſpos'd of Beauty's prize,
A ſimple Shepherd was preferr'd to *Jove*;
Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies
Came *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that, which was ſo juſtly giv'n
To the bright *Carliſle* of the Court of Heav'n.

Carliſle! a Name which all our Woods are taught,
Loud as his *Amarillis* to reſound;

Carliſle!

Carliſle! a Name which on the Bark is wrought
Of ev'ry Tree that's worthy of the Wound.
From *Phœbus'* Rage, our Shadows and our Streams
May guard us, better than from *Carliſle's* Beams.

The Counteſs of Carliſle *in Mourning.*

WHEN from black Clouds no part of Sky is clear,
But juſt ſo much as lets the Sun appear;
Heav'n then would ſeem thy Image, and reflect
Thoſe ſable Veſtments, and that bright Aſpect.
A Spark of Virtue by the deepeſt Shade
Of ſad Adverſity is fairer made;
Nor leſs Advantage doth thy Beauty get,
A *Venus* riſing from a Sea of Jet.
Such was th' Appearance of new-formed Light,
While yet it ſtruggled with eternal Night.
Then mourn no more, leſt thou admit encreaſe
Of Glory, by thy noble Lord's Deceaſe.
We find not that the Laughter-loving Dame
Mourn'd for *Anchiſes*; 'twas enough ſhe came
To grace the Mortal with her deathleſs Bed,
And that his living Eyes ſuch Beauty fed:
Had ſhe been there, untimely Joy through all
Mens Hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the Funeral.
Thoſe Eyes were made to baniſh Grief: as well
Bright *Phœbus* might affect in Shades to dwell,

As they to put on Sorrow; nothing ſtands
But Pow'r to grieve, exempt from thy Commands.
If thou lament, thou muſt do ſo alone;
Grief in thy Preſence can lay hold on none.
Yet ſtill perſiſt the Memory to love
Of that great *Mercury* of our mighty *Jove*;
Who by the Pow'r of his enchanting Tongue,
Swords from the Hands of threatning Monarchs wrung.
War he prevented, or ſoon made it ceaſe,
Inſtructing Princes in the Arts of Peace:
Such as made *Sheba*'s curious Queen reſort
To the large-hearted *Hebrew*'s famous Court.
Had *Homer* ſat among his wondring Gueſts,
He might have learn'd at thoſe ſtupendious Feaſts,
With greater Bounty, and more ſacred State
The Banquet of the Gods to celebrate.
But O! what Elocution might he uſe,
What potent Charms that could ſo ſoon infuſe
His abſent Maſter's Love into the Heart
Of *Henrietta*, forcing her to part
From her lov'd Brother, Country, and the Sun,
And like *Camilla* o'er the Waves to run
Into his Arms; while the *Pariſian* Dames
Mourn for their raviſh'd Glory; at their Flames
No leſs amaz'd, than the amazed Stars,
When the bold Charmer of *Theſſalia* Warrs
With Heav'n it ſelf, and Numbers does repeat
Which call deſcending *Cynthia* from her Seat.

In Anſwer to one who Writ againſt a fair Lady.

WHAT Fury has provok'd thy Wit to dare
With *Diomede* to wound the Queen of Love,
Thy Miſtreſs' Envy, or thy own Deſpair?
Not the juſt *Pallas* in thy Breaſt did move
So blind a Rage, with ſuch a different Fate
He Honour won, where thou haſt purchas'd Hate.

She gave Aſſiſtance to his *Trojan* Foe;
Thou that without a Rival thou may'ſt love,
Doſt to the Beauty of this Lady owe,
While after her the gazing World does move,
Canſt thou not be content to Love alone,
Or is thy Miſtreſs not content with one?

Haſt thou not read of Fairy *Arthur*'s Shield,
Which but diſclos'd, amaz'd the weaker Eyes
Of proudeſt Foes, and won the doubtful Field?
So ſhall thy Rebel Wit become her Prize.
Should thy *Iambicks* ſwell into a Book,
All were confuted with one radiant Look.

Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the Skies,
Rewarding *Phœbus*, for inſpiring ſo

His noble Brain, by likening to thoſe Eyes
His joyful Beams: But *Phœbus* is thy Foe,
And neither aids thy Fancy nor thy Sight;
So ill thou Rhim'ſt againſt ſo fair a Light.

On my Lady Dorothy Sidney's *Picture.*

SUCH was *Philoclea*, ſuch *Mucidorus* Flame;
The matchleſs *Sidney* that immortal Frame
Of perfect Beauty on two Pillars plac'd,
Not his high Fancy cou'd one Pattern grac'd
With ſuch Extremes of Excellence compoſe,
Wonders ſo diſtant in one Face diſcloſe:
Such cheerful Modeſty, ſuch humble State,
Moves certain Love, but with a doubtful Fate.
As when beyond our greedy Reach we ſee,
Inviting Fruit on too ſublime a Tree.
All the rich Flow'rs through his *Arcadia* found,
Amaz'd we ſee, in this one Garland bound.
Had but this Copy, which the Artiſt took
From the fair Picture of that noble Book,
Stood at *Calander's*, the brave Friends had jarr'd,
And Rivals made, th' enſuing Story marr'd.
Juſt Nature firſt inſtructed by this Thought,
In his own Houſe thus practis'd what he taught.
This glorious Piece tranſcends what he cou'd think;
So much his Blood is nobler than his Ink.

To VANDIKE.

RARE Artiſan! whoſe Pencil moves
Not our Delights alone, but Loves:
From thy Shop of Beauty we
Slaves return, that enter'd Free.
The heedleſs Lover does not know
Whoſe Eyes they are that wound him ſo:
But confounded with thy Art,
Inquires her Name that has his Heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old Wound bleed freſh again,
With dear Remembrance of that Face,
Where now he reads new Hope of Grace:
Nor Scorn, nor Cruelty does find:
But gladly ſuffers a falſe Wind
To blow the Aſhes of Deſpair
From the reviving Brand of Care:
Fool that forgets her ſtubborn Look
This Softneſs from thy Finger took.
Strange, that thy Hand ſhould not inſpire
The Beauty only, but the Fire:
Not the Form alone, and Grace,
But Act and Power of a Face.
May'ſt thou yet thy ſelf as well,
As all the World beſides excel;

So

So you th' unfeigned Truth rehearſe,
(That I may make it live in Verſe)
Why thou could'ſt not at one Eſſay,
That Face to after-times convey,
Which this admires; was it thy Wit
To make her oft before thee ſit?
Confeſs, and we'll forgive thee this:
For who would not repeat that Bliſs,
And frequent Sight of ſuch a Dame,
Buy with the Hazard of his Fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameleſs Skill,
Though thy good Hand had failed ſtill?
When Nature's ſelf ſo often errs,
She for this many thouſand Years
Seems to have practis'd with much Care,
To frame the Race of Woman Fair;
Yet never could a perfect Birth
Produce before to grace the Earth,
Which waxed old, e'er it could ſee
Her that amaz'd thy Art and Thee.
But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortal Colours grow,
That could this deathleſs Piece compoſe,
In Lilies, or the fading Roſe?
No, for this Theft thou haſt climb'd higher
Than did *Prometheus* for his Fire.

Of

Of the Lady who can Sleep when ſhe pleaſes.

NO wonder Sleep from careful Lovers flies,
To bathe himſelf in *Sacharisſa*'s Eyes;
As fair *Aſtrea* once from Earth to Heav'n
By Strife and loud Impiety was driv'n:
So with our Plaints offended and our Tears,
Wiſe *Somnus* to that Paradiſe repairs,
Waits on her Will, and Wretches does forſake
To court the Nymph, for whom thoſe Wretches wake.
More proud than *Phœbus* of his Throne of Gold
Is the ſoft God, thoſe ſofter Limbs to hold;
Nor wou'd exchange with *Jove*, to hide the Skies
In darkning Clouds, the Pow'r to cloſe her Eyes:
Eyes which ſo far all other Lights controul,
They warm our mortal Parts, but theſe our Soul.
Let her free Spirit, whoſe unconquer'd Breaſt,
Holds ſuch deep Quiet, and untroubled Reſt,
Know, that tho' *Venus* and her Son ſhou'd ſpare
Her Rebel Heart, and never teach her Care,
Yet *Hymen* may per-force her Vigils keep,
And, for another's Joy, ſuſpend her Sleep.

Of the Miſ-report of her being Painted.

AS when a ſort of Wolves infeſt the Night
With their wild howlings at fair *Cynthia*'s Light,
The Noiſe may chaſe ſweet Slumber from our Eyes,
But never reach the Miſtreſs of the Skies:
So with the News of *Sacharissa*'s Wrongs,
Her vexed Servants blame thoſe envious Tongues;
Call Love to witneſs that no painted Fire
Can ſcorch Men ſo, or kindle ſuch Deſire;
While, unconcerned, She ſeems mov'd no more
With this new Malice, than our Loves before;
But from the height of her great Mind looks down
On both our Paſſions, without Smile or Frown:
So little Care of what is done below
Hath the bright Dame whom Heav'n affecteth ſo,
Paints her, 'tis true, with the ſame Hand which ſpreads
Like glorious Colours thro' the flow'ry Meads
When laviſh Nature with her beſt Attire
Cloaths the gay Spring, the Seaſon of Deſire;
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her Cheek adorn
With the ſame Art wherewith ſhe Paints the Morn.
With the ſame Art, wherewith ſhe gildeth ſo
Thoſe painted Clouds which form *Thaumantia*'s Bow.

Of

Of her paſſing through a Crowd of People.

AS in old *Chaos* Heav'n with Earth confus'd,
And Stars with Rocks together cruſh'd and bruis'd:
The Sun his Light no further cou'd extend
Than the next Hill, which on his Shoulders lean'd:
So in this Throng bright *Sachariſſa* far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her Guard:
As Ships tho' never ſo obſequious, fall
Foul in a Tempeſt on their Admiral.
A greater Favour this Diſorder brought
Unto her Servants, than their awful Thought
Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſt
The yielding Marble of her ſnowy Breaſt.
While Love inſults, diſguiſed in the Cloud,
And welcome force of that unruly Crowd.
So th'am'rous Tree, while yet the Air is calm,
Juſt Diſtance keeps from his deſired Palm:
But when the Wind her raviſh'd Branches throws
Into his Arms, and mingles all their Boughs;
Tho' loath he ſeems her tender Leaves to preſs,
More loath he is that friendly Storm ſhould ceaſe,
From whoſe rude Bounty, he the double Uſe
At once receives, of Pleaſure and Excuſe.

The Story of Phœbus *and* Daphne *applied.*

THIRSIS, a Youth of the inſpired Train,
Fair *Sachariſſa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like *Phœbus* ſung the no leſs am'rous Boy;
Like *Daphne* ſhe as lovely and as coy:
With Numbers he the flying Nymph purſues,
With Numbers ſuch as *Phœbus* ſelf might uſe.
Such is the Chaſe, when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy Mountains, and thro' flow'ry Meads
Invok'd to teſtifie the Lover's Care,
Or form ſome Image of his cruel Fair:
Urg'd with his Fury like a wounded Deer,
O'er theſe he fled, and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,
Whom all his Charms cou'd not incline to ſtay;
Yet what he ſung in his immortal Strain,
Though unſucceſsful, was not ſung in vain:
All but the Nymph, that ſhould redreſs his Wrong,
Attend his Paſſion, and approve his Song.
Like *Phœbus* thus, acquiring unſought Praiſe,
He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

Fabula

Fabula PHOEBI & DAPHNES.

ARCADIÆ juvenis Thirſis, Phœbique Sacerdos,
Ingenti fruſtra Sacharisſa ardebat amore:
Haud Deus ipſe olim Daphni majora canebat,
Nec fuit aſperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:
Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per ſaxa, volans per florida vates
Paſcua; formoſam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem inſanâ mente ſolebat:
Audiit illa procul miſerum, citharamque ſonantem,
Audiit, at nullis reſpexit mota querelis;
Ne tamen omnino caneret deſertus, ad alta
Sidera perculſi, referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic non quæſitis cumulatus laudibus olim
Elapſa reperit Daphni ſua laurea Phœbus.

Of Mrs. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and liſten, while the Fair
Breaks in ſweet Sounds the willing Air,
And with her own Breath fans the Fire
Which her bright Eyes do firſt inſpire.
What Reaſon can that Love controul,
Which more than one Way courts the Soul?

So when a Flaſh of Lightning falls
On our Abodes, the Danger calls
For human Aid, which hopes the Flame
To conquer, tho' from Heav'n it came:
But if the Winds with that conſpire;
Men ſtrive not, but deplore the Fire.

To AMORET.

FAIR, that you may truly know
What you unto *Thirſis* owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sachariſſa love and you.

Joy ſalutes me, when I ſet
My bleſt Eyes on *Amoret:*
But with Wonder I am ſtrook,
While I on the other look.

If ſweet *Amoret* complains,
I have Senſe of all her Pains;
But for *Sachariſſa* I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of my ſelf is mine,
Lovely *Amoret*, is thine;

Sacha-

Sacharissa's Captive fain
Would untie his Iron Chain:
And thoſe ſcorching Beams to ſhun,
To thy gentle Shadow run.

If the Soul had free Election
To diſpoſe of her Affection,
I wou'd not thus long have born
Haughty *Sacharissa*'s Scorn:
But 'tis ſure ſome Pow'r above,
Which controuls our Wills in Love,
If not Love, a ſtrong Deſire
To create and ſpread that Fire,
In my Breaſt, ſollicites me,
Beauteous *Amoret*, for thee.

'Tis Amazement more than Love,
Which her radiant Eyes do move;
If leſs Splendor wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,
I would turn my dazled Sight
To behold their milder Light.

But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That high Flame, as to enjoy:
Which, how eas'ly I may do
Heav'n (as eas'ly ſcal'd) does know.

Amoret's as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious Food,
Which but taſted, does impart
Life and Gladneſs to the Heart:
Sachariſſa's Beauty's Wine,
Which to Madneſs doth incline;
Such a Liquor as no Brain
That is Mortal, can ſuſtain.
Scarce can I to Heav'n excuſe
The Devotion which I uſe
Unto that adored Dame;
For 'tis not unlike the ſame,
Which I thither ought to ſend:
So that if it could take End;
'Twou'd to Heav'n it ſelf be due
To ſucceed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not Idolatry;
Which, though not ſo fierce a Flame,
Is longer like to be the ſame.
Then ſmile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is ſhorter liv'd than Love.

On the Head of a STAG.

SO we ſome antique *Hero*'s Strength
Learn by his Launce's Weight and Length;
As theſe vaſt Beams expreſs the Beaſt,
Whoſe ſhady Brows alive they dreſt:
Such Game, while yet the World was new,
The mighty *Nimrod* did purſue.
What Huntſman of our feeble Race,
Or Dogs, dare ſuch a Monſter chaſe?
Reſembling with each Blow he ſtrikes
The Charge of a whole Troop of Pikes.
O fertile Head, which ev'ry Year
Cou'd ſuch a Crop of Wonder bear!
The teeming Earth did never bring
So ſoon, ſo hard, ſo huge a Thing;
Which might it never have been caſt,
Each Year's Growth added to the laſt,
Theſe lofty Branches had ſupply'd
The Earth's bold Sons prodigious Pride;
Heav'n with theſe Engines had been ſcal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.

To a LADY *in the Garden.*

SEES not my Love, how Time reſumes
The Glory which he lent theſe Flow'rs?
Though none ſhou'd taſte of their Perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few Hours;
Time, what we forbear, devours.

Had *Helen*, or th' *Egyptian* Queen,
Been ne'er ſo thrifty of their Graces;
Thoſe Beauties muſt at length have been
The ſpoil of Age, which finds our Faces
In the moſt retired Places.

Shou'd ſome malignant Planet bring
A barren Drought, or ceaſeleſs Show'r
Upon the Autumn, or the Spring,
And ſpare us neither Fruit nor Flow'r;
Winter wou'd not ſtay an Hour.

Cou'd the Reſolve of Love's neglect
Preſerve you from the Violation
Of coming Years, then more Reſpect
Were due to ſo divine a Faſhion;
Nor would I indulge my Paſſion.

The Miſer's Speech in a Maſque.

BALLS of this Metal ſlack'd *Atlanta*'s Pace,
And on the am'rous Youth beſtow'd the Race:
Venus, the Nymph's Mind meaſuring by her own,
Whom the rich Spoils of Cities overthrown
Had proſtrated to *Mars*, cou'd well adviſe
Th'advent'rous Lover how to gain the Prize.
Nor leſs may *Jupiter* to Gold aſcribe;
For when he turn'd himſelf into a Bribe,
Who can blame *Danae*, or the brazen Tow'r,
That they withſtood not that Almighty Show'r?
Never 'till then, did Love make *Jove* put on
A Form more bright, and nobler than his own:
Nor were it juſt, would he reſume that Shape,
That ſlack Devotion ſhou'd his Thunder 'ſcape.
'Twas not Revenge for griev'd *Apollo*'s Wrong,
Thoſe Aſſe's Ears on *Midas*' Temples hung:
But fond Repentance of his happy Wiſh,
Becauſe his Meat grew Metal like his Diſh.
Wou'd *Bacchus* bleſs me ſo, I'd conſtant hold
Unto my Wiſh, and die creating Gold.

On the Friendſhip betwixt two Ladies.

TELL me, Lovely loving Pair,
Why ſo kind, and ſo ſevere?
Why ſo careleſs of our Care,
Only to your ſelves ſo dear?

By this cunning Change of Hearts,
You the Pow'r of Love controul;
While the Boy's deluded Darts
Can arrive at neither Soul.

For in vain to either Breaſt
Still beguiled Love does come;
Where he finds a Foreign Gueſt,
Neither of your Hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like Deſign,
When they never mean to pay;
That they may the Law decline,
To ſome Friend make all away.

Not the ſilver Doves that fly,
Yoak'd in *Cithærea*'s Car;
Not the Wings that lift ſo high,
And convey her Son ſo far,

Are

Are ſo lovely, ſweet and fair,
Or do more ennoble Love;
Are ſo choicely matcht a Pair,
Or with more Conſent do move.

Of Her Chamber.

THEY taſte of Death that do at Heav'n arrive;
But we this Paradiſe approach alive.
Inſtead of Death, the Dart of Love does ſtrike,
And renders all within theſe Walls alike:
The high in Titles, and the Shepherd, here,
Forgets his Greatneſs, and forgets his Fear:
All ſtand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair,
Loſe Thought of what themſelves, or others are;
Ambition loſe, and have no other Scope,
Save *Carliſle*'s Favour, to employ their Hope.
The *Thracian* could (tho' all thoſe Tales were true
The bold *Greeks* tell) no greater Wonders do;
Before his Feet, ſo Sheep and Lions lay
Fearleſs and wrathleſs, while they heard him play.
The Gay, the Wiſe, the Gallant, and the Grave,
Subdu'd alike, all but one Paſſion have:
No worthy Mind, but finds in her's there is
Something proportion'd to the Rule of his.
While ſhe with chearful, but impartial Grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the Race

Of

Of Men, like *Phœbus*, ſo divides her Light,
And warms us, that ſhe ſtoops not from her Height.

Of Loving at Firſt Sight.

NOT caring to obſerve the Wind,
Or the new Sea explore,
Snatch'd from my ſelf, how far behind
Already I behold the Shore!

May not a thouſand Dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth Boſom of this Deep?
No: 'Tis ſo rockleſs and ſo clear,
That the rich Bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious Things, not torn
From ſhipwrack'd Veſſels, but there born.

Sweetneſs, Truth, and ev'ry Grace,
Which Time and Uſe are wont to teach,
The Eye may in a Moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her Face.

Some other Nymphs, with Co'ours faint,
And Pencil ſlow, may *Cupid* paint,
And a weak Heart in Time deſtroy;
She has a Stamp, and prints the Boy,
Can with a ſingle Look inflame
The coldeſt Breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

The Self Baniſh'd.

IT is not that I love you leſs
  Than when before your Feet I lay:
But to prevent the ſad Encreaſe
  Of hopeleſs Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas!) for every Thing
  Which I have known belong to you,
Your Form does to my Fancy bring,
  And makes my old Wounds bleed anew.

Who in the Spring, from the new Sun,
  Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins thoſe Shafts to ſhun,
  Which *Phœbus* thro' his Veins has ſhot;

Too late he wou'd the Pain aſſwage,
  And to thick Shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the Rage,
  And in his tainted Blood the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
  Your baniſh'd Servant trouble you:
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
  The Vow I made to love you too.

SONG.

SONG.

GO, lovely Roſe,
Tell her that waſtes her Time and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that's Young,
And ſhuns to have her Graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In Deſarts, where no Men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the Worth
Of Beauty from the Light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her ſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die, that ſhe
The common Fate of all Things rare
May read in thee:
How ſmall a Part of Time they ſhare,
That are ſo wond'rous ſweet and fair.

THIRSIS,

THIRSIS, GALATEA.

Thir. AS lately I on ſilver *Thames* did ride,
Sad *Galatea* on the Bank I ſpy'd:
Such was her Look as Sorrow taught to ſhine,
And thus ſhe grac'd me with a Voice divine.

Gal. You that can tune your ſounding Strings ſo well,
Of Ladies Beauties and of Love to tell;
Once change your Note, and let your Lute report
The juſteſt Grief that ever touch'd the Court.

Thir. Fair Nymph, I have in your Delights no Share,
Nor ought to be concerned in your Care:
Yet would I ſing, if I your Sorrows knew,
And to my Aid invoke no Muſe but you.

Gal. Hear then, and let your Song augment our Grief,
Which is ſo great, as not to wiſh Relief:
She that had all which Nature gives or Chance,
Whom Fortune join'd with Virtue to advance
To all the Joys this Iſland cou'd afford,
The greateſt Miſtreſs, and the kindeſt Lord:
Who with the Royal mixt her noble Blood,
And in high Grace with *Gloriana* ſtood;
Her Bounty, Sweetneſs, Beauty, Goodneſs, ſuch,
That none e'er thought her Happineſs too much:
So well inclin'd her Favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heav'n had been to her:
The Virgin's part, the Mother, and the Wife,
So well ſhe acted in this Span of Life,

That

That tho' few Years (too few alas!) ſhe told,
She ſeem'd in all Things, but in Beauty, old.
As unripe Fruit, whoſe verdant Stalks do cleave
Cloſe to the Tree, which grieves no leſs to leave
The ſmiling Pendant which adorns her ſo,
And until Autumn, on the Bough ſhou'd grow:
So ſeem'd her youthful Soul not eas'ly forc'd,
Or from ſo fair, ſo ſweet a Seat divorc'd.
Her Fate at once did haſty ſeem and ſlow,
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

Thir. Under how hard a Law are Mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon muſt mourn:
What Heav'n ſets higheſt, and ſeems moſt to prize,
Is ſoon removed from our wond'ring Eyes.
But ſince the Siſters did ſo ſoon untwine
So fair a Thread, I'll ſtrive to piece the Line.
Vouchſafe ſad Nymph to let me know the Dame,
And to the Muſes I'll commend her Name;
Make the wide Country eccho to your Moan,
The liſt'ning Trees and ſavage Mountains groan:
What Rock's not moved when the Death is ſung
Of one ſo good, ſo lovely, and ſo young?

Gal. 'Twas *Hamilton*, whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, Grief lets me ſay no more.

The Battel of the Summer-Iſlands.

CANTO I.

What Fruits they have, and how Heav'n ſmiles
Upon thoſe late diſcover'd Iſles.

AID me *Bellona*, while the dreadful Fight
Betwixt a Nation and two Whales I write:
Seas ſtain'd with Gore I ſing, advent'rous Toil,
And how theſe Monſters did diſarm an Iſle.
Bermudas wall'd with Rocks, who does not know,
That happy Iſland, where huge Lemons grow,
And Orange Trees which golden Fruit do bear,
Th' *Heſperian* Garden boaſts of none ſo fair?
Where ſhining Pearl, Coral, and many a Pound,
On the rich Shore, of Amber-greece is found:
The lofty Cedar, which to Heav'n aſpires,
The Prince of Trees, is Fewel for their Fires:
The Smoak by which their loaded Spits do turn,
For Incenſe might on ſacred Altars burn:
Their private Roofs on od'rous Timber born,
Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn,
The ſweet *Palmettas* a new *Bacchus* yield,
With Leaves as ample as the broadeſt Shield:
Under the Shadow of whoſe friendly Boughs
They ſit carowſing, where their Liquor grows.

Figs

Figs there unplanted thro' the Fields do grow,
Such as fierce *Cato* did the *Romans* ſhow,
With the rare Fruit inviting them to ſpoil
Carthage, the Miſtreſs of ſo rich a Soil.
The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at ſome conſtant Seaſons ev'ry Year
Their barren Tops with luſcious Food abound,
And with the Eggs of various Fowls are crown'd;
Tobacco is the worſt of Things, which they
To *Engliſh* Landlords as their Tribute pay:
Such is the Mould, that the bleſt Tenant feeds
On precious Fruits, and pays his Rent in Weeds:
With candy'd Plantanes, and the juicy Pine,
On choiceſt Melons and ſweet Grapes they dine,
And with Potatoes fat their wanton Swine.

Nature theſe Cates with ſuch a laviſh Hand
Pours out among them, that our coarſer Land
Taſtes of that Bounty, and does Cloth return,
Which not for Warmth, but Ornament is worn:
For the kind Spring, which but ſalutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the Year:
Ripe Fruits and Bloſſoms on the ſame Trees live;
At once they promiſe, what at once they give:
So ſweet the Air, ſo moderate the Clime;
None ſickly lives, or dies before his Time.
Heav'n ſure has kept this ſpot of Earth uncurſt,
To ſhew how all Things were created firſt.

The

The tardy Plants in our cold Orchards plac'd,
Reſerve their Fruit for the next Age's Taſte:
There a ſmall Grain in ſome few Months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a ſpacious Tree:
The *Palma Chriſti*, and the fair *Papah*,
Now but a Seed (preventing Nature's Law)
In half the Circle of the haſty Year
Project a Shade, and lovely Fruits do wear:
And as their Trees in our dull Region ſet
But faintly grow, and no Perfection get;
So in this *Northern* Tract our hoarſer Throats
Utter unripe and ill conſtrained Notes:
While the Supporter of the Poets Style,
Phœbus, on them eternally does ſmile.
O how I long my careleſs Limbs to lay
Under the Plantane's Shade, and all the Day
With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my Vein!
No Paſſion there in my free Breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet and beſt of Paſſions, Love:
There while I ſing, if gentle Love be by
That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings ſo high
With the ſweet Sound of *Sachariſſa*'s Name,
I'll make the liſt'ning Savages grow tame.
But while I do theſe pleaſing Dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd Fight.

CANTO

CANTO II.

Of their Alarm, and how their Foes
Diſcover'd were, this Canto *ſhows.*

THO' Rocks ſo high about this Iſland riſe,
That well they may the num'rous *Turk* deſpiſe;
Yet is no human Fate exempt from Fear,
Which ſhakes their Hearts, while thro' the Iſle they hear
A laſting Noiſe, as horrid and as loud
As Thunder makes, before it breaks the Cloud.
Three Days they dread this Murmur, e'er they know
From what blind Cauſe th'unwonted Sound may grow:
At length two Monſters of unequal Size,
Hard by the Shoar, a Fiſher-man eſpies;
Two mighty Whales, which ſwelling Seas had toſt,
And left 'em Pris'ners on the rocky Coaſt;
One as a Mountain vaſt, and with her came
A Cub not much inferior to his Damme:
Here in a Pool among the Rocks engag'd,
They roar'd like Lions caught in Toils, and rag'd.
The Man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had ſeen the like lye murther'd on the Shore,
By the wild Fury of ſome Tempeſt caſt
The Fate of Ships and ſhipwrackt Men to taſte.
As careleſs Dames, whom Wine and Sleep betray
To frantick Dreams, their Infants overlay:

So

So there ſometimes the raging Ocean fails,
And her own Brood expoſes; when the Whales
Againſt ſharp Rocks like reeling Veſſels quaſh'd,
Tho' huge as Mountains, are in Pieces daſh'd;
Along the Shoar their dreadful Limbs lie ſcatter'd,
Like Hills with Earthquakes ſhaken, torn and ſhatter'd.
Hearts ſure of Braſs they had, who tempted firſt
Rude Seas, that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcome News thro' all the Nation ſpread,
To ſudden Joy and Hope converts their dread:
What lately was their publick Terror, they
Behold with glad Eyes as a certain Prey;
Diſpoſe already of th'untaken Spoil,
And as the purchaſe of their future Toil,
Theſe ſhare the Bones, and thoſe divide the Oil;
So was the Huntſman by the Bear oppreſt,
Whoſe Hide he ſold before he caught the Beaſt.

They man their Boats, and all their young Men arm
With whatſoever may the Monſters harm;
Pikes, Halberts, Spits, and Darts that wound ſo far,
The Tools of Peace, and Inſtruments of War.
Now was the Time for vig'rous Lads to ſhow
What Love or Honour cou'd invite them to;
A goodly Theatre, where Rocks are round
With reverend Age and lovely Laſſes crown'd;
Such was the Lake which held this dreadful Pair
Within the Bounds of noble *Warwick*'s Share:

Warwick's bold Earl, than which no Title bears
A greater Sound among our *Britiſh* Peers;
And worthy he the Mem'ry to renew,
The Fate and Honour to that Title due;
Whoſe brave Adventures have transferr'd his Name,
And thro' the new World ſpread his growing Fame.
But how they fought, and what their Valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody Fight, ſucceſsleſs Toil,
And how the Fiſhes ſack'd the Iſle.

THE Boat which on the firſt Aſſault did go,
Struck with a harpling Iron the younger Foe;
Who when he felt his Side ſo rudely gor'd,
Loud as the Sea that nouriſh'd him he roar'd.
As a broad Bream, to pleaſe ſome curious Taſte,
While yet alive in boyling Water caſt,
Vex'd with unwonted Heat, boyls, flings about
The ſcorching Braſs, and hurls the Liquor out:
So with the barbed Javelin ſtung, he raves,
And ſcourges with his Tail the ſuff'ring Waves:
Like *Spenſer*'s *Talus* with his Iron Flail;
He threatens Ruin with his pond'rous Tail;
Diſſolving at one Stroke the batter'd Boat,
And down the Men fall drenched in the Moat:

With

With ev'ry fierce Encounter they are forc'd
To quit their Boats, and fare like Men unhorſt.
The bigger Whale like ſome huge Carrack lay,
Which wanteth Sea-room with her Foes to play,
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when provok'd ſhe wou'd
Advance her Tail, her Head ſalutes the Mud;
The ſhallow Water doth her Force infringe,
And renders vain her Tail's impetuous ſwinge:
The ſhining Steel her tender Sides receive,
And there like Bees they all their Weapons leave.
This ſees the Cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumbred Mother and her Foes:
With deſp'rate Courage he receives her Wounds,
And Men and Boats his active Tail confounds.
Their Forces join'd, the Seas with Billows fill,
And make a Tempeſt, tho' the Winds be ſtill.
Now wou'd the Men with half their hoped Prey
Be well content; and wiſh this Cub away:
Their Wiſh they have; he to direct his Dam
Unto the Gap thro' which they thither came,
Before her ſwims, and quits the hoſtile Lake,
A Pris'ner there, but for his Mother's Sake.
She by the Rocks compell'd to ſtay behind,
Is by the Vaſtneſs of her Bulk confin'd.
They ſhout for Joy, and now on her alone
Their Fury falls, and all their Darts are thrown.
Their Lances ſpent; one bolder than the reſt
With his broad Sword provok'd the ſluggiſh Beaſt:

Her

Her oily Side devours both Blade and Heft,
And there his Steel the bold *Bermudian* left.
Courage the reſt from his Example take,
And now they change the Colour of the Lake:
Blood flows in Rivers from her wounded Side,
As if they wou'd prevent the tardy Tide,
And raiſe the Flood to that propitious Height,
As might convey her from this fatal Streight.
She ſwims in Blood, and Blood does ſpouting throw
To Heav'n, that Heav'n Men's Cruelties might know.
Their fixed Javelins in her Side ſhe wears,
And on her Back a Grove of Pikes appears:
You wou'd have thought, had you the Monſter ſeen
Thus dreſt, ſhe had another Iſland been.
Roaring ſhe tears the Air with ſuch a Noiſe,
(As well reſembled the conſpiring Voice
Of routed Armies, when the Field is won)
To reach the Ears of her eſcaped Son.
He (tho' a League removed from the Foe)
Haſtes to her Aid; the pious *Trojan* ſo
Neglecting for *Creüſa*'s Life his own,
Repeats the Danger of the burning Town.
The Men amazed bluſh to ſee the Seed
Of Monſters, human Piety exceed:
Well proves this Kindneſs what the *Grecians* ſung,
That Love's bright Mother from the Ocean ſprung.
Their Courage droops, and hopeleſs now they wiſh
For compoſition with th'unconquer'd Fiſh:

So

So ſhe their Weapons wou'd reſtore again,
Thro' Rocks they'd hew her Paſſage to the Main.
But how inſtructed in each other's Mind,
Or what Commerce can Men with Monſters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded Foe,
Whom her Couragious Son protected ſo;
They charge their Muſquets, and with hot deſire
Of full Revenge, renew the Fight with Fire:
Standing aloof, with Lead they bruiſe the Scales,
And tear the Fleſh of the incenſed Whales.
But no Succeſs their fierce Endeavours found,
Nor this way cou'd they give one fatal Wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to ſend
For the loud Engines which their Iſle defend.
But what thoſe Pieces fram'd to batter Walls
Wou'd have effected on thoſe mighty Whales,
Great *Neptune* will not have us know, who ſends
A Tyde ſo high, that it relieves his Friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much Blood the Monſters loſt, and they their Arms.

SONG.

PEace, babling Muſe,
I dare not Sing what you indite;
Her Eyes refuſe
To read the Paſſion which they write.

She strikes my Lute, but if it sound,
Threatens to hurl it on the Ground;
And I no less her Anger dread,
Than the poor Wretch that feigns him Dead,
While some fierce Lion does embrace
His breathless Corps, and licks his Face;
Wrapt up in silent Fear he lies,
Torn all in Pieces if he cries.

Of LOVE.

ANger, in hasty Words or Blows,
It self discharges on our Foes;
And Sorrow too finds some Relief
In Tears, which wait upon our Grief:
So ev'ry Passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own Redress does move;
But that alone the Wretch inclines
To what prevents his own Designs;
Makes him Lament, and Sigh, and Weep,
Disorder'd, Tremble, Fawn and Creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For Women, born to be control'd,
Stoop to the Forward and the Bold,
Affect the Haughty and the Proud,
The Gay, the Frolick, and the Loud.

Who

Who firſt the gen'rous Steed oppreſt,
Not kneeling did ſalute the Beaſt;
But with high Courage, Life and Force
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly Horſe.
Unwiſely we the wiſer Eaſt
Pity, ſuppoſing them oppreſt
With Tyrants Force, whoſe Law is Will,
By which they Govern, Spoil and Kill:
Each Nymph but moderately Fair,
Commands with no leſs Rigor here.
Shou'd ſome brave *Turk*, that walks among
His twenty Laſſes Bright and Young,
And beckons to the willing Dame
Prefer'd to quench his preſent Flame,
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modeſt Guiſe, and ſilent Fear,
All to one Female Idol bend,
While her high Pride does ſcarce deſcend
To mark their Follies, he wou'd ſwear
That theſe her Guard of Eunuchs were:
And that a more Majeſtick Queen,
Or humbler Slaves, he had not ſeen.
All this with Indignation ſpoke,
In vain I ſtruggled with the Yoke
Of mighty Love; that conqu'ring Look,
When next beheld, like Lightning ſtrook
My blaſted Soul, and made me bow
Lower than thoſe I pity'd now.

So the tall Stag upon the brink
Of ſome ſmooth Stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed Head,
With ſhame remembers that he fled
The ſcorned Dogs, reſolves to try
The Combat next; but if their Cry
Invades again his trembling Ear,
He ſtrait reſumes his wonted Care;
Leaves the untaſted Spring behind,
And, wing'd with Fear, out-flies the Wind.

To PHILLIS.

Phillis, why ſhou'd we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the Day?
Cou'd we (which we never can)
Stretch our Lives beyond their Span;
Beauty like a Shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies.
Or wou'd Youth and Beauty ſtay,
Love hath Wings, and will away.
Love hath ſwifter Wings than Time;
Change in Love to Heav'n does climb;
Gods that never change their State,
Vary oft their Love and Hate.
Phillis, to this Truth we owe
All the Love betwixt us two:

Let

Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our paſt Deſire:
On what Shepherds you have ſmil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd;
Leave it to the Planets too,
What we ſhall hereafter do;
For the Joys we now may prove,
Take advice of preſent Love.

To PHILLIS.

PHillis, 'twas Love that injur'd you,
And on that Rock your *Thirſis* threw,
Who for Proud *Calia* cou'd have have dy'd,
While you no leſs accus'd his Pride.
Fond Love his Darts at random throws,
And nothing ſprings from what he ſows:
From Foes diſcharg'd as often meet
The ſhining points of Arrows fleet,
In the wide Air creating Fire,
As Souls that join in one Deſire.
Love made the lovely *Venus* burn
In vain, and for the cold Youth mourn,
Who the purſuit of churliſh Beaſts
Preferr'd to Sleeping on her Breaſts.
Love makes ſo many Hearts the Prize
Of the bright *Carliſle*'s conqu'ring Eyes,

Which ſhe regards no more, than they
The Tears of leſſer Beauties weigh:
So have I ſeen the loſt Clouds pour
Into the Sea a uſeleſs Show'r,
And the vext Sailors curſe the Rain,
For which poor Shepherds pray'd in vain.
Then, *Phillis*, ſince our Paſſions are
Govern'd by Chance, and not by Care,
But ſport of Heav'n, which takes delight
To look upon this *Parthian* Fight
Of Love, ſtill flying, or in Chaſe,
Never encount'ring Face to Face;
No more to Love we'll ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of Deities:
And let our Hearts, which Love diſjoin'd,
By his kind Mother be combin'd.

SONG.

WHile I liſten to thy Voice,
Chloris, I feel my Life decay,
That pow'rful Noiſe
Calls my fleeting Soul away.
Oh! ſuppreſs that Magick Sound,
Which deſtroys without a Wound.

Peace *Chloris*, Peace, or Singing die;
That together you and I

To

To Heav'n may go:
For all we know
Of what the Bleſſed do above,
Is, that they Sing, and that they Love.

SONG.

STAY *Phœbus*, ſtay,
The World to which you fly ſo faſt,
Conveying Day
From us to them, can pay your Haſte
With no ſuch Object, and ſalute your Riſe
With no ſuch Wonder, as *de Mornay*'s Eyes.

Well does this prove
The Error of thoſe antique Books,
Which made you move
About the World; her charming Looks
Wou'd fix your Beams, and make it ever Day,
Did not the rowling Earth ſnatch her away.

To AMORET.

A*Moret*, the Milky Way,
Fram'd of many nameleſs Stars,
The ſmooth Stream, where none can ſay,
He this Drop to that prefers.

Amoret, my lovely Foe,
Tell me where thy Strength does lye:
Where the Pow'r that Charms us ſo,
In thy Soul, or in thy Eye?

By that ſnowy Neck alone,
Or thy grace in Motion ſeen,
No ſuch Wonders cou'd be done:
Yet thy Waſte is ſtreight and clean,
As *Cupid*'s Shaft, or *Hermes*' Rod,
And pow'rful too, as either God,

To My Lord of FALKLAND. *In the Year* 1638.

BRave *Holland* leads, and with him *Falkland* goes;
Who hears this told, and does not ſtraight ſuppoſe
We ſend the Graces and the Muſes forth,
To Civilize, and to inſtruct the *North*?
Not that theſe Ornaments make Swords leſs ſharp,
Apollo bears as well his Bow as Harp;
And tho' he be the Patron of that Spring,
Where in calm Peace the Sacred Virgins ſing,
He Courage had to guard th' invaded Throne
Of *Jove*, and caſt th' ambitious Giants down.
Ah, noble Friend, with what Impatience all
That know thy Worth, and know how prodigal

Of

Of thy great Soul thou art, longing to twiſt
Bays with that Ivy, which ſo early kiſt
Thy youthful Temples, with what Horror we
Think on the blind Events of War, and Thee?
To Fate expoſing that all-knowing Breaſt
Among the Throng, as cheaply as the reſt:
Where Oaks and Brambles (if the Copſe be burn'd)
Confounded lye to the ſame Aſhes turn'd.

Some happy Wind over the Ocean blow
This Tempeſt yet which frights our Iſland ſo;
Guarded with Ships, and all the Sea our own,
From Heav'n this miſchief on our Heads is thrown.

In a late Dream, the *Genius* of this Land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like the fair *Hebrew* ſtand,
When firſt ſhe felt the Twins begin to jar,
And found her Womb the Seat of Civil War:
Inclin'd to whoſe Relief, and with Preſage
Of better Fortune for the preſent Age,
Heav'n ſends, quoth I, this Diſcord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waſte, our Blood,
To raiſe our drooping Spirts, grown the Scorn
Of our proud Neighbours, who e'erlong ſhall mourn
(Tho' now they joy in our expected Harms)
We had occaſion to reſume our Arms.

A Lion ſo with ſelf-provoking Smart,
(His rebel Tail ſcourging his nobler Part,)
Calls up his Courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his Foes, who thought him mad before.

For Drinking of Healths.

LET Brutes and Vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as Drought and Nature urges, Drink:
A more indulgent Mistress guides our Sprights,
Reason, that dares beyond our Appetites;
She wou'd our Care as well as Thirst redress,
And with Divinity rewards Excess:
Deserted *Ariadne*, thus supply'd,
Did perjur'd *Theseus'* Cruelty deride;
Bacchus embrac'd, from her exalted Thought
Banish'd the Man, her Passion, and his Fault.
Bacchus and *Phœbus* are by *Jove* ally'd,
And each by other's timely Heat's supply'd:
All that the Grape owes to his ripening Fires,
Is paid in Numbers which their Juice inspires.
Wine fills the Veins, and Healths are understood,
To give our Friend a Title to our Blood:
Who naming me, doth warm his Courage so,
Shews for my sake what his bold Hand wou'd do.

SONG.

I.

CHloris farewel; I now must go:
For if with thee I longer stay,
Thy Eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove Blind, and lose my Way.

II. Fame

II.

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth,
Among the reſt, me hither brought:
Finding this Fame fall ſhort of Truth,
Made me ſtay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by Word, and Oath,
A Servant to another's Will;
Yet, for thy Love, I'd forfeit both,
Cou'd I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

IV.

But what Aſſurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this Abuſe,
For ſome more worthy Lover's ſake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt Excuſe.

V.

For thou may'ſt ſay 'twas not thy Fault
That thou didſt thus inconſtant prove,
Being by my Example taught
To break thy Oath, to mend thy Love.

VI.

No *Chloris*, no; I will return,
And raiſe thy Story to that height,
That Strangers ſhall at diſtance burn,
And ſhe diſtruſt me Reprobate.

VII.

Then ſhall my Love this Doubt diſplace,
And gain ſuch Truſt, that I may come

And banquet ſometimes on thy Face,
But make my conſtant Meals at home.

On my Lady Iſabella *playing on the Lute.*

SUch moving Sounds, from ſuch a careleſs Touch,
So unconcern'd her ſelf, and we ſo much!
What Art is this, that with ſo little Pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'er our Spirits reigns!
The trembling Strings about her Fingers crowd,
And tell their Joy for ev'ry Kiſs aloud:
Small Force there needs to make them tremble ſo;
Touch'd by that Hand who wou'd not tremble too?
Here Love takes ſtand, and while ſhe charms the Ear,
Empties his Quiver on the liſt'ning Deer;
Muſick ſo ſoftens and diſarms the Mind,
That not an Arrow does Reſiſtance find.
Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,
And acts her ſelf the Triumph of her Eyes.
So *Nero* once, with Harp in Hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming *Rome*, and as it burnt he play'd.

To a Lady Singing a Song of his Compoſing.

CHloris, your ſelf you ſo excel,
When you vouchſafe to breath my Thought,

That

That like a Spirit with this Spell
Of my own Teaching I am caught.

The Eagle's Fate and mine are one,
Which on the Shaft that made him die
Eſpy'd a Feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.

Had Eccho, with ſo ſweet a Grace,
Narciſſus' loud Complaints return'd,
Not for Reflection of his Face,
But of his Voice, the Boy had burn'd.

Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

DEſign or Chance makes others Wive,
But Nature did this Match contrive;
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,
As ſhe deny'd her little Bed
To him, for whom Heav'n ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out this only Dame.

Thrice happy is that humble Pair
Beneath the level of all Care;
Over whoſe Heads thoſe Arrows fly
Of ſad Diſtruſt and Jealouſie;
Secured in as high extream,
As if the World held none but them.

To him the faireſt Nymphs do ſhow
Like moving Mountains topt with Snow;
And ev'ry Man a *Polypheme*
Does to his *Galatea* ſeem;
None may preſume her Faith to prove;
He proffers Death that proffers Love.

Ah, *Chloris*, that kind Nature thus
From all the World had ſever'd us,
Creating for our ſelves us two,
As Love has me for only you.

LOVE's FAREWELL.

TReading the Path to Nobler Ends,
A long Farewel to Love I gave;
Reſolv'd my Country, and my Friends,
All that remain'd of me ſhould have.

And this Reſolve no Mortal Dame,
None but thoſe Eyes cou'd have o'erthrown,
The Nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, ſo like her ſelf alone.

Thus the tall Oak which now aſpires
Above the Fear of private Fires,

Grown

Grown and deſign'd for nobler Uſe,
Not to make warm but build the Houſe,
Tho' from our meaner Flames ſecure,
Muſt that which falls from Heav'n endure.

From a CHILD.

MADAM,

AS in ſome Climes the warmer Sun
Makes it full Summer e'er the Spring's begun,
And with ripe Fruit the bending Boughs can load,
Before our Violets dare look abroad:
So meaſure not by any common uſe,
The early Love your brighter Eyes produce.
When lately your fair Hand in Woman's Weed,
Wrap'd my glad Head, I wiſh'd me ſo indeed,
That haſty Time might never make me grow
Out of thoſe Favours you afford me now;
That I might ever ſuch Indulgence find,
And you not bluſh, or think your ſelf too kind,
Who now, I fear, while I theſe Joys expreſs,
Begin to think how you may make them leſs:
The ſound of Love makes your ſoft Heart afraid,
And guard it ſelf, tho' but a Child invade,
And innocently at your white Breaſt throw
A Dart as white, a Ball of new fall'n Snow.

On a GIRDLE.

THAT which her ſlender Waſte confin'd,
Shall now my joyful Temples bind;
No Monarch but wou'd give his Crown,
His Arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heav'ns extreameſt Sphere,
The Pale which held that Lovely Deer;
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move.

A narrow Compaſs, and yet there
Dwelt all that's Good, and all that's Fair:
Give me but what this Riban bound,
Take all the reſt the Sun goes round.

The APOLOGY *of* SLEEP.

For not approaching the Lady, who can do any thing but Sleep when ſhe pleaſeth.

MY Charge it is thoſe Breaches to repair
Which Nature takes from Sorrow, Toil and Care:
Reſt to the Limbs, and Quiet I confer
On troubled Minds; but nought can add to her,

Whom

Whom Heav'n and her tranſcendent Thoughts have
plac'd
Above thoſe Ills which wretched Mortals taſte.
Bright as the deathleſs Gods, and happy, She
From all that may infringe Delight is free:
Love at her Royal Feet his Quiver lays,
And not his Mother with more haſte obeys.
Such real Pleaſure's, ſuch true Joy's ſuſpence,
What Dream can I preſent to recompence?
Shou'd I with Lightning fill her awful Hand,
And make the Clouds ſeem all at her Command:
Or place her in *Olympus* Top, a Gueſt
Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar feaſt:
That poor wou'd ſeem, that Entertainment ſhort
Of the true Splendor of her preſent Court;
Where all the Joys and all the Glories are
Of three great Kingdoms, ſever'd from the Care.
I that of Fumes and humid Vapours made,
Aſcending, do the Seat of Senſe invade,
No Cloud in ſo ſerene a Manſion find,
To over-caſt her ever-ſhining Mind,
Which holds reſemblance with thoſe ſpotleſs Skies,
Where flowing *Nilus* want of Rain ſupplies;
That Cryſtal Heav'n, where *Phœbus* never ſhrouds
His golden Beams, nor wraps his Face in Clouds.
But what ſo hard which Numbers cannot force?
So ſtoops the Moon, and Rivers change their courſe:

The

The bold *Maonian* made me dare to steep
Jove's dreadful Temples in the dew of Sleep.
And since the Muses do invoke my Pow'r,
I shall no more decline that Sacred Bow'r,
Where *Gloriana* their great Mistress lies,
But gently taming those Victorious Eyes,
Charm all her Senses; 'till the joyful Sun
Without a Rival half his Course has run:
Who while my Hand that fairer Light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that Shines.

At PENS-HURST.

WHile in the Park I sing, the list'ning Deer
Attend my Passion, and forget to fear.
When to the Beeches I report my Flame,
They bow their Heads as if they felt the same.
To Gods appealing, when I reach their Bow'rs
With loud Complaints, they answer me in Show'rs.
To thee a wild and cruel Soul is giv'n,
More deaf than Trees, and prouder than the Heav'n.
Love's Foe profest, why dost thou falsly feign
Thy self a *Sidney*? From which noble Strain
He sprung, that cou'd so far exalt the Name
Of Love, and warm our Nation with his Flame,
That all we can of Love or high Desire,
Seems but the Smoak of am'rous *Sidney*'s Fire.

Nor

Nor call her Mother, who ſo well does prove
One Breaſt may hold both Chaſtity and Love.
Never can ſhe, that ſo exceeds the Spring
In Joy and Bounty, be ſuppos'd to bring
One ſo deſtructive. To no humane Stock
We owe this fierce Unkindneſs, but the Rock,
That cloven Rock produc'd thee, by whoſe ſide
Nature to recompence the fatal Pride
Of ſuch ſtern Beauty, plac'd thoſe healing Springs,
Which not more Help, than that Deſtruction brings.
Thy Heart, no ruder than the rugged Stone,
I might, like *Orpheus*, with my num'rous Moan
Melt to Compaſſion; now my trait'rous Song
With thee conſpires to do the Singer wrong:
While thus I ſuffer not my ſelf to loſe
The Memory of what augments my Woes:
But with my own Breath ſtill foment the Fire,
Which flames as high as Fancy can aſpire.
This laſt Complaint th' indulgent Ears did pierce
Of juſt *Apollo*, Preſident of Verſe;
Highly concerned, that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to Sing,
Thus he adviſ'd me; On yon aged Tree
Hang up thy Lute, and hye thee to the Sea,
That there with Wonders thy diverted Mind
Some Truce at leaſt may with this Paſſion find.
Ah cruel Nymph! From whom her humble Swain
Flies for Relief unto the raging Main;

And

And from the Winds and Tempeſts does expect
A milder Fate, than from her cold Neglect:
Yet there he'll pray, that the Unkind may prove
Bleſt in her Choice; and vows his endleſs Love
Springs from no hope of what ſhe can confer,
But from thoſe Gifts which Heav'n has heap'd on her.

ANOTHER.

HAD *Sacharissa* liv'd when Mortals made
Choice of their Deities, this Sacred Shade
Had held an Altar to her Pow'r, that gave
The Peace and Glory which theſe Alleys have:
Embroider'd ſo with Flowers ſhe had ſtood,
That it became a Garden of a Wood:
Her Preſence has ſuch more than humane Grace,
That it can Civilize the rudeſt Place;
And Beauty too, and Order can impart,
Where Nature ne'er intended it, nor Art.
The Plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No leſs than thoſe of old did *Orpheus'* Lyre:
If ſhe ſit down, with Tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
They round about her into Arbors crowd;
Or if ſhe walk, in even Ranks they ſtand,
Like ſome well marſhal'd and obſequious Band.
Amphion ſo made Stones and Timber leap
Into fair Figures, from a confus'd Heap:

And

And in the Symmetry' of her Parts is found
A Pow'r, like that of Harmony in Sound.
Ye lofty Beeches, tell this matchleſs Dame,
That if together ye fed all one Flame,
It cou'd not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her Eyes have kindled in my Heart.
Go Boy, and carve this Paſſion on the Bark
Of yonder Tree, which ſtands the ſacred Mark
Of noble *Sidney*'s Birth; when ſuch Benign,
Such more than Mortal-making Stars did ſhine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The Monument and Pledge of humble Love:
His humble Love, whoſe Hope ſhall ne'er riſe high'r
Than for a Pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of Leiceſter.

NOT that thy Trees at *Pens-hurſt* groan,
Oppreſſed with their timely Load,
And ſeem to make their ſilent Moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his Taſte, or Eye,
Would ſpend themſelves in Fruit, and Dye.

Not that thy harmleſs Deer repine,
And think themſelves unjuſtly Slain
By any other Hand than thine,
Whoſe Arrows they wou'd gladly ſtain:

No,

No, nor thy Friends, which hold too dear
That Peace with *France*, which keeps thee there.

All theſe are leſs than that great Cauſe,
Which now exacts your Preſence here,
Wherein there meet the divers Laws
Of Publick and Domeſtick Care.
For one bright Nymph our Youth contends,
And on your prudent Choice depends.

Not the bright Shield of *Thetis'* Son,
For which ſuch ſtern Debate did riſe,
That the great *Ajax Telamon*
Refus'd to live without the Prize,
Thoſe *Achive* Peers did more engage,
Than ſhe the Gallants of our Age.

The Beam of Beauty, which begun
To warm us ſo, when thou wert here,
Now ſcorches like the raging Sun
When *Sirius* does firſt appear.
O fix this Flame; and let Deſpair
Redeem the reſt from endleſs Care!

To a very young Lady.

WHY came I ſo untimely forth
Into a World, which wanting thee,
Cou'd entertain us with no Worth
Or ſhadow of Felicity?
That Time ſhou'd me ſo far remove
From that which I was born to Love!

Yet, faireſt Bloſſom, do not ſlight
That Age which you may know ſo ſoon;
The Roſie Morn reſigns her Light,
And milder Glory, to the Noon:
And then what Wonders ſhall you do,
Whoſe dawning Beauty warms us ſo?

Hope waits upon the flow'ry Prime,
And Summer, though it be leſs gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of Declination or Decay.
For, with a full Hand, that does bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.

SONG.

SAY lovely Dream, where coud'ſt thou find
Shadows to counterfeit that Face?
Colours of this Glorious kind
Come not from any Mortal Place.

In Heav'n it ſelf thou ſure wer't dreſt
With that Angel-like Diſguiſe;
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my Joy with cloſed Eyes.

But ah! This Image is too kind
To be other than a Dream!
Cruel *Sacharissa*'s Mind
Never put on that ſweet Extream.

Fair Dream, if thou intend'ſt me Grace,
Change that Heav'nly Face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd Love in thy Face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, Wan, and Meagre let it look,
With a Pity-moving Shape,
Such as wander by the Brook
Of *Lethe*, or from Graves eſcape.

Then to that Matchleſs Nymph appear,
In whoſe Shape thou ſhineſt ſo,

Softly

Softly in her ſleeping Ear,
With humble Words expreſs my Wo.

Perhaps from Greatneſs, State, and Pride,
Thus ſurpriſed She may fall:
Sleep does Diſproportion hide,
And, Death reſembling, equals all.

SONG.

BEhold the Brand of Beauty toſt;
See how the Motion does dilate the Flame:
Delighted Love his Spoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this Game.
Fire to no Place confin'd,
Is both our Wonder and our Fear,
Moving the Mind,
As Lightning hurled through the Air.

High Heav'n the Glory does encreaſe
Of all her Shining Lamps, this artful way;
The Sun in Figures, ſuch as theſe,
Joys with the Moon to play.
To the ſweet Strains they' advance
Which do reſult from their own Spheres;
As this Nymph's Dance,
Moves with the Numbers which ſhe hears.

On the Diſcovery of a Lady's Painting.

Pygmalion's Fate reverſt is mine.
His Marble Love took Fleſh and Blood;
All that I worſhipp'd as Divine,
That Beauty, now 'tis underſtood,
Appears to have no more of Life
Than that whereof he fram'd his Wife.

As Women yet, who apprehend
Some ſudden Cauſe of cauſeleſs Fear,
Although that ſeeming Cauſe take End,
And they behold no Danger near,
A Shaking thro' their Limbs they find,
Like Leaves ſaluted by the Wind:

So though the Beauty do appear
No Beauty, which amaz'd me ſo;
Yet from my Breaſt I cannot tear
The Paſſion which from thence did grow,
Nor yet out of my Fancy raſe
The Print of that ſuppoſed Face.

A real Beauty, though too near,
The fond *Narciſſus* did admire;
I doat on that which is no where,
The ſign of Beauty feeds my Fire:

No Mortal Flame was e'er ſo cruel
As this, which thus ſurvives the Fuel.

To a LADY, from whom he receiv'd a Silver Pen.

MADAM,

INtending to have try'd
The Silver Favour which you gave,
In Ink the ſhining Point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the ſable Wave:
When, griev'd to be ſo foully ſtain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppoſe you had deſerv'd to take
From her fair Hand ſo fair a Boon;
Yet how deſerved I to make
So ill a Change, who ever won
Immortal Praiſe for what I wrote,
Inſtructed by her Noble Thought?

I, that expreſſed her Commands
To mighty Lords, and Princely Dames,
Always moſt welcome to their Hands,
Proud that I wou'd record their Names,
Muſt now be taught an humble Stile,
Some meaner Beauty to beguile.

So I, the wronged Pen to pleaſe,
Make it my humble Thanks expreſs
Unto your Ladyſhip, in Theſe:
And now 'tis forced to confeſs,
That your great ſelf did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more Noble, write.

On a Brede of divers Colours, woven by Four Ladies.

TWice twenty ſlender Virgins' Fingers twine
This curious Web, where all their Fancies ſhine:
As Nature them, ſo they this Shade have wrought,
Soft as their Hands, and various as their Thought.
Not *Juno*'s Bird when, his fair Train diſplay'd,
He wooes the Female to his Painted Bed,
No not the Bow which ſo adorns the Skies,
So Glorious is, or boaſts ſo many Dies.

To my Lord of Northumberland, *upon the Death of his Lady.*

TO this Great Loſs a Sea of Tears is due;
But the whole Debt not to be paid by you.
Charge not your ſelf with all, nor render vain
Thoſe Show'rs the Eyes of us your Servants rain.

Shall

Shall Grief contract the largeneſs of that Heart,
In which, nor Fear nor Anger has a part?
Virtue wou'd Bluſh, if Time ſhou'd boaſt (which dries,
Her Sole Child dead, the tender Mother's Eyes)
Your Mind's Relief, where Reaſon triumphs ſo
Over all Paſſions, that they ne'er cou'd grow
Beyond their Limits in your Noble Breaſt,
To harm another, or impeach your Reſt.
This we obſerv'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great ſelf ſtray:
Whoſe mild Example ſeemed to engage
Th' obſequious Seas, and teach them not to Rage.
The brave *Æmilius*, his great Charge laid down,
(The Force of *Rome*, and Fate of *Macedon*)
In his loſt Sons did feel the cruel Stroke
Of changing Fortune; and thus highly ſpoke
Before *Rome*'s People: We did oft implore
That if the Heav'ns had any Bad in Store
For your *Æmilius*, they wou'd pour that Ill
On his own Houſe, and let you flouriſh ſtill.
You on the barren Seas, my Lord, have ſpent
Whole Springs, and Summers to the Publick lent:
Suſpended all the Pleaſures of your Life,
And ſhorten'd the ſhort Joy of ſuch a Wife:
For which your Country's more obliged, than
For many Lives of old, leſs-happy, Men.
You that have ſacrific'd ſo great a part
Of Youth and private Bliſs, ought to impart

Your Sorrow too, and give your Friends a Right
As well in your Affliction, as Delight:
Then with *Æmilian* Courage bear this Croſs,
Since publick Perſons only publick Croſs
Ought to affect: And tho' her Form and Youth,
Her Application to your Will and Truth,
That noble Sweetneſs, and that humble State,
All ſnatch'd away by ſuch a haſty Fate,
Might give Excuſe to any common Breaſt,
With the huge Weight of ſo juſt Grief oppreſt;
Yet let no Portion of your Life be ſtain'd
With Paſſion, but your Character maintain'd
To the laſt Act; it is enough her Stone
May Honour'd be with Superſcription
Of the ſole Lady, who had Pow'r to move
The Great *Northumberland* to Grieve and Love.

To my LORD ADMIRAL, *of his late Sickneſs and Recovery.*

WIth Joy like ours, the *Thracian* Youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' *Elyſian* Shades,
Embrace the *Hero*, and his Stay implore,
Make it their publick Suit, he wou'd no more

Deſert

Deſert them ſo, and for his Spouſe's ſake,
His vaniſh'd Love, tempt the *Lethean* Lake:
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that Time,
Ambitious all his lofty Bed to climb,
Their doubtful Hopes with Expectation feed,
Who ſhall the Fair *Eurydice* ſucceed:
Eurydice, for whom his num'rous Moan
Makes liſt'ning Trees, and ſalvage Mountains groan.
Thro' all the Air his ſounding Strings dilate
Sorrow, like that which toucht our Hearts of late;
Your pining Sickneſs, and your reſtleſs Pain
At once the Land affecting, and the Main.
When the glad News that you were Admiral,
Scarce thro' the Nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great *Charles*, whoſe Wiſdom ſhines in you,
Wou'd be perplexed how to chuſe a new.
So more than Private was the Joy and Grief,
That at the worſt, it gave our Souls relief:
That in our Age ſuch Senſe of Virtue liv'd,
They Joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly Griev'd.
Nature (her faireſt Lights eclipſed,) ſeems
Her ſelf to ſuffer in thoſe ſharp Extremes:
While not from thine alone thy Blood retires,
But from thoſe Cheeks which all the World admires.
The Stem thus threaten'd, and the Sap in thee,
Drop all the Branches of that noble Tree:
Their Beauty they, and we our Loves ſuſpend,
Nought can our Wiſhes, ſave thy Health, intend.

As Lillies over-charg'd with Rain they bend
Their beauteous Heads, and with high Heav'n contend;
Fold thee within their ſnowy Arms, and cry
He is too faultleſs and too young to dye.
So like Immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
Who wou'd not languiſh, by ſo fair a Train
To be Lamented, and Reſtor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what haſty Soul wou'd go,
Though to be bleſt? O'er her *Adonis* ſo
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious Show'r
Of her warm Tears cheriſh'd the ſpringing Flow'r.

The next Support, fair hope of your great Name,
And ſecond Pillar of that Noble Frame,
By loſs of thee wou'd no Advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſue thee to the Grave.

And now relentleſs Fate, about to end
The Line which backward does ſo far extend,
That antique Stock which ſtill the World ſupplies
With braveſt Spirits, and with brighteſt Eyes,
Kind *Phœbus* interpoſing, bid me ſay
Such Storms no more ſhall ſhake that Houſe, but they
Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-born Neice, ſhall be
The ſhining Glories of the Land and Sea:
With Courage guard, and Beauty warm our Age,
And Lovers fill with like Poetick Rage.

A la MALADE.

AH lovely *Amoret*, the Care
Of all that know what's Good or Fair!
Is Heav'n become our Rival too?
Had the rich Gifts conferr'd on you,
So ample thence, the common end
Of giving Lovers, to pretend.
Hence to this pining Sickneſs (meant
To weary thee to a Conſent
Of leaving us) no Pow'r is giv'n
Thy Beauties to impair, for Heav'n
Sollicits thee with ſuch a Care,
As Roſes from their Stalks we tear,
When we wou'd ſtill preſerve them new,
And freſh as on the Buſh they grew.
With ſuch a Grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch Contempt on Pain,
That languiſhing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So Lightnings which in Storms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear.
And as pale Sickneſs does invade
Your frailer Part, the Breaches made
In that fair Lodging, ſtill more clear
Make the bright Gueſt, your Soul, appear.

So Nymphs o'er pathless Mountains born,
Their light Robes by the Brambles torn
From their fair Limbs, exposing new
And unknown Beauties to the view
Of following Gods, increase their Flame,
And Haste to catch the flying Game.

Of the QUEEN.

THE Lark that shuns on lofty Boughs to build
Her humble Nest, lies silent in the Field;
But if the promise of a Cloudless Day,
(*Aurora* smiling,) bids her rise and Play,
Then strait she shews, 'twas not for want of Voice,
Or Pow'r to climb, she made so low a Choice:
Singing she mounts, her airy Wings are stretcht
Tow'rds Heav'n, as if from Heav'n her Note she fetcht.
So we retiring from the busie Throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our Song;
But since the Light, which now informs our Age,
Breaks from the Court indulgent to her Rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold *Prometheus*, flies,
To light her Torch at *Gloriana*'s Eyes.
Those Sov'reign Beams, which heal the wounded Soul,
And all our Cares, but once beheld, controul!
Here the poor Lover that has long endur'd
Some proud Nymph's Scorn, of his fond Passion cur'd,

Fares

Fares like the Man who firſt upon the Ground
A Glow-worm ſpy'd, ſuppoſing he had found
A moving Diamond, a breathing Stone,
(For Life it had, and like thoſe Jewels ſhone:)
He held it dear, 'till by the ſpringing Day,
Inform'd, he threw the worthleſs Worm away.
She ſaves the Lover as we Gangrenes ſtay,
By cutting Hope, like a lopt Limb, away:
This makes her bleeding Patients to accuſe
High Heav'n, and theſe Expoſtulations uſe.
Cou'd Nature then no private Woman grace
(Whom we might dare to Love) with ſuch a Face,
Such a Complexion, and ſo radiant Eyes,
Such lovely Motion, and ſuch ſharp Replies?
Beyond our Reach, and yet within our Sight,
What envious Pow'r has plac'd this glorious Light?
Thus, in a Starry Night, fond Children cry
For the rich Spangles that adorn the Sky;
Which tho' they ſhine for ever fixed there,
With Light and Influence relieve us here.
All her Affections are to one enclin'd,
Her Bounty and Compaſſion to Mankind:
To whom while ſhe ſo far extends her Grace,
She makes but good the Promiſe of her Face:
For Mercy has (cou'd Mercy's ſelf be ſeen)
No ſweeter Look than this propitious Queen;
Such Guard and Comfort the Diſtreſſed find,
From her large Pow'r, and from her larger Mind,

That

That whom ill Fate wou'd ruin, it prefers;
For all the Miſerable are made Her's.

So the fair Tree, whereon the Eagle builds,
Poor Sheep from Tempeſts, and their Shepherds, ſhields:
The Royal Bird poſſeſſes all the Boughs,
But Shade and Shelter to the Flock allows.

Joy of our Age, and Safety of the next,
For which ſo oft thy fertile Womb is vext:
Nobly contented, for the Publick Good,
To waſte thy Spirits, and diffuſe thy Blood:
What vaſt hopes may theſe Iſlands entertain,
Where Monarchs, thus deſcended, are to Reign?
Led by Commanders of ſo fair a Line,
Our Seas no longer ſhall our Pow'r confine.

A brave Romance who wou'd exactly frame,
Firſt brings his Knight from ſome immortal Dame:
And then a Weapon, and a flaming Shield,
Bright as his Mother's Eyes, he makes him wield.
None might the Mother of *Achilles* be,
But the fair Pearl, and Glory of the Sea;
The Man to whom great *Maro* gives ſuch Fame,
From the high Bed of Heav'nly *Venus* came;
And our next *Charles*, (whom all the Stars deſign
Like Wonders to accompliſh) Springs from thine.

Upon the Death of my Lady RICH.

MAY thoſe already curſt *Eſſexian* Plains,
Where haſty Death, and pining Sickneſs reigns,
Prove as a Deſart, and none there make ſtay,
But Savage Beaſts, or Men as wild as they.
There the fair Light, which all our Iſland grac'd,
Like *Hero*'s Taper in the Window plac'd,
Such Fate from the malignant Air did find,
As that expoſed to the boiſt'rous Wind.
Ah cruel Heav'n! to ſnatch ſo ſoon away
Her, for whoſe Life had we had time to pray,
With thouſand Vows and Tears we ſhou'd have ſought
That ſad Decree's Suſpenſion to have wrought.
But we (alas!) no whiſper of her Pain
Heard, 'till 'twas Sin to wiſh her here again.
That horrid Word at once like Lightning ſpread,
Struck all our Ears, The Lady *Rich* is Dead.
Heart-rending News, and dreadful to thoſe few
Who her reſemble, and her Steps purſue:
That Death ſhou'd Licenſe have to rage among
The Fair, the Wiſe, the Virtuous, and the Young!
The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce Battel born,
With gored Hand, and Veil ſo rudely torn,
Like Terror did among th' Immortals breed,
Taught by her Wound that Goddeſſes may bleed.

All

All stand amazed, but beyond the rest
Th' Heroick Dame whose happy Womb she blest,
Mov'd with just Grief expostulates with Heav'n,
Urging the Promise to th' Obsequious giv'n,
Of longer Life; for ne'er was Pious Soul
More apt t'Obey, more worthy to Controul.
A skilful Eye at once might read the Race
Of *Caledonian* Monarchs in her Face,
And sweet Humility; her Look and Mind,
At once were Lofty, and at once were Kind.
There dwelt the scorn of Vice, and Pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do:
So gentle and severe, that what was bad
At once her Hatred and her Pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her Love was due,
So Fast, so Faithful, Loyal, and so True,
That a bold Hand as soon might hope to force
The rouling Lights of Heav'n, as change her Course.
Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here;
And when this Cloud of Sorrow's over-blown,
Thro' the wide World we'll make her Graces known;
So fresh the Wound is, and the Grief so vast,
That all our Art and Pow'r of Speech is waste.
Here Passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal Monuments of louder Praise.
There our Delight, complying with her Fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy Name,

Fair

Fair *Sacharissa*, and now only Fair!
To ſacred Friendſhip we'll an Altar rear,
Such as the *Romans* did erect of old,
Where, on a Marble Pillar, ſhall be told
The lovely Paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſs Pair.
Narciſſus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like, than your's to her fair Mind:
Save that you grac'd the ſev'ral parts of Life,
A ſpotleſs Virgin, and a faultleſs Wife.
Such was the ſweet Converſe 'twixt her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her Aſſociates now.
How falſe is Hope, and how regardleſs Fate,
That ſuch a Love ſhou'd have ſo ſhort a Date!
Lately I ſaw her, ſighing, part from thee:
(Alas that ſuch the laſt Farewel ſhou'd be!)
So look'd *Aſtræa*, her Remove deſign'd,
On thoſe diſtreſſed Friends ſhe left behind.
Conſent in Virtue knit your Hearts ſo faſt,
That ſtill the Knot, in ſpight of Death, does laſt:
For as your Tears and Sorrow-wounded Soul
Prove well that on your part this Bond is whole;
So all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they Happy are, and that they Love.
Let dark Oblivion and the hollow Grave
Content themſelves our frailer Thoughts to have:
Well choſen Love is never taught to Die,
But with our nobler Part invades the Sky.

Then

Then grieve no more, that one ſo heav'nly ſhap'd
The crooked Hand of trembling Age eſcap'd.
Rather ſince we beheld her not decay,
But that ſhe vaniſh'd ſo entire away:
Her wondrous Beauty and her Goodneſs Merit,
We ſhou'd ſuppoſe that ſome propitious Spirit,
In that Celeſtial Form frequented here,
And is not Dead, but ceaſes to Appear.

To the Queen Mother of FRANCE, *upon her Landing. In the Year* 1683.

GReat Queen of *Europe*, where thy Off-ſpring wears
All the chief Crowns; where Princes are thy Heirs,
As welcome thou to Sea-girt *Britain*'s Shore,
As erſt *Latona* (who fair *Cinthia* bore)
To *Delos* was. Here ſhines a Nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd, with like encreaſe of Light.
Why was our Joy in *Belgia* confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the Wind?
Scarce cou'd the Ocean (tho' inrag'd) have toſt
Thy Sov'reign Bark, but where th' obſequious Coaſt
Pays Tribute to thy Bed: *Rome*'s conqu'ring Hand
More vanquiſh'd Nations under her Command
Never reduc'd; glad *Berecynthia* ſo
Among her Deathleſs Progeny did go;

A wreath of Tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend Head,
Mother of all that on *Ambroſia* fed.
Thy godlike Race muſt ſway the Age to come,
As ſhe *Olympus*, peopled with her Womb.
Wou'd thoſe Commanders of Mankind obey
Their honour'd Parent, all Pretences lay
Down at her Royal Feet, compoſe their Jarrs,
And on the growing *Turk* diſcharge theſe Wars:
The Chriſtian Knights that ſacred Tomb ſhou'd wreſt
From Pagan Hands, and triumph o'er the *Eaſt*;
Our *England*'s Prince and *Gallia*'s Dauphin might
Like Young *Rinaldo*, and *Tancredo* Fight
In ſingle Combate; by their Swords again
The proud *Argantes* and fierce *Soldan* ſlain;
Again, we might their valiant Deeds recite,
And with your *Thuſcan* Muſe exalt the Fight.

To the Mutable Fair.

HERE, *Celia*, for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo near my Heart;
The Paſſion that I had for thee,
The Faith, the Love, the Conſtancy,
And, that I may ſucceſsful prove,
Transform my ſelf to what you love.
Fool that I was, ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple Virtues you deſpiſe;

Fool

Fool, that with ſuch dull Arrows ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove!
For you, that are in Motion ſtill,
Decline our Force, and mock our Skill;
Who like *Don Quixot* do advance
Againſt a Wind-mill our vain Lance.
Now will I wander thro' the Air,
Mount, make a ſtoop at ev'ry Fair,
And, with a Fancy unconfin'd
(As lawleſs as the Sea or Wind)
Purſue you whereſoe'er you fly,
And with your various Thoughts comply.
The formal Stars do travel ſo,
As we their Names and Courſes know,
And he that on their Changes looks,
Wou'd think them govern'd by our Books;
But never were the Clouds reduc'd
To any Art; the Motion us'd
By thoſe free Vapours are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd Sight
Deſpairs to find the Rules that guide
Thoſe gilded Shadows as they ſlide:
And therefore of the ſpacious Air
Jove's Royal Conſort had the Care;
And by that Pow'r did once eſcape,
Declining bold *Ixion*'s Rape,
She, with her own Reſemblance, grac'd
A ſhining Cloud, which he embrac'd.

Such

Such was that Image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming Kindneſs, which beguil'd
Your *Thirſis* lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting *Celia* caught.
'Twas ſhap'd like her, but for the Fair
He fill'd his Arms with yielding Air:
A Fate for which he grieves the leſs,
Becauſe the Gods had like Succeſs.
For in their Story, one, we ſee,
Purſues a Nymph, and takes a Tree:
A ſecond, with a Lover's haſte,
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
But ſhe that did a Virgin ſeem,
Poſſeſt appears a wand'ring Stream:
For his ſuppoſed Love a third
Lays greedy hold upon a Bird;
And ſtands amaz'd to find his Dear
A wild Inhabitant of th' Air.
To theſe old Tales ſuch Nymphs as you
Give Credit, and ſtill make them new;
The Am'rous now like Wonders find,
In the ſwift Changes of your Mind.
But, *Celia*, if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed Friend;
Nor wou'd that he record your Blame,
And make it Live; repeat the ſame,
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he ſwears he'll not complain.

For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the Pleaſure Lovers know,
Who, like good Faulkners, take delight,
Not in the Quarry, but the Flight.

Of SALLEE.

OF *Jaſon*, *Theſeus*, and ſuch Worthies old,
Light ſeem the Tales Antiquity has told.
Such Beaſts and Monſters as their Force oppreſt,
Some Places only, and ſome Times, infeſt.
Sallee, that ſcorn'd all Pow'r and Laws of Men,
Goods with their Owners hurrying to their Den,
And future Ages threatning with a Rude
And Savage Race ſucceſſively renew'd,
Their King deſpiſing with Rebellious Pride,
And Foes profeſt to all the World beſide:
This Peſt of Mankind gives our *Hero* Fame,
And thro' th' obliged World dilates his Name.
The Prophet once to cruel *Agag* ſaid,
As thy fierce Sword has Mothers childleſs made,
So ſhall the Sword make thine; and with that word
He hew'd the Man in pieces with his Sword.
Juſt *Charles* like meaſure has return'd to theſe,
Whoſe Pagan Hands had ſtain'd the troubled Seas;
With Ships they made the ſpoiled Merchant mourn,
With Ships their City and themſelves are torn.

One

One Squadron of our winged Caſtles ſent
O'er-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
For not content the Dangers to increaſe,
And act the part of Tempeſts in the Seas,
Like hungry Wolves, theſe Pirates from our Shore
Whole Flocks of Sheep and raviſh'd Cattle bore;
Safely they might on other Nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Sov'reign of the Sea:
Mad *Cacus* ſo, whom like ill Fate perſwades,
The Herd of fair *Alcmena*'s Seed invades;
Who for Revenge, and Mortals glad Relief,
Sackt the dark Cave, and cruſh'd that horrid Thief.
Morocco's Monarch, wondring at this Fact,
Save that his Preſence his Affairs exact,
Had come in Perſon, to have ſeen and known
The injur'd World's Revenger and his own.
Hither he ſends the Chief among his Peers,
Who in his Bark proportion'd Preſents bears,
To the Renown'd for Piety and Force,
Poor Captives manumiz'd, and matchleſs Horſe.

PUERPERIUM.

YOU Gods that have the Pow'r
To trouble, and compoſe
All that's beneath your Pow'r,
Calm Silence on the Seas, on Earth impoſe.

Fair

Fair *Venus*, in thy ſoft Arms
The God of Rage confine,
For thy Whiſpers are the Charms
Which only can divert his fierce Deſign.

What tho' he frown, and to Tumult do incline,
Thou the Flame
Kindled in his Breaſt can'ſt tame,
With that Snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddeſs give this thy Sacred Iſland Reſt,
Make Heav'n ſmile,
That no Storm diſturb us, while
Thy chief Care, our *Halcyon*, builds her Neſt.

Great *Gloriana*, Fair *Gloriana*,
Bright as high Heav'n is, and fertile as Earth,
Whoſe Beauty relieves us,
Whoſe Royal Bed gives us
Both Glory and Peace,
Our preſent Joy, and all our Hopes increaſe.

Of a Lady who writ in Praiſe of Mira.

WHile ſhe pretends to make the Graces known
Of matchleſs *Mira*, ſhe reveals her own;
And when ſhe wou'd another's Praiſe indite,
Is by her Glaſs inſtructed how to write.

To One married to an old Man.

SInce thou wou'dſt needs, bewitch'd with ſome ill Charms,
Be bury'd in thoſe monumental Arms:
All we can wiſh, is, May that Earth lie light
Upon thy tender Limbs, and ſo good Night.

To FLAVIA. *SONG.*

'TIS not your Beauty can engage
My wary Heart:
The Sun, in all his Pride and Rage,
Has not that Art;
And yet he Shines as Bright as you,
If Brightneſs cou'd our Souls ſubdue.

'Tis not the pretty Things you ſay,
Nor thoſe you write,
Which can make *Thirſis'* Heart your Prey;
For that Delight,

The

The Graces of a well-taught Mind,
In some of our own Sex we find.

No *Flavia*, 'tis your Love I fear;
Love's surest Darts,
Those which so seldom fail him, are
Headed with Hearts;
Their very Shadows make us yield,
Dissemble well, and win the Field.

The FALL.

SEE how the willing Earth gave way,
To take th' Impression where she lay.
See how the Mould, as loth to leave
So sweet a Burden, still doth cleave
Close to the Nymph's stain'd Garment; here
The coming Spring wou'd first appear,
And all this Place with Roses strow.
If busie Feet wou'd let them grow:
Here *Venus* smil'd, to see blind Chance
It self, before her Son advance,
And a fair Image to present
Of what the Boy so long had meant:
'Twas such a Chance as this made all
The World into this Order fall:

Thus

Thus the firſt Lovers, on the Clay
Of which they were compoſed, lay;
So in their Prime, with equal Grace,
Met the firſt Patterns of our Race:
Then bluſh not, Fair, or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble ſtrait,
How cou'd he then ſupport your Weight?
How cou'd the Youth, alas, but bend
When his whole Heav'n upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amiſs were done,
'Twas that he let you riſe too ſoon.

Of SILVIA.

OUR Sighs are heard, juſt Heav'n declares
The Senſe it has of Lovers' Cares:
She that ſo far the reſt out-ſhin'd,
Silvia the Fair, while ſhe was kind,
As if her Frowns impair'd her Brow,
Seems only not unhandſome now:
So when the Sky makes us endure
A Storm, it ſelf becomes obſcure.
Hence 'tis that I conceal my Flame,
Hiding from *Flavia*'s ſelf her Name,

Leſt ſhe, provoking Heav'n, ſhou'd prove
How it rewards neglected Love.
Better a thouſand ſuch as I,
Their Grief untold, ſhou'd pine and die,
Than her bright Morning, over-caſt
With ſullen Clouds, ſhou'd be defac'd.

The BUDD.

LAtely on yonder ſwelling Buſh,
Big with many a coming Roſe,
This early Budd began to bluſh,
And did but half it ſelf diſcloſe;
I pluck'd it, tho' no better grown,
And now you ſee how full 'tis Blown.

Still as I did the Leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a Purple Light they ſhone,
As if they had been made of Fire,
And ſpreading ſo, wou'd flame anon:
All that was meant, by Air or Sun
To the young Flow'r, my Breath has done.

If our looſe Breath ſo much can do,
What may the ſame inform's of Love,
Of pureſt Love and Muſick too,
When *Flavia* it aſpires to move:

When

When that, which lifeleſs Buds perſwades
To wax more ſoft, her Youth invades.

Upon BEN. JOHNSON.

MIrror of Poets, Mirror of our Age!
Which her whole Face beholding on thy Stage,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd with her own Faults, endures
A Remedy like thoſe whom Muſick cures:
Thou haſt alone thoſe various Inclinations
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations:
So traced with thy All-reſembling Pen,
That whate'er Cuſtom has impos'd on Men,
Or ill-got Habit, which deforms them ſo,
That ſcarce a Brother can his Brother know,
Is repreſented to the wond'ring Eyes
Of all that ſee or read thy Comedies:
Whoever in thoſe Glaſſes looks, may find
The Spots return'd, or Graces of his Mind:
And by the help of ſo Divine an Art
At leiſure view and dreſs his nobler Part.
Narciſſus cozen'd by that flatt'ring Well,
Which nothing cou'd but of his Beauty tell,
Had here, diſcov'ring the deform'd Eſtate
Of his fond Mind, preſerv'd himſelf with Hate;
But Virtue too, as well as Vice, is clad
In Fleſh and Blood ſo well, that *Plato* had

Behold, what his high Fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with Colours, Speech, and Motion grac'd.
The sundry Postures of thy copious Muse
Who wou'd express, a thousand Tongues must use:
Whose Fate's no less peculiar than thy Art,
For as thou cou'dst all Characters impart,
So none cou'd render thine, who still escap'st
Like *Proteus* in Variety of Shapes:
Who was, nor this, nor that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine in Mankind.

To Mr. George Sands, *on his Translation of some Parts of the* BIBLE.

HOW bold a Work attempts that Pen,
Which wou'd enrich our Vulgar Tongue
With the high Raptures of those Men,
Who here with the same Spirit sung,
Wherewith they now assist the Choir
Of Angels, who their Songs admire?

Whatever these inspired Souls
Were urged to express, did shake
The aged Deep, and both the Poles;
Their num'rous Thunder cou'd awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heav'n consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say,

Say, ſacred Bard, what cou'd beſtow
  Courage on thee, to ſoar ſo high?
Tell me, brave Friend, what help'd thee ſo
  To ſhake off all Mortality?
To light this Torch, thou haſt climb'd high'r
Than he who ſtole Celeſtial Fire.

Chloris *and* Hylas. *Made to a Saraban.*

CHLORIS.

Hylas, oh *Hylas*, why ſit we mute,
  Now that each Bird ſaluteth the Spring?
Wind up the ſlacken'd Strings of thy Lute,
  Never can'ſt thou want Matter to ſing:
For Love thy Breaſt doth fill with ſuch a Fire,
That whatſoe'er is Fair moves thy Deſire.

HYLAS.

Sweeteſt you know, the ſweeteſt of Things,
  Of various Flow'rs the Bees do compoſe,
Yet no particular Taſte it brings
  Of Violet, Woodbind, Pink or Roſe:
So Love the Reſult is of all the Graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral Faces.

CHLORIS.

Hylas, the Birds which chant in this Grove,
  Cou'd we but know the Language they uſe,
They wou'd inſtruct us better in Love,
  And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe:

For Love their Breaſts does fill with ſuch a Fire,
That what they once do chuſe, bounds their Deſire.

HYLAS.

Chloris, this Change the Birds do approve,
Which the warm Seaſon hither does bring;
Time from your ſelf does further remove
You, than the Winter from the gay Spring.
She that like Light'ning ſhin'd while her Face laſted,
The Oak now reſembles which Light'ning hath blaſted.

Under a Lady's Picture.

SUch *Helen* was; and who can blame the Boy
That in ſo bright a Flame conſum'd his *Troy?*
But had like Virtue ſhin'd in that fair *Greek*,
The am'rous Shepherd had not dar'd to ſeek,
Or hope for Pity, but with ſilent Moan,
And better Fate, had periſhed alone.

In Anſwer of Sir JOHN SUCKLING'S *Verſes, againſt Fruition.*

CON.

STay here, fond Youth, and ask no more, be wiſe;
Knowing too much, long ſince loſt Paradiſe.

PRO.

And by your Knowledge we ſhou'd be bereft
Of all that Paradiſe which yet is left.

CON.

CON.

The Virtuous Joys thou haſt, thou would'ſt ſhou'd ſtill
Laſt in their Pride; and wou'dſt not take it Ill
If rudely from ſweet Dreams, and for a Toy,
Thou'rt wak'd? He wakes himſelf that does enjoy.

PRO.

How can the Joy or Hope which you allow
Be ſtiled Virtuous, and the End not ſo?
Talk in your Sleep, and Shadows ſtill admire.
Tis true, he wakes that feels this real Fire,
But to ſleep better; for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this *Nepenthe*, rocks himſelf aſleep.

CON.

Fruition adds no new Wealth, but deſtroys,
And while it pleaſeth much, yet ſtill it cloys:
Who thinks he ſhou'd be happier made for that,
As reas'nably might hope he might grow Fat
By Eating to a Surfeit; this once paſt,
What reliſhes? Even Kiſſes loſe their Taſte.

PRO.

Bleſſings may be repeated, while they cloy,
But ſhall we ſtarve, 'cauſe Surfeitings deſtroy?
And if Fruition did the Taſte impair
Of Kiſſes, why ſhou'd yonder happy Pair,
Whoſe Joys juſt *Hymen* warrants all the Night,
Conſume the Day too in this leſs Delight?

CON.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary; alas! we know
The homelieſt thing that Mankind does, is ſo.

The World is of a large Extent we ſee,
And muſt be Peopled, Children there muſt be,
So muſt Bread too; but ſince there are enough
Born to that Drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO.

I need not Plough, ſince what the ſtooping Hind
Gets off my pregnant Land, muſt all be mine:
But in this nobler Tillage 'tis not ſo;
For when *Anchiſes* did fair *Venus* know,
What Int'reſt had poor *Vulcan* in the Boy,
Famous *Æneas*, or the preſent Joy?

CON.

Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like Romances read, or Scenes once ſeen:
Fruition dulls, or ſpoils the Play much more
Than if one read, or knew, the Plot before.

PRO.

Plays and Romances read, and ſeen, do fall
In our Opinions; yet not ſeen at all
Whom wou'd they pleaſe? To an Heroick Tale
Wou'd you not liſten, leſt it ſhou'd grow ſtale?

CON.

Tis Expectation makes a Bleſſing dear,
Heav'n were not Heav'n, if we knew what it were.

PRO.

If 'twere not Heav'n if we knew what it were,
'Twou'd not be Heav'n to thoſe that now are there.

CON

CON.

And as in Proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt,
Where ſomething keeps the Eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs; ſo here Reſtraint
Holds up Delight, that with Exceſs wou'd faint.

PRO.

Reſtraint preſerves the Pleaſure we have got,
But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.
In goodly Proſpects, who contracts the Space,
Or takes not all the Beauty of the Place?
We wiſh remov'd what ſtandeth in our Light,
And Nature blame for limiting our Sight,
Where you ſtand wiſely winking, that the View
Of the fair Proſpect may be always new.

CON.

They who know all the Wealth they have, are Poor:
He's only Rich that cannot tell his Store.

PRO.

Not he that knows the Wealth he has, is Poor,
But he that dares not touch, or uſe his Store.

To a Friend, of the different Succeſs of their Loves.

THrice happy Pair, of whom we cannot know
Which firſt began to love, or loves moſt now!
Fair Courſe of Paſſion where two Lovers ſtart,
And run together, Heart ſtill yoakt with Heart!

Succesful Youth whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious in the first Essay!
Sure Love's an Art best practis'd at first,
And where th'experienced still prosper worst;
I, with a diff'rent Fate, pursu'd in vain
The haughty *Celia*, 'till my just Disdain
Of her Neglect, above that Passion born,
Did Pride to Pride oppose, and Scorn to Scorn;
Now she relents, and all too late to move
A Heart directed to a nobler Love:
The Scales are turn'd, her Kindness weighs no more
Now, than my Vows and Service did before.
So in some well-wrought Hangings you may see
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Grecians* flee;
Here the fierce *Mars* his Courage so inspires,
That with bold Hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;
But there from Heav'n the blue-ey'd Virgin falls,
And frighted *Troy* retires within her Walls.
They that are foremost in that bloody Race
Turn Head anon, and give the Conqu'rors Chase;
So like the Chances are of Love and War,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are;
In love the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly,
They Fly that Wound, and they Pursue that Die.

An

An Apology *for having Lov'd before.*

THEY that never had the uſe
Of the Grape's ſurprizing Juice,
To the firſt delicious Cup
All their Reaſon render up:
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be beſt or no.

So they that are to Love inclin'd,
Sway'd by Chance, not Choice or Art
To the firſt that's Fair or Kind,
Make a Preſent of their Heart:
'Tis not ſhe that firſt we love,
But whom Dying we approve.

To Man that was i'th' Evening made,
Stars gave the firſt Delight;
Admiring in the gloomy Shade,
Thoſe little Drops of Light.

Then at *Aurora*, whoſe fair Hand
Remov'd them from the Skies,
He gazing tow'rd the *Eaſt* did ſtand,
She entertain'd his Eyes.
But when the bright Sun did appear,
All thoſe he did deſpiſe,

His Wonder was determin'd there,
And cou'd no higher riſe;

He neither might, nor wiſh'd to know
A more refulgent Light:
For that (as mine your Beauties now)
Imploy'd his utmoſt Sight.

To ZELINDA.

FAirſt Piece of well-form'd Earth,
Urge not thus your haughty Birth:
The Pow'r which you have o'er us, lyes
Not in your Race, but in your Eyes.
None but a Prince! Alas, that Voice
Confines you to a narrow Choice!
Shou'd you no Honey vow to taſte,
But what the Maſter-Bees have plac'd
In Compaſs of their Cells, how ſmall
A Portion to your Share wou'd fall?
Nor all appear among thoſe few,
Worthy the Stock from whence they grew:
The Sap which at the Root is bred
In Trees, thro' all the Boughs is ſpread;
But Virtues which in Parents ſhine,
Make not like Progreſs thro' the Line.

'Tis

'Tis not from whom, but where we live;
The Place does oft thoſe Graces give:
Great *Julius*, on the Mountains bred,
A Flock perhaps, or Herd, had led;
He that the World ſubdu'd, had been
But the beſt Wreſtler on the Green.
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of Native Worth;
They blow thoſe Sparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch Flames as touch the Skies.
To the old *Heroes* hence was giv'n
A Pedigree which reach'd to Heav'n;
Of mortal Seed they were not held,
Which other Mortals ſo excell'd:
And Beauty too in ſuch Exceſs
As your's, *Zelinda*, claims no leſs.
Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady Grove
Where your lov'd Mother ſlept with *Jove*,
And yet excuſe the faultleſs Dame,
Caught with her Spouſe's Shape and Name;
Thy matchleſs Form will Credit bring
To all the Wonders I ſhall ſing.

On

ON

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's *Plays.*

FLETCHER, to thee we do not only owe
All our good Plays, but all thoſe other too;
Thy Wit repeated, does ſupport the Stage,
Credits the laſt, and entertains this Age:
No Worthies form'd by any Muſe but thine
Cou'd purchaſe Robes, to make themſelves ſo fine.
What brave Commander is not proud, to ſee
Thy brave *Melantius* in his Gallantry?
Our greateſt Ladies love to ſee their Scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themſelves have worn;
Th' impatient Widow, e'er the Year be done,
Sees thy *Aſpaſia* weeping in her Gown.
I never yet the Tragick Strain aſſay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid.
And when I venture at the Comick Stile,
Thy *Scornful Lady* ſeems to mock my Toil.
Thus has thy Muſe at once improv'd and marr'd
Our Sport in Plays, by rend'ring it too hard;
So when a ſort of luſty Shepherds throw,
The Bar by turns, and none the reſt out-go
So far, but that the beſt are meas'ring Caſts,
Their Emulation, and their Paſtime laſts;
But if ſome Brawny Yeoman of the Guard
Step in, and toſs the Axle-Tree a Yard,

Or

Or more, beyond the furtheſt Mark, the reſt
Deſpairing ſtand, their Sport is at the beſt.

To CHLORIS.

CHLORIS, ſince firſt our Calm of Peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your Favours with your Fears encreaſe,
And growing Miſchiefs make you kind.

So the fair Tree, which ſtill preſerves
Her Fruit and State, while no Wind blows,
In Storms from that Uprightneſs ſwerves,
And the glad Earth about her ſtrows
With Treaſure from her yielding Boughs.

To Mrs. BRAUGHTON, *Servant to* SACHARISSA.

FAIR Fellow-Servant, may your gentle Ear
Prove more propitious to my ſlighted Care,
Than the bright Dame's we ſerve; for her Relief
(Vext with the long Expreſſions of my Grief)
Receive theſe Plaints; nor will her high Diſdain
Forbid my humble Muſe to court her Train.

Thy

Thy skilful Hand contributes to our Woe,
And whets thoſe Arrows which confound us ſo:
A thouſand *Cupids* in thoſe Curls do ſit,
Thoſe curious Nets thy ſlender Fingers knit:
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' Attire of *Venus*, when the Ball ſhe won,
Than that young Beauty by thy Care is dreſt,
When all our Youth prefers her to the reſt.

You the ſoft Seaſon know, when beſt her Mind
May be to Pity or to Love inclin'd;
In ſome well-choſen Hour ſupply his Fear,
Whoſe hopeleſs Love durſt never tempt the Ear
Of that Stern Goddeſs: You (her Prieſt) declare
What Off'rings may propitiate the Fair,
Rich Orient Pearl, bright Stones that ne'er decay,
Or poliſh'd Lines which longer laſt than they.

For if I thought ſhe took Delight in thoſe,
To where the chearful Morn does firſt diſcloſe,
(The ſhady Night removing with her Beams)
Wing'd with bold Love, I'd fly to fetch ſuch Gems.
But ſince her Eyes, her Teeth, her Lips excel
All that is found in Mines or Fiſhe's Shells;
Her nobler Part as far exceeding theſe,
None but Immortal Gifts her Mind ſhou'd pleaſe:
The ſhining Jewels *Greece* and *Troy* beſtow'd
On *Sparta*'s Queen, her lovely Neck did load,
And ſnowy Wriſts; but when the Town was burn'd,
Thoſe fading Glories were to Aſhes turn'd;

Her

Her Beauty too had periſh'd, and her Fame,
Had not the Muſe redeem'd them from the Flame.

To Sir William D'Avenant, *upon his Two Firſt Books of* Gondibert, *Written in* France, *before his Voyage to* America.

THUS the wiſe Nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her native Wood, when Storms and Winter come,
Purſuing conſtantly the chearful Spring,
To Foreign Groves does her old Muſick bring.
The drooping *Hebrew's* baniſh'd Harps unſtrung
At *Babylon*, upon the Willows hung;
Your's ſounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No leſs in Courage, than in Singing well;
While unconcern'd you let your Country know,
They have impoveriſh'd themſelves, not you;
Who with the Muſe's help can mock thoſe Fates
Which threaten Kingdoms, and diſorder States.
So *Ovid*, when from *Caſar's* Rage he fled,
The *Roman* Muſe to *Pontus* with him led;
Where he ſo ſung, that we, thro' Pity's Glaſs,
See *Nero* milder than *Auguſtus* was.
Hereafter ſuch in thy behalf ſhall be
Th'indulgent Cenſure of Poſterity.
To baniſh thoſe who with ſuch Art can Sing,
Is a rude Crime which its own Curſe doth bring:

Ages

Ages to come ſhall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to Love their preſent Youth be taught.
This to thy ſelf. Now to thy matchleſs Book,
Wherein thoſe few that can with Judgment look,
May find old Love in pure freſh Language told,
Like new-ſtampt Coin made out of Angel-gold.
Such Truth in Love as th' antique World did know,
In ſuch a Stile as Courts may boaſt of now.
Which no bold Tales of Gods or Monſters ſwell,
But human Paſſions, ſuch as with us dwell.
Man is thy Theme, his Virtue or his Rage
Drawn to the Life in each elab'rate Page,
Mars and *Bellona* are not named here;
But ſuch a *Gondibert* as both might fear.
Venus had here, and *Hebe* been out-ſhin'd,
By thy bright *Birtha*, and thy *Rhodalind*.
Such is thy happy Skill, and ſuch the odds
Betwixt thy Worthies and the *Grecian* Gods:
Whoſe Deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal Beauty wears the Sov'raign Crown;
Such as of Fleſh compos'd, by Fleſh and Blood,
Though not reſiſted, may be underſtood.

To my Worthy Friend Mr. WASE, *the Tranſlator of* GRATIUS.

THUS, by the Muſick, we may know
When noble Wits a Hunting go,
Through Groves that on *Parnaſſus* grow.

The Muſes all the Chaſe adorn,
My Friend on *Pegaſus* is born,
And Young *Apollo* winds the Horn.

Having old *Gratius* in the Wind,
No pack of Criticks e'er cou'd find,
Or he know more of his own Mind.

Here Huntſmen with Delight may read
How to chuſe Dogs for Scent or Speed,
And how to change or mend the Breed.

What Arms to uſe, or Nets to frame,
Wild Beaſts to combat, or to tame,
With all the Myſt'ries of that Game.

But, worthy Friend, the Face of War
In ancient Times, doth differ far
From what our fiery Battels are.

To

Nor

Nor is it like (ſince Powder known)
That Man, ſo cruel to his own,
Shou'd ſpare the Race of Beaſts alone.

No Quarter now, but with the Gun,
Men wait in Trees from Sun to Sun,
And all is in a Moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Shou'd be no Comment but a Text,
To tell how modern Beaſts are vext.

Thus wou'd I further yet engage
Your gentle Muſe, to court the Age
With ſomewhat of your proper Rage.

Since none does more to *Phœbus* owe,
Or in more Languages can ſhow
Thoſe Arts, which you ſo early know.

To my Lady MORTON *on* New-years-day, 1650. *at the* Louvre *in* Paris.

MADAM,

NEW-years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are ſo kind;

Still

Still as they paſs they court and ſmile on you,
And make your Beauty, as themſelves, ſeem new:
To the fair *Villars* we *Dalkeith* prefer,
And faireſt *Morton* now as much to her:
So, like the Sun's Advance, your Titles ſhow,
Which, as he riſes, does the warmer grow.
But thus to ſtyle you Fair, your Sex's Praiſe,
Gives you but Myrtle, who may challenge Bays:
From armed Foes to bring a Royal Prize,
Shews your brave Heart victorious, as your Eyes:
If *Judith* marching with the Gen'ral's Head,
Can give us Paſſion when her Story's read,
What may the Living do, which brought away
Tho' a leſs Bloody, yet a nobler Prey?
Who from our flaming *Troy*, with a bold Hand
Snatch'd her fair Charge, the Princeſs, like a Brand,
A Brand preſerv'd to warm ſome Prince's Heart,
And make whole Kingdoms take her Brother's Part.
So *Venus*, from prevailing *Greeks*, did ſhrowd
The Hope of *Rome*, and ſav'd him in a Cloud.
This gallant Act may cancel all our Rage,
Begin a better, and abſolve this Age.
Dark Shades become the Portraict of our Time,
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime.
Let him that draws it hide the reſt in Night,
This Portion only may endure the Light.

Where

Where the kind Nymph changing her faultleſs Shape
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely to 'ſcape,
When thro' the Guards, the River and the Sea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit and Courage, made their way.
As the brave Eagle does with Sorrow ſee
The Foreſt waſted, and that lofty Tree
Which holds her Neſt about to be o'erthrown,
Before the Feathers of her Young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor ſhe cannot ſtay,
But bears them boldly on her Wings away:
So fled the Dame, and o'er the Ocean bore
Her Princely Burthen to the *Gallick* Shore.
Born in the Storms of War, this Royal Fair,
(Produc'd like Light'ning in tempeſtuous Air,)
Tho' now ſhe flies her Native Iſle, leſs kind,
Leſs ſafe for her, than either Sea or Wind,
Shall, when the Bloſſom of her Beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the *Britiſh* Throne,
Where Peace ſhall ſmile, and no Diſpute ariſe,
But which Rules moſt, his Scepter, or her Eyes.

To a Fair Lady playing with a Snake.

STrange, that ſuch Horror and ſuch Grace
Shou'd dwell together in one Place,
A Fury's Arm, an Angel's Face!

'Tis

'Tis Innocence, and Youth, which makes
In *Chloris'* Fancy ſuch Miſtakes,
To ſtart at Love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her Coldneſs barr'd,
Her Servants have a Task too hard,
The Tyrant has a double Guard.

Thrice happy Snake, that in her Sleeve
May boldly creep, we dare not give
Our Thoughts ſo unconfin'd a leave:

Contented in a Neſt of Snow
He lies, as he his Bliſs did know,
And to the Wood no more wou'd go.

Take heed, fair *Eve*, you do not make
Another Tempter of this Snake;
A Marble one ſo warm'd wou'd ſpeak.

The NIGHT-PIECE, *or a Picture drawn in the Dark.*

DArkneſs, which faireſt Nymphs diſarms,
Defends us ill from *Mira's* Charms;
Mira can lay her Beauty by,
Take no Advantage of the Eye,

Quit

Quit all that *Lely*'s Art can take,
And yet a thouſand Captives make.
Her Speech is grac'd with ſweeter Sound,
Than in another's Song is found,
And all her well-plac'd Words are Darts,
Which need no Light to reach our Hearts.
As the bright Stars and Milky Way,
Show'd by the Night, are hid by Day,
So we, in that accompliſh'd Mind,
Helpt by the Night, new Graces find,
Which by the Splendor of her View,
Dazl'd before we never knew.
While we converſe with her, we mark
No want of Day, nor think it Dark;
Her ſhining Image is a Light
Fixt in our Hearts, and conquers Night.
Like Jewels to Advantage ſet,
Her Beauty by the Shade does get;
There, Bluſhes, Frowns, and cold Diſdain,
All, that our Paſſion might reſtrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent Mind
Preſents the fair *Idea* kind.
Yet friended by the Night, we dare,
Only in Whiſpers, tell our Care;
He that on her his bold Hand lays
With *Cupid*'s pointed Arrows plays;
They, with a touch, they are ſo keen,
Wound us unſhot, and She unſeen;

All

All near Approaches threaten Death,
We may be ſhipwrackt by her Breath.
Love favour'd once, with that ſweet Gale,
Doubles his Haſte, and fills his Sail,
'Till he arrive, where ſhe muſt prove
The Haven, or the Rock of Love.
So we th' *Arabian* Coaſt do know
At diſtance, when the Spices blow,
By the rich Odour taught to ſteer,
Tho' neither Day nor Stars appear.

To Mr. HENRY LAWES, *who had then newly ſet a Song of mine in the Year* 1635.

VErſe makes *Heroick* Virtue live,
But you can Life to Verſes give.
As when in open Air we blow,
The Breath (tho' ſtrain'd) ſounds flat and low:
But if a Trumpet take the Blaſt,
It lifts it high, and makes it laſt;
So in your Airs our Numbers dreſt
Make a ſhrill Sally from the Breaſt
Of Nymphs, who Singing what we penn'd,
Our Paſſions to themſelves commend.
While Love, victorious with thy Art,
Governs at once their Voice and Heart.
You, by the help of Tune and Time,
Can make that Song which was but Rhime.

Noy pleading, no Man doubts the Cauſe,
Or queſtions Verſes ſet by *Lawes*.
As a Church-window, thick with Paint,
Lets in a Light but dim and faint;
So others, with Diviſion, hide
The Light of Senſe, the Poet's Pride;
But you alone may truly boaſt
That not a Syllable is loſt;
The Writer's, and the Setter's Skill
At once the raviſh'd Ears do fill.
Let thoſe which only warble long,
And gargle in their Throats a Song,
Content themſelves with *UT, RE, MI*,
Let Words and Senſe be ſet by thee.

A Panegyrick to my Lord Protector, *of the preſent Greatneſs and joint Intereſt of his Highneſs and this Nation.*

In the YEAR 1654.

WHile with a ſtrong, and yet a gentle Hand
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts command,
Protect us from our ſelves, and from the Foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial Spirits ſtill aloud complain,
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot reign,

And own no Liberty, but where they may
Without Controul upon their Fellows prey.

Above the Waves as *Neptune* ſhew'd his Face
To chide the Winds, and ſave the *Trojan* Race;
So has your Highneſs, rais'd above the reſt,
Storms of Ambition toſſing us repreſt.

Your drooping Country, torn with Civil Hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a Glorious State;
The Seat of Empire, where the *Iriſh* come,
And the unwilling *Scotch*, to fetch their Doom.

The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sails, each Veſſel of our Fleet.
Your Pow'r extends as far as Winds can blow,
Or ſwelling Sails upon the Globe may go.

Heav'n, that hath plac'd this Iſland to give Law,
To balance *Europe*, and her States to awe,
In this Conjunction doth on *Britain* ſmile;
The greateſt Leader, and the greateſt Iſle.

Whether this Portion of the World were rent
By the rude Ocean from the Continent,
Or thus created, it was ſure deſign'd
To be the ſacred Refuge of Mankind.

Hither th' Oppreſſed ſhall henceforth reſort,
Juſtice to crave, and Succour at your Court;
And then your Highneſs, not for our's alone,
But for the World's Protector ſhall be known.

Fame ſwifter than your winged Navy flies
Thro' ev'ry Land that near the Ocean lies,
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News
To all that Piracy and Rapine uſe.

With ſuch a Chief the meaneſt Nation bleſt,
Might hope to lift her Head above the reſt:
What may be thought impoſſible to do
By us, embraced by the Seas, and you?

Lords of the World's great Waſte, the Ocean, we
Whole Foreſts ſend to reign upon the Sea,
And ev'ry Coaſt may trouble or relieve;
But none can viſit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this Prerogative,
That none can at our happy Seats arrive;
While we deſcend at Pleaſure to invade
The Bad with Vengeance, and the Good to aid.

Our little World, the Image of the Great,
Like that, amidſt the boundleſs Ocean ſet,

Of

Of her own Growth hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare, as Tribute from the Waves.

As *Ægypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
But to the *Nile* owes more than to the Sky;
So what our Earth and what our Heav'n denies,
Our ever-conſtant Friend, the Sea, ſupplies.

The Taſte of hot *Arabia*'s Spice we know,
Free from the ſcorching Sun that makes it grow;
Without the Worm, in *Perſian* Silks we ſhine,
And without Planting drink of ev'ry Vine.

To dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs;
Gold (tho' the heavieſt Metal) hither ſwims:
Ours is the Harveſt where the *Indians* mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others ſow.

Things of the nobleſt kind our own Soil breeds;
Stout are our Men, and warlike are our Steeds;
Rome (tho' her Eagle thro' the World had flown)
Cou'd never make this Iſland all her own.

Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too,
France-conqu'ring *Henry* flouriſh'd, and now you;
For whom we ſtaid, as did the *Grecian* State
'Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.

When for more Worlds the *Macedonian* cry'd,
He wiſt not *Thetys* in her Lap did hide
Another yet, a World reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did ſubdue.

He ſafely might old Troops to Battel lead
Againſt th' unwarlike *Perſian*, and the *Mede*;
Whoſe haſty Flight did from a bloodleſs Field,
More Spoils than Honour to the Victor yield.

A Race unconquer'd, by their Clime made bold,
The *Caledonians* arm'd with Want and Cold,
Have, by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
Been from all Ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old *Roman* Wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new Chain of Garriſons you bind:
Here foreign Gold no more ſhall make them come,
Our *Engliſh* Iron holds them faſt at home.

They that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
May blame the Sun, but muſt extol your Grace,
Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by Conqueſt, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one:

So

So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome.*

Like Favour find the *Irish*, with like Fate,
Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State:
While by your Valour, and your bounteous Mind,
Nations, divided by the Sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your Friendship, is content
To be our Out-guard on the Continent:
She from her Fellow-Provinces wou'd go,
Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.

In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuse
(Preventing Posts) the Terror and the News;
Our neighbour Princes trembled at their Roar:
But our Conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing Sword made War to cease,
And now you heal us with the Acts of Peace:
Our Minds with Bounty and with Awe engage,
Invite Affection, and restrain our Rage.

Less Pleasure take brave Minds in Battels won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tygers have Courage, and the rugged Bear,
But Man alone can whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing; and to puniſh, loth;
You ſtrike with one Hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that proſtrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or Error had our Age miſ-led,
And o'er this Nation ſuch Confuſion ſpread;
The only Cure which cou'd from Heav'n come down,
Was ſo much Pow'r and Piety in one.

One whoſe Extraction's from an ancient Line,
Gives Hope again that well-born Men may ſhine:
The meaneſt in your Nature mild and good,
The Noble reſt ſecured in your Blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in Peace
A Mind proportion'd to ſuch Things as theſe;
How ſuch a Ruling Sp'rit you cou'd reſtrain,
And practiſe firſt over your ſelf to reign.

Your private Life did a juſt Pattern give
How Fathers, Husbands, pious Sons ſhou'd live;
Born to command, your princely Virtues ſlept
Like humble *David*'s, while the Flock he kept:

But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
Your flaming Courage, and your matchleſs Worth

Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce Contention gave a proſp'rous End.

Still as you riſe, the State, exalted too,
Finds no Diſtemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when without Noiſe
The riſing Sun Night's vulgar Lights deſtroys.

Had you, ſome Ages paſt, this Race of Glory
Run, with Amazement we ſhou'd read your Story;
But living Virtue, all Atchievements paſt,
Meets Envy ſtill to grapple with at laſt.

This *Cæſar* found, and that ungrateful Age,
With loſing him, went back to Blood and Rage.
Miſtaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoke,
But cut the Bond of Union with that Stroke.

That Sun once ſet, a thouſand meaner Stars
Gave a dim Light to Violence and Wars,
To ſuch a Tempeſt as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty Arm prevent the Fall.

If *Rome*'s great Senate could not wield that Sword
Which of the Conquer'd World had made them Lord,
What Hope had ours, while yet their Pow'r was new,
To rule victorious Armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to ſubdue their Foes,
Cou'd Order teach, and their high Sp'rits compoſe:
To ev'ry Duty cou'd their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.

So when a Lion ſhakes his dreadful Mane,
And angry grows; if he that firſt took pain
To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.

As the vext World, to find Repoſe, at laſt
It ſelf into *Auguſtus'* Arms did caſt:
So *England* now doth, with like Toil oppreſt,
Her weary Head upon your Boſom reſt.

Then let the Muſes, with ſuch Notes as theſe,
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our Peace;
Your Battels they hereafter ſhall indite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight;

Tell of Towns ſtorm'd, of Armies overcome,
Of mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won,
How, while you thunder'd, Clouds of Duſt did choak
Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoke.

Illuſtrious Acts high Raptures do infuſe,
And ev'ry Conqueror creates a Muſe;

Here in low Strains your milder Deeds we ſing,
But there, my Lord, we'll Bays and Olive bring,

To crown your Head: while you in Triumph ride
O'er vanquiſh'd Nations, and the Sea beſide:
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like *Joſeph*'s Sheaves, pay Reverence, and bow.

To his worthy Friend Maſter Evelyn, *upon his Tranſlation of* Lucretius.

In the Year 1656.

LUcretius, with a Stork-like Fate,
Born and tranſlated in a State,
Comes to proclaim, in *Engliſh* Verſe,
No Monarch rules the Univerſe:
But Chance and Atoms make *this All*
In Order Democratical,
Where Bodies freely run their Courſe,
Without Deſign, or Fate, or Force.
And this in ſuch a Strain he ſings,
As if his Muſe, with Angel's Wings,
Had ſoar'd beyond our outmoſt Sphere,
And other Worlds diſcover'd there;
For his immortal, boundleſs Wit,
To Nature does no Bounds permit;

But boldly has remov'd thoſe Bars
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas, and Stars,
By which they were before ſuppos'd,
By narrow Wits, to be inclos'd,
'Till his free Muſe threw down the Pale,
And did at once diſpark 'em all.
So vaſt this Argument did ſeem,
That the wiſe Author did eſteem
The *Roman* Language, which was ſpread
O'er the whole World in Triumph led,
A Tongue too narrow to unfold
The Wonders which he wou'd have told.
This ſpeaks thy Glory, Noble Friend,
And *Britiſh* Language does commend;
For here *Lucretius* whole we find,
His Words, his Muſick, and his Mind;
Thy Art has to our Country brought
All that he Writ, and all he Thought.
Ovid tranſlated, *Virgil* too,
Shew'd long ſince what our Tongue cou'd do;
Nor *Lucan* we, nor *Horace* ſpar'd,
Only *Lucretius* was too hard.
Lucretius like a Fort did ſtand
Untouch'd, 'till your victorious Hand
Did from his Head this Garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear:
A Garland made of ſuch new Bays,
And ſought in ſuch untrodden Ways,

As

As no Man's Temples e'er did crown,
Save this great Author's, and your own.

Of a WAR *with* SPAIN, *and* FIGHT *at Sea, by General* MONTAGUE. *In the Year* 1656.

NOW for ſome Ages had the Pride of *Spain*
Made the Sun ſhine on half the World in vain:
While ſhe bid War to all that durſt ſupply
The Place of thoſe her Cruelty made dye;
Of Nature's Bounty Men forbore to taſte,
And the beſt Portion of the Earth lay waſte.

From the new World her Silver and her Gold
Came, like a Tempeſt, to confound the Old;
Feeding with theſe the brib'd Electors' Hopes,
Alone ſhe gave us Emperors and Popes;
With theſe accompliſhing her vaſt Deſigns,
Europe was ſhaken with her *Indian* Mines.

When *Britain*, looking with a juſt Diſdain
Upon this gilded Majeſty of *Spain*,
And knowing well that Empire muſt decline,
Whoſe chief Support and Sinews are of Coin,
Our Nation's ſolid Virtue did oppoſe,
To the rich Troublers of the World's Repoſe.

And now ſome Months, Incamping on the Main,
Our Naval Army had beſieged *Spain*,

They

They that the whole World's Monarchy deſign'd,
Are to their Ports by our bold Fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red-croſs they triumphant ſee,
Riding without a Rival on the Sea.
Others may uſe the Ocean as their Road,
Only the *Engliſh* make it their Abode,
Whoſe ready Sails with ev'ry Wind can fly,
And make a Cov'nant with th' unconſtant Sky;
Our Oaks ſecure, as if they there took Root,
We tread on Billows with a ſteady Foot.

Mean while the *Spaniards* in *America*
Near to the Line the Sun approaching ſaw,
And hop'd their *European* Coaſts to find
Clear'd from our Ships by the Autumnal Wind:
Their huge capacious Galleons, ſtuff'd with Plate,
The lab'ring Winds drive ſlowly tow'rds their Fate.

Before St. *Lucar* they their Guns diſcharge,
To tell their Joy, or to invite a Barge:
This heard ſome Ships of ours (tho' out of view)
And ſwift as Eagles to the Quarry flew:
So heedleſs Lambs, which for their Mothers bleat,
Wake hungry Lions, and become their Meat.

Arriv'd, they ſoon begin that Tragick Play;
And with their ſmoaky Cannons baniſh Day:
Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confuſion meet,
And in their ſable Arms embrace the Fleet:
Thro' yielding Planks the angry Bullets fly,
And of one Wound hundreds together die:

Born

Born under diff'rent Stars, one Fate they have,
The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave.
Bold were the Men which on the Ocean firſt
Spread their new Sails, when Shipwrack was the worſt;
More Danger now from Man alone we find
Than from the Rocks, the Billows, or the Wind;
They that had ſail'd from near th' Antartick Pole,
Their Treaſure ſafe, and all their Veſſels whole,
In ſight of their dear Country ruin'd be,
Without the Guilt of either Rock or Sea.
What they wou'd ſpare, our fiercer Art deſtroys,
Surpaſſing Storms in Terror and in Noiſe.
Once *Jove* from *Ida* did both Hoſts ſurvey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder, part the Fray;
Here Heav'n in vain that kind Retreat ſhou'd ſound,
The louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd.
Some we made Prize, while others burnt and rent
With their rich Lading, to the Bottom went;
Down ſinks at once (ſo Fortune with us ſports)
The Pay of Armies, and the Pride of Courts.
Vain Man! whoſe Rage buries as low that Store,
As Avarice had digg'd for it before;
What Earth in her dark Bowels cou'd not keep
From greedy Hands, lies ſafer in the Deep,
Where *Thetis* kindly does from Mortals hide
Thoſe Seeds of Luxury, Debate, and Pride.
And now into her Lap the richeſt Prize
Fell, with the Nobleſt of our Enemies;

The

The Marquis, glad to ſee the Fire deſtroy
Wealth, that prevailing Foes were to enjoy,
Out from his flaming Ship his Children ſent,
To periſh in a milder Element;
Then laid him by his burning Lady's Side,
And, ſince he cou'd not ſave her, with her dy'd.
Spices and Gums about them melting fry,
And, *Phœnix*-like, in that rich Neſt they die;
Alive in Flames of equal Love they burn'd,
And now together are to Aſhes turn'd;
Aſhes more worth than all their Funeral coſt,
Than the huge Treaſure which was with them loſt;
Theſe dying Lovers, and their floating Sons,
Suſpend the Fight, and ſilence all our Guns:
Beauty and Youth, about to periſh, finds
Such noble Pity in brave *Engliſh* Minds,
That the rich Spoil forgot, their Valour's Prize,
All labour now to ſave their Enemies.
How frail our Paſſions! How ſoon changed are
Our Wrath and Fury to a friendly Care?
They that but now for Honour and for Plate
Made the Sea bluſh with Blood, reſign their Hate,
And their young Foes endeav'ring to retrieve,
With greater Hazard than they fought, they dive.
With theſe returns victorious *Montague*,
With Lawrels in his Hand, and half *Peru*.
Let the brave *Generals* divide that Bough,
Our great *Protector* hath ſuch Wreaths enough.
His conqu'ring Head has no more Room for Bays:
Then let it be, as the glad Nation prays,

Let the rich Ore forthwith be melted down,
And the State fix'd by making him a Crown.

On the PICTURE of a Fair Youth taken after he was Dead.

AS gather'd Flowers, while their Wounds are new,
Look gay and freſh, as on the Stalk they grew;
Torn from the Root that nouriſh'd 'em, a while,
Not taking Notice of their Fate, they ſmile;
And in the Hand, which rudely pluckt 'em, ſhow
Fairer than thoſe that to their Autumn grow:
So Love and Beauty ſtill that Viſage grace,
Death cannot fright 'em from their wonted Place.
Alive, the Hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Thoſe lovely Features, which cold Death has ſpar'd.
No wonder then he ſped in Love ſo well,
When his high Paſſion he had Breath to tell,
When that accompliſh'd Soul, in this fair Frame,
No Buſineſs had but to perſuade that Dame:
Whoſe mutual Love advanc'd the Youth ſo high,
That, but to Heav'n, he cou'd no higher fly.

EPIGRAM *upon the* GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR Guard upon the Royal Side;
On the Reverſe, our Beauty's Pride:

Here we discern, the Frown and Smile,
The Force and Glory of our Isle:
In the rich Medal, both so like
Immortals stand, it seems Antique,
Carv'd by some Master, when the bold
Greeks made their *Jove* descend in Gold;
And *Danae* wond'ring at that Show'r,
Which falling, storm'd her Brazen Tow'r:
Britannia there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with Golden Rain;
Thunder it self had fail'd to pass:
Virtue's a stronger Guard than Brass.

To Mr. KILLEGREW, *upon his altering his Play* PANDORA, *from a Tragedy into a Comedy, because not approv'd on the Stage.*

SIR, you shou'd rather teach our Age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your Play.
You had oblig'd us by employing Wit,
Not to Reform *Pandora*, but the Pit.
For as the Nightingale, without the Throng
Of other Birds, alone attends her Song;
While the loud Daw, his Throat displaying, draws
The whole Assembly of his Fellow-Daws:

So

So muſt the Writer, whoſe Productions ſhould
Take with the Vulgar, be of Vulgar Mould:
Whilſt nobler Fancies make a Flight too high
For common View, and leſſen as they fly.

Of a TREE cut in PAPER.

FAIR Hand, that can on Virgin-paper write,
Yet from the ſtain of Ink preſerve it White,
Whoſe Travel o'er that Silver Field does ſhow,
Like track of Leverets in Morning Snow;
Love's Image thus in pureſt Minds is wrought,
Without a Spot or Blemiſh to the Thought;
Strange that your Fingers ſhou'd the Pencil foil
Without the help of Colours, or of Oil:
For tho' a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and ſhake,
Whoſe Breath ſalutes your new-created Grove
Like Southern Winds, and makes it gently move:
Orpheus cou'd make the Foreſt dance, but you
Can make the Motion and the Foreſt too.

To a LADY, *from whom he received the foregoing Copy, which for many Years had been loſt.*

NOTHING lies hid from Radiant Eyes,
All they ſubdue become their Spies:
Secrets, as choiceſt Jewels, are
Preſented to oblige the Fair;
No wonder then, that a loſt Thought
Shou'd there be found, where Souls are caught.

The Picture of fair *Venus*, That,
For which, Men ſay, the Goddeſs ſate,
Was loſt, 'till *Lely* from your Look
Again that Glorious Image took.

If Virtue's ſelf were loſt, we might
From your fair Mind new Copies write:
All things, but one, you can reſtore,
The Heart you get returns no more.

Of ENGLISH *VERSE.*

POETS may boaſt [as ſafely-vain]
Their Work ſhall with the World remain:
Both bound together, Live, or Die,
The Verſes and the Prophecy.

But

But who can hope his Lines ſhou'd long
Laſt, in a daily changing Tongue?
While they are new, Envy prevails,
And as that dies, our Language fails.

When Architects have done their Part,
The Matter may betray their Art;
Time, if we uſe ill-choſen Stone,
Soon brings a well-built Palace down.

Poets that laſting Marble ſeek,
Muſt carve in *Latin*, or in *Greek*;
We write in Sand, our Language grows,
And like our Tide ours overflows.

Chaucer his Senſe can only boaſt,
The Glory of his Number's loſt;
Years have defac'd his matchleſs Strain,
And yet he did not Sing in vain;

The Beauties which adorn'd that Age,
The ſhining Subjects of his Rage,
Hoping they ſhou'd Immortal prove,
Rewarded with Succeſs his Love.

This was the gen'rous Poet's ſcope,
And all an *Engliſh* Pen can hope,
To make the Fair approve his Flame,
That can ſo far extend their Fame.

Verse thus design'd has no ill Fate,
If it arrive but at the Date
Of fading Beauty, if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present Love.

Some Verses of an Imperfect Copy, design'd for a Friend on his Translation of OVID's Fasti.

ROME's Holy-days you tell, as if a Guest
With the old *Romans* you were wont to feast.
Numa's Religion, by themselves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in Shew receiv'd.
They made the Nations round about 'em bow,
With their Dictators taken from the Plough:
Such Pow'r has Justice, Faith, and Honesty:
The World was conquer'd by Morality.
Seeming Devotion does but gild a Knave,
That's neither Faithful, Honest, Just, nor Brave:
But where Religion does with Virtue join,
It makes a Hero like an Angel shine.

Part of the Fourth Book of VIRGIL *Translated in the Year* 1657.

Beginning

——Talesque miserrima fletus
Fertque refertque soror——

And ending with

Adnixi torquent spumas & caerula verrunt.

ALL this her weeping Sister does repeat
To the stern Man, whom nothing cou'd intreat;
Lost were her Pray'rs, and fruitless were her Tears,
Fate and great *Jove* had stopt his gentle Ears.
As when loud Winds a well-grown Oak wou'd rend
Up by the Roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling Trunk, and with a boist'rous Sound
Scatter his Leaves, and strew them on the Ground:
He fixed stands, as deep his Root doth lie
Down to the Centre, as his Top is high.
No less on ev'ry side the Hero prest,
Feels Love and Pity shake his noble Breast,
And down his Cheeks tho' fruitless Tears do roul,
Unmov'd remains the Purpose of his Soul.
Then *Dido*, urged with approaching Fate,
Begins the Light of cruel Heav'n to hate;

Her

Her Reſolution to diſpatch and die
Confirm'd by many a horrid Prodigy.
The Water conſecrate for Sacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed Eyes,
The Wine to putrid Blood converted flows,
Which from her, none, not her own Siſter, knows.
Beſides, there ſtood, as ſacred to her Lord,
A marble Temple which ſhe much ador'd,
With ſnowy Fleeces and freſh Garlands crown'd;
Hence ev'ry Night proceeds a dreadful Sound.
Her Husband's Voice invites her to his Tomb,
And diſmal Owls preſage the Ills to come.
Beſides, the Prophecies of Wizards old
Increas'd her Terror, and her Fall foretold.
Scorn'd and deſerted to her ſelf ſhe ſeems,
And finds *Æneas* cruel in her Dreams.

So, to mad *Pentheus*, double *Thebes* appears,
And Furies howl in his diſtemper'd Ears.
Oreſtes ſo, with like Diſtraction toſt,
Is made to fly his Mother's angry Ghoſt.
Now Grief and Fury to their Height arrive,
Death ſhe decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved Siſter, with a chearful Grace,
(Hope well-diſſembled ſhining in her Face)
She thus deceives. Dear Siſter, let us prove
The Cure I have invented for my Love.
Beyond the Land of *Æthiopia* lies
The Place where *Atlas* does ſupport the Skies;

Hence

Hence came an old Magician, that did keep
Th' *Heſperian* Fruit, and made the Dragon ſleep;
Her potent Charms do troubled Souls relieve,
And where ſhe liſts, makes calmeſt Minds to grieve;
The Courſe of Rivers, and of Heav'n can ſtop,
And call Trees down from th' airy Mountain's Top.
Witneſs ye Gods, and thou my deareſt Part,
How loth I am to tempt this guilty Art!
Erect a Pile, and on it let us place
That Bed where I my Ruin did embrace;
With all the Reliques of our impious Gueſt,
Arms, Spoils, and Preſents, let the Pile be dreſt,
(The knowing-Woman thus preſcribes) that we
May raze the Man out of our Memory:
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, but hides the fatal End
For which ſhe doth thoſe ſacred Rites pretend.
Nor worſe Effects of Grief her Siſter thought
Wou'd follow, than *Sychaus'* Murder wrought,
Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high
The cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do lie,
Hung all with Wreaths and flow'ry Garlands round;
So by her ſelf was her own Fun'ral crown'd:
Upon the Top, the *Trojan's* Image lies,
And his ſharp Sword wherewith anon ſhe dies.
They by the Altar ſtand, while with looſe Hair
The Magick Propheteſs begins her Pray'r,
On *Chaos*, *Erebus*, and all the Gods,
Which in th' Infernal Shades have their Aboads,

She loudly calls, beſprinkling all the Room
With Drops, ſuppos'd from *Lethe*'s Lake to come.
She ſeeks the Knot which on the Forehead grows
Of new-foal'd Colts, and Herbs by Moonlight mows.
A Cake of Leaven in her pious Hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot ſtands,
One tender Foot was bare, the other ſhod,
Her Robe ungirt, invoking ev'ry God,
And ev'ry Pow'r, if any be above
Which takes Regard of ill-requited Love.
Now was the Time when weary Mortals ſteep
Their careful Temples in the Dew of Sleep:
On Seas, on Earth, and all that in 'em dwell,
A Death-like Quiet, and deep Silence fell,
But not on *Dido*; whoſe untamed Mind
Refus'd to be by ſacred Night confin'd:
A double Paſſion in her Breaſt does move,
Love, and fierce Anger for neglected Love.
Thus ſhe afflicts her Soul, What ſhall I do?
With Fate inverted ſhall I humbly woo?
And ſome proud Prince, in wild *Numidia* born,
Pray, to accept me, and forget my Scorn?
Or ſhall I with th' ungrateful *Trojan* go,
Quit all my State, and wait upon my Foe?
Is not enough, by ſad Experience, known
The perjur'd Race of falſe *Laomedon*?
With my *Sidonians* ſhall I give them Chaſe?
Hands hardly forced from their Native Place!

No

No, Die, and let this Sword thy Fury tame,
Nought but thy Blood can quench this guilty Flame.
Ah, Siſter! vanquiſh'd with thy Paſſion, thou
Betray'dſt me firſt, diſpenſing with my Vow!
Had I been conſtant to *Sychæus* ſtill,
And ſingle liv'd, I had not known this Ill.
Such Thoughts torment the Queen's enraged Breaſt,
While the *Dardanian* does ſecurely reſt
In his tall Ship, for ſudden Flight prepar'd,
To whom once more the Son of *Jove* appear'd;
Thus ſeems to ſpeak the youthful Deity,
Voice, Hair, and Colour, all like *Mercury*.
Fair *Venus*-ſeed, canſt thou indulge thy Sleep,
Nor better Guard in ſuch great Danger keep?
Mad, by Neglect to loſe ſo fair a Wind!
If here thy Ships the Purple Morning find,
Thou ſhalt behold this hoſtile Harbour ſhine
With a new Fleet, and Fires to ruin thine;
She meditates Revenge, reſolv'd to dye;
Weigh Anchor quickly, and her Fury fly.
This ſaid, the God in Shades of Night retir'd.
Amaz'd *Æneas* with the Warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull Sleep, and rouzing up his Men,
Behold! The Gods command our Flight again;
Fall to your Oars, and all your Canvas ſpread:
What God ſoe'er that thus vouchſaf'ſt to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy Will obey,
Aſſiſt us ſtill ſmoothing our happy Way,

And make the reſt propitious. With that Word
He cuts the Cable with his ſhining Sword;
Thro' all the Navy doth like Ardor reign,
They quit the Shore, and run into the Main;
Plac'd on their Banks, the luſty *Trojans* ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth Face, and cleave the yielding Deep.

To CHLORIS.

CHloris, what's Eminent, we know,
Muſt for ſome Cauſe be valu'd ſo;
Things without uſe, tho' they be good,
Are not by us ſo underſtood.
The early Roſe, made to diſplay
Her Bluſhes to the Youthful *May*,
Doth yield her Sweets, ſince he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle Air.
Our Stars do ſhew their Excellence,
Not by their Light, but Influence;
When brighter Comets, ſince ſtill known
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
So your admired Beauty ſtill
Is, by Effects, made Good or Ill.

An EPIGRAM *on a Painted Lady with ill Teeth.*

WEre Men ſo dull they cou'd not ſee
That *Lyce* painted; ſhou'd they flee
Like ſimple Birds into a Net
So groſly woven and ill ſet;
Her own Teeth wou'd undo the Knot,
And let all go that ſhe had got.
Thoſe Teeth fair *Lyce* muſt not ſhow,
If ſhe wou'd bite: Her Lovers, though
Like Birds they ſtoop at ſeeming Grapes,
Are diſabus'd, when firſt ſhe gapes;
The rotten Bones diſcover'd there,
Show 'tis a painted Sepulcher.

Tranſlated out of Spaniſh.

THO' we may ſeem importunate,
While your Compaſſion we implore;
They whom you make too Fortunate,
May with Preſumption vex you more.

Tranſlated out of French.

FAde Flowers, fade, Nature will have it ſo;
'Tis but what We muſt in our Autumn do:
And as your Leaves lye quiet on the Ground,
The Loſs alone by thoſe that lov'd them found;
So in the Grave ſhall we as quiet lye,
Miſs'd by ſome few that lov'd our Company.
But ſome ſo like to Thorns and Nettles live,
That none for them can, when they periſh, grieve.

Upon the Death of the Lord Protector. *In the Year* 1658.

WE muſt reſign! Heav'n his great Soul does claim
In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame:
His dying Groans, his laſt Breath, ſhake our Iſle;
And Trees uncut fall for his Fun'ral Pile:
About his Palace their broad Roots are toſt
Into the Air; So *Romulus* was loſt.
New *Rome* in ſuch a Tempeſt miſs'd her King;
And from obeying, fell to worſhipping.
On *Oeta*'s Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him ſpread;
Thoſe his laſt Fury from the Mountain rent:
Our dying Hero, from the Continent

Raviſh'd

Raviſh'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* reſt,
As his laſt Legacy to *Britain* left.
The Ocean, which ſo long our Hopes confin'd,
Cou'd give no Limits to his vaſter Mind:
Our Bound's Enlargement was his lateſt Toil;
Nor hath he left us Pris'ners to our Iſle,
Under the Tropick is our Language ſpoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.
From Civil Broils he did us diſengage;
Found nobler Objects for our Martial Rage:
And, with wiſe Conduct, to his Country ſhow'd,
The ancient way of Conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then, if we no Tears allow
To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too!
Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to ſee
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.
Nature her ſelf took Notice of his Death,
And, ſighing, ſwell'd the Sea with ſuch a Breath;
That to remoteſt Shores her Billows rowl'd,
Th' approaching Fate of their great Ruler told.

Epitaph on Sir George Speke.

UNder this Stone lies Virtue, Youth,
Unblemiſh'd Probity, and Truth:
Juſt unto all Relations known,
A worthy Patriot, pious Son;

Whom neighb'ring Towns ſo often ſent,
To give their Senſe in Parliament;
With Lives and Fortunes truſting one,
Who ſo diſcretely us'd his own:
Sober he was, Wiſe, Temperate;
Contented with an old Eſtate,
Which no foul Av'rice did increaſe,
Nor wanton Luxury make leſs.

While yet but Young, his Father dy'd,
And left him to an happy Guide:
Not *Lemuel's* Mother with more Care
Did counſel or inſtruct her Heir;
Or teach, with more Succeſs, her Son,
The Vices of the Time to ſhun.

An Heireſs ſhe; while yet alive,
All that was her's to him did give:
And he juſt Gratitude did ſhow
To one that had oblig'd him ſo;
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was ſo bred and taught;
So early made that Path to tread,
Which did his Youth to Honour lead.

His ſhort Life did a Pattern give,
How Neighbours, Husbands, Friends ſhou'd live.

The Virtues of a private Life
Exceed the glorious Noiſe and Strife
Of Battels won; in thoſe we find
The ſolid Int'reſt of Mankind.

Approv'd

Approv'd by all, and lov'd ſo well,
Tho' Young, like Fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies *Charles Cândiſh:* Let the Marble Stone,
That hides his Aſhes, make his Virtue known.
Beauty and Valour did his ſhort Life grace,
The Grief and Glory of his Noble Race:
Early abroad he did the World ſurvey,
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay;
Saw what Great *Alexander* in the Eaſt,
And mighty *Julius* conquer'd in the Weſt;
Then with a Mind, as great as theirs, he came
To find at home Occaſion for his Fame;
Where dark Confuſion did the Nations hide,
And where the Juſter was the Weaker Side.
Two Loyal Brothers took their Sov'reign's Part,
Employ'd their Wealth, their Courage, and their Art:
The Elder did whole Regiments afford,
The Younger brought his Conduct and his Sword.
Born to Command, a Leader he begun,
And on the Rebels laſting Honour won:
The Horſe, inſtructed by their Gen'rals Worth,
Still made the King Victorious in the North:
Where *Cândiſh* fought the Royaliſts prevail'd,
Neither his Courage nor his Judgment fail'd;

The Current of his Vict'ries found no stop,
'Till *Cromwel* came, his Party's chiefest Prop;
Equal Success had set these Champions high,
And both resolv'd to Conquer, or to Die:
Virtue with Rage, Fury with Valour strove;
But that must fall which is decreed Above!
Cromwel, with odds of Number, and of Fate,
Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State;
Which the sad Issue of the War declar'd,
And made his Task, to ruin both, less hard:
So when the Bank neglected is o'erthrown,
The boundless Torrent does the Country drown.
Thus fell the Young, the Lovely, and the Brave;
Strow Bays and Flowers on his honour'd Grave.

Epitaph on the Lady SIDLEY.

HERE lyes the Learned *Savil*'s Heir,
So early Wise, and lasting Fair;
That none, except her Years they told,
Thought her a Child, or thought her Old.
All that her Father knew or got,
His Art, his Wealth, fell to her Lot:
And she so well improv'd that Stock,
Both of his Knowledge and his Flock;
That Wit and Fortune reconcil'd,
In her, upon each other smil'd;

While

While ſhe, to ev'ry well-taught Mind,
Was ſo propitiouſly inclin'd,
And gave ſuch Title to her Store,
That none, but th' Ignorant, were Poor.
The Muſes daily found Supplies
Both from her Hands, and from her Eyes:
Her Bounty did at once engage,
And matchleſs Beauty warm their Rage.
Such was this Dame in calmer Days,
Her Nation's Ornament and Praiſe;
But, when a Storm diſturb'd our Reſt,
The Port of Refuge of th' Oppreſt.
This made her Fortune underſtood,
And look'd on as ſome publick Good;
So that, her Perſon and her State
Exempted from the common Fate,
In all our Civil Fury ſhe
Stood, like a ſacred Temple, free.
May here her Monument ſtand ſo,
To credit this rude Age; and ſhow
To future Times, that even we
Some Patterns did of Virtue ſee:
And one ſublime Example had
Of Good, among ſo many Bad.

EPITAPH, Unfiniſh'd.

GReat Soul! for whom Death will no longer ſtay,
But ſends in haſte to ſnatch our Bliſs away.
O cruel Death! To thoſe you take, more kind,
Than to the wretched Mortals left behind!
Here Beauty, Youth, and noble Virtue ſhin'd,
Free from the Clouds of Pride that ſhade the Mind.
Inſpired Verſe may on this Marble live,
But can no Honour to thy Aſhes give.

To the KING, *upon His* MAJESTY'S *Happy Return, in the Year* 1660.

THE riſing Sun complies with our weak Sight,
Firſt gilds the Clouds, then ſhews his Globe of Light
At ſuch a Diſtance from our Eyes, as though
He knew what Harm his haſty Beams wou'd do.
But your full MAJESTY at once breaks forth
In the Meridian of Your Reign; Your Worth,
Your Youth, and all the Splendor of Your State,
Wrapt up, 'till now, in Clouds of adverſe Fate,
With ſuch a Flood of Light invade our Eyes,
And our ſpread Hearts with ſo great Joy ſurprize,
That, if Your Grace incline that we ſhou'd live,
You muſt not, SIR, too haſtily forgive:

Our

Our Guilt preſerves us from th' Exceſs of Joy,
Which ſcatters Spirits, and wou'd Life deſtroy.
All are obnoxious, and this faulty Land,
Like fainting *Heſter*, does before you ſtand,
Watching your Scepter; the revolted Sea
Trembles, to think ſhe did your Foes obey.
Great *Britain*, like blind *Polypheme*, of late
In a wild Rage, became the Scorn and Hate
Of her proud Neighbours, who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own Force, wou'd ſink:
But You are come, and all their Hopes are vain,
This Giant Iſle has got her Eye again;
Now ſhe might ſpare the Ocean, and oppoſe
Your Conduct to the fierceſt of her Foes:
Naked, the Graces guarded You from all
Dangers abroad, and now your Thunder ſhall.
Princes, that ſaw you, diff'rent Paſſions prove,
For now they dread the Object of their Love;
Nor without Envy can behold his Height,
Whoſe Converſation was their late Delight.
So *Semele*, contented with the Rape
Of *Jove*, diſguiſed in a Mortal Shape,
When ſhe beheld his Hands with Lightning fill'd,
And his bright Rays, was with Amazement kill'd.
And tho' it be our Sorrow, and our Crime,
To have accepted Life ſo long a time
Without You here, yet does this Abſence gain
No ſmall Advantage to your preſent Reign:

For,

For, having view'd the Perſons and the Things,
The Council, State, and Strength, of *Europe*'s Kings,
You know your Work; Ambition to reſtrain,
And ſet them Bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main:
We have You now with ruling Wiſdom fraught,
Not ſuch as Books, but ſuch as Practice taught.
So the loſt Sun, while leaſt by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole Night, for our Concern, imploy'd:
He ripens Spices, Fruit, and precious Gum,
Which from remoteſt Regions hither come.

This Seat of yours, from th' other World remov'd,
Had *Archimedes* known, he might have prov'd
His Engine's force; fixt here, your Pow'r and Skill
Make the World's Motion wait upon your Will.

Much-ſuff'ring Monarch, the firſt *Engliſh* born,
That has the Crown of theſe three Nations worn!
How has your Patience, with the barb'rous Rage
Of your own Soil, contended half an Age?
Till (your try'd Virtue, and your ſacred Word,
At laſt preventing your unwilling Sword)
Armies and Fleets, which kept You out ſo long,
Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redreſt his Wrong:
When ſtrait the People, by no Force compell'd,
Nor longer from their Inclination held,
Break forth at once, like Powder ſet on Fire,
And with a noble Rage their KING require.

So th' injur'd Sea, which from her wonted Courſe,
To gain ſome Acres, Avarice did force,

If

If the new Banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old Channel ſtay,
Raging, the late-got Land ſhe overflows,
And all that's built upon't to Ruin goes.
Offenders now, the chiefeſt, do begin
To ſtrive for Grace, and expiate their Sin:
All Winds blow fair, that did the World imbroil,
Your Vipers Treacle yield, and Scorpions Oil.
If then ſuch Praiſe the *Macedonian* got,
For having rudely cut the *Gordian* Knot;
What Glory's due to him, that cou'd divide
Such ravell'd Int'reſts, has the Knot unty'd,
And without Stroke ſo ſmooth a Paſſage made,
Where Craft and Malice ſuch Obſtructions laid?
But while we praiſe You, You aſcribe it all
To his high Hand, which threw the untoucht Wall
Of ſelf-demoliſh'd *Jericho* ſo low:
His Angel 'twas that did before You go,
Tam'd ſavage Hearts, and made Affections yield,
Like Ears of Corn when Wind ſalutes the Field.
Thus Patience crown'd, like *Job's*, Your Trouble ends,
Having your Foes to pardon, and your Friends:
For, tho' your Courage were ſo firm a Rock,
What private Virtue cou'd endure the Shock?
Like your great Maſter, you the Storm withſtood,
And pity'd thoſe who Love with Frailty ſhew'd.
Rude *Indians*, tort'ring all the Royal Race,
Him with the Throne and dear-bought Scepter grace,

That ſuffers beſt: What Region cou'd be found,
Where your Heroick Head had not been crown'd?
The next Experience of your mighty Mind,
Is, how You combat Fortune now ſhe's kind;
And this way too You are Victorious found,
She Flatters with the ſame Succeſs ſhe Frown'd;
While to your ſelf ſevere, to others kind,
With Pow'r unbounded, and a Will confin'd,
Of this vaſt Empire You poſſeſs the Care,
The ſofter Parts fall to the People's Share:
Safety and equal Government are things
Which Subjects make as happy as their Kings.
Faith, Law, and Piety, that baniſh'd Train,
Juſtice and Truth, with You return again:
The City's Trade, and Country's eaſie Life
Once more ſhall flouriſh, without Fraud or Strife.
Your Reign no leſs aſſures the Ploughman's Peace,
Than the warm Sun advances his Encreaſe;
And does the Shepherds as ſecurely keep
From all their Fears, as they preſerve their Sheep.
But above all, the Muſe-inſpired Train
Triumph, and raiſe their drooping Heads again;
Kind Heav'n at once has in your Perſon ſent
Their ſacred Judge, their Guard, and Argument.

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ahenea ſigna
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
Clarorum apparent——

On

On Saint James's *Park, as lately Improv'd by His Majeſty.*

OF the firſt Paradiſe there's nothing ſo
Plants ſet by Heav'n are vaniſh'd, and the Ground;
Yet the Deſcription laſts: who knows the Fate
Of Lines that ſhall this Paradiſe relate?
Inſtead of Rivers rowling by the ſide
Of *Eden*'s Garden, here flows in the Tide;
The Sea, which always ſerv'd his Empire, now
Pays Tribute to our Prince's Pleaſure too.
Of famous Cities we the Founders know;
But Rivers, old as Seas to which they go,
Are Nature's Bounty; 'tis of more Renown
To make a River, than to build a Town.
For future Shade, young Trees upon the Banks
Of the new Stream appear in even Ranks:
The Voice of *Orpheus*, or *Amphion*'s Hand,
In better Order cou'd not make them ſtand;
May they encreaſe as faſt, and ſpread their Boughs,
As the high Fame of their great Owner grows!
May he Live long enough to ſee them all
Dark Shadows caſt, and as his Palace tall!
Methinks I ſee the Love that ſhall be made,
The Lovers walking in that am'rous Shade,
The Gallants dancing by the River ſide,
They bath in Summer, and in Winter ſlide.

Me-

Methinks I hear the Muſick in the Boats,
And the loud Eccho which returns the Notes,
While over-head a Flock of new-ſprung Fowl
Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul:
Dark'ning the Sky they hover o'er, and ſhrowd
The wanton Sailors with a feather'd Cloud:
Beneath, a Shoal of Silver Fiſhes glides,
And plays about the gilded Barges ſides;
The Ladies angling in the Cryſtal Lake,
Feaſt on the Waters with the Prey they take;
At once Victorious with their Lines and Eyes,
They make the Fiſhes and the Men their Prize;
A thouſand *Cupids* on the Billows ride,
And Sea-Nymphs enter with the ſwelling Tide;
From *Thetis* ſent as Spies to make Report,
And tell the Wonders of her Sov'reign's Court.
All that can living feed the greedy Eye,
Or dead the Palat, here you may deſcry,
The choiceſt Things that furniſh'd *Noah*'s Ark,
Or *Peter*'s Sheet, inhabiting this Park:
All with a Border of rich Fruit-trees crown'd,
Whoſe loaded Branches hide the lofty Mound.
Such various Ways the ſpacious Alleys lead,
My doubtful Muſe knows not what Path to tread.
Yonder the Harveſt of cold Months laid up,
Gives a freſh Coolneſs to the Royal Cup,
There Ice, like Cryſtal, firm and never loſt,
Tempers hot *July* with *December*'s Froſt;

Winter's

Winter's dark Priſon, whence he cannot fly,
Tho' the warm Spring, his Enemy, draws nigh:
Strange! What Extremes ſhou'd thus preſerve the Snow,
High on the *Alps*, or in deep Caves below.

Here a well-poliſh'd Mall gives us the Joy
To ſee our Prince his matchleſs Force employ;
His manly Poſture, and his graceful Mien,
Vigour and Youth in all his Motions ſeen,
His Shape ſo lovely, and his Limbs ſo ſtrong,
Confirm our Hopes we ſhall obey him long:
No ſooner has he touch'd the flying Ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And ſuch a Fury from his Arm 't has got,
As from a ſmoaking Culverin 'twere ſhot.

Near this my Muſe, what moſt delights her, ſees
A living Gallery of aged Trees;
Bold Sons of Earth, that thruſt their Arms ſo high,
As if once more they wou'd invade the Sky.
In ſuch green Palaces the firſt Kings reign'd,
Slept in their Shades, and Angels entertain'd:
With ſuch old Counſellors they did adviſe,
And by frequenting ſacred Groves grew wiſe;
Free from th' Impediments of Light and Noiſe
Man thus retir'd, his nobler Thoughts employs:
Here *Charles* contrives the ord'ring of his States,
Here he reſolves his neighb'ring Princes' Fates:
What Nation ſhall have Peace, where War be made,
Determin'd is in this orac'lous Shade:

The

The World, from *India* to the frozen *North*'s,
Concern'd in what this Solitude brings forth.
His Fancy Objects from this View receives,
The Proſpect Thought and Contemplation gives:
That Seat of Empire here ſalutes his Eye,
To which three Kingdoms do themſelves apply,
The Structure by a Prelate rais'd, *Whitehall*,
Built with the Fortune of *Rome*'s Capitol;
Both diſproportion'd to the preſent State
Of their proud Founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that antique Pile behold,
Where Royal Heads receive the ſacred Gold;
It gives them Crowns, and does their Aſhes keep,
There made like Gods, like Mortals there they ſleep;
Making the Circle of their Reign compleat,
Thoſe Suns of Empire, where they riſe they ſet.
When others fell, this ſtanding did preſage
The Crown ſhou'd triumph over popular Rage:
Hard by that Houſe where all our Ills were ſhap'd,
Th' auſpicious Temple ſtood, and yet eſcap'd.
So Snow on *Ætna* does unmelted lye,
Whence rowling Flames and ſcatter'd Cinders fly;
The diſtant Country in the Ruin ſhares,
What falls from Heav'n the burning Mountain ſpares.
Next that capacious Hall, he ſees the Room
Where the whole Nation does for Juſtice come;
Under whoſe large Roof flouriſhes the Gown,
And Judges grave, on high Tribunals, frown.

Here

Here like the People's Paſtor he does go,
His Flock ſubjected to his View below;
On which reflecting in his mighty Mind,
No private Paſſion does Indulgence find:
The Pleaſures of his Youth ſuſpended are,
And made a Sacrifice to publick Care.
Here, free from Court-compliances, he walks,
And with himſelf, his beſt Adviſer, talks;
How peaceful Olive may his Temples ſhade,
For mending Laws, and for reſtoring Trade;
Or how his Brows may be with Laurel charg'd,
For Nations conquer'd, and our Bounds enlarg'd:
Of ancient Prudence here he ruminates,
Of riſing Kingdoms, and of falling States;
What ruling Arts gave Great *Auguſtus* Fame,
And how *Alcides* purchas'd ſuch a Name.
His Eyes upon his Native Palace bent
Cloſe by, ſuggeſt a greater Argument,
His Thoughts riſe higher, when he does reflect
On what the World may from that Star expect
Which at his Birth appear'd, to let us ſee
Day for his ſake cou'd with the Night agree;
A Prince on whom ſuch diff'rent Lights did ſmile,
Born, the divided World to reconcile:
Whatever Heav'n, or high extracted Blood
Cou'd promiſe or foretel, he will make good;
Reform theſe Nations, and improve them more,
Than this fair Park from what it was before.

Of

Of her Royal Highneſs, Mother to the Prince of Orange, *and of her Portraict written by the late Dutcheſs of* York *while She liv'd with Her.*

HEroick Nymph! in Tempeſts the Support,
In Peace the Glory, of the *Britiſh* Court,
Into whoſe Arms the Church, the State, and all
That precious is, or ſacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that ſhall your Bounty hear,
Will think you Miſtreſs of the *Indies* were:
Tho' ſtreighter Bounds your Fortune did confine,
In your large Heart was found a wealthy Mine;
Like the bleſt Oil, the Widow's laſting Feaſt,
Your Treaſure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While ſome your Beauty, ſome your Bounty ſing,
Your Native Iſle does with your Praiſes ring:
But above all, a Nymph of your own Train,
Gives us your Character in ſuch a Strain,
As none but She, who in that Court did dwell,
Cou'd know ſuch Worth, or Worth deſcribe ſo well.
So while we Mortals here at Heav'n do gueſs,
And more our Weakneſs than the Place expreſs,
Some Angel, a Domeſtick there, comes down,
And tells the Wonders he hath ſeen and known.

Upon

Upon her MAJESTY's *New Buildings at* SOMERSET-HOUSE.

GReat Queen, that doſt our Iſland bleſs
With Princes and with Palaces;
Treated ſo ill, chas'd from your Throne,
Returning, you adorn the Town,
And, with a brave Revenge, do ſhow
Their Glory went, and came, with you.

While Peace from hence, and you were gone,
Your Houſes in that Storm o'erthrown,
Thoſe Wounds which Civil Rage did give,
At once you pardon and relieve.

Conſtant to *England* in your Love,
As Birds are to their wonted Grove,
Tho' by rude Hands their Neſts are ſpoil'd,
There, the next Spring, again they build.

Accuſing ſome malignant Star,
Not *Britain*, for that fatal War;
Your Kindneſs baniſhes your Fear,
Reſolv'd to fix for ever here.

But what new Mine this Work ſupplies?
Can ſuch a Pile from Ruin riſe?
This like the firſt Creation ſhows,
As if at your Command it roſe.

Frugality, and Bounty too,
Thoſe diff'ring Virtues, meet in you;

From

From a confin'd well-manag'd Store,
You both employ, and feed the Poor.
Let Foreign Princes vainly boaſt
The rude Effects of Pride and Coſt,
Of vaſter Fabricks, to which they
Contribute nothing, but the Pay;
This, by the Queen her ſelf deſign'd,
Gives us a Pattern of her Mind,
The State and Order does proclaim
The *Genius* of that Royal Dame:
Each Part with juſt Proportion grac'd,
And all to ſuch Advantage plac'd,
That the fair View her Window yields,
The Town, the River, and the Fields,
Entring, beneath us we deſcry,
And wonder how we came ſo high.
She needs no weary Steps aſcend,
All ſeems before her Feet to bend;
And here, as She was born, She lies
High, without taking Pains to riſe.

To his Worthy Friend Sir THOMAS HIGGONS, *upon his Tranſlation of the* Venetian Triumph.

THE winged Lion's not ſo fierce in Fight
As *Lib'ri*'s Hand preſents him to our Sight;

Nor

Nor wou'd his Pencil make him half ſo fierce,
Or roar ſo loud as *Buſinello's* Verſe:
But your Tranſlation does all three excel,
The Fight, the Piece, and lofty *Buſinel.*
As their ſmall Gallies may not hold Compare
With our tall Ships, whoſe Sails employ more Air,
So does th' *Italian* to your *Genius* vail,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler Gale.
Thus while your Muſe ſpreads the *Venetian* Story,
You make all *Europe* emulate her Glory:
You make them bluſh, weak *Venus* ſhou'd defend
The Cauſe of Heav'n, while they for Words contend,
Shed Chriſtian Blood, and populous Cities raſe,
Becauſe they're taught to uſe ſome diff'rent Phraſe.
If, liſt'ning to your Charms, we cou'd our Jars
Compoſe, and on the *Turk* diſcharge theſe Wars;
Our *Britiſh* Arms the ſacred Tomb might wreſt
From *Pagan* Hands, and triumph o'er the Eaſt:
And then you might our own high Deeds recite,
And with great *Taſſo* celebrate the Fight.

EPITAPH *to be Written under the* Latin *Inscription upon the Tomb of the Only Son of the Lord* ANDOVER.

'TIS fit the *English* Reader shou'd be told,
In our own Language, what this Tomb does hold:
'Tis not a Noble Corps alone does lie
Under this Stone, but a whole Family;
His Parents pious Care, their Name, their Joy,
And all their Hope, lies bury'd with this Boy;
This lovely Youth, for whom we all made Moan,
That knew his Worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been Space, and Years enough allow'd,
His Courage, Wit, and Breeding to have show'd,
We had not found, in all the num'rous Roll
Of his fam'd Ancestors, a greater Soul:
His early Virtues to that ancient Stock
Gave as much Honour, as from thence he took.
Like Buds appearing ere the Frosts are past,
To become Man he made such fatal hast,
And to Perfection labour'd so to climb,
Preventing slow Experience and Time,
That 'tis no wonder Death our Hopes beguil'd;
He's seldom Old, that will not be a Child.

Inſtructions to a Painter, for the Drawing of the Poſture and Progreſs of His MAJESTY'S *Forces at Sea, under the Command of His* HIGHNESS-ROYAL: *Together with the Battel and Victory obtain'd over the* Dutch, June 3, 1665.

FIrſt draw the Sea, that Portion which between
The greater World, and this of ours' is ſeen:
Here place the *Britiſh*, there the *Holland* Fleet,
Vaſt floating Armies, both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole World, expecting who ſhou'd Reign,
After this Combat, o'er the conquer'd Main;
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unuſual Star
Declare th' Importance of th' approaching War.
Make the Sea ſhine with Gallantry, and all
The *Engliſh* Youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke, whoſe early Deeds abroad,
Such Rage in Fight, and Art in Conduct ſhow'd;
His bright Sword now a dearer Int'reſt draws,
His Brother's Glory, and his Country's Cauſe.
Let thy bold Pencil, Hope and Courage ſpread
Thro' the whole Navy, by that Hero led;
Make all appear, where ſuch a Prince is by,
Reſolv'd to Conquer, or reſolv'd to Die.

With his Extraction, and his glorious Mind,
Make the proud Sails ſwell, more than with the Wind:
Preventing Cannon, make his louder Fame
Check the *Batavians*, and their Fury tame:
So hungry Wolves, tho' greedy of their Prey,
Stop, when they find a Lion in their way.
Make him beſtride the Ocean, and Mankind
Ask his Conſent, to uſe the Sea and Wind:
While his tall Ships in the barr'd Channel ſtand,
He graſps the *Indies* in his armed Hand.

Paint an Eaſt-wind, and make it blow away
Th' Excuſe of *Holland* for their Navy's Stay;
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to ſhun,
Thro' the cold North and rocky Regions run,
To find the Coaſt where Morning firſt appears;
By the dark Pole the wary *Belgian* ſteers,
Confeſſing now, he dreads the *Engliſh* more,
Than all the Dangers of a frozen Shore;
While from our Arms, Security to find,
They fly ſo far, they leave the Day behind.

Deſcribe their Fleet abandoning the Sea,
And all their Merchants left a wealthy Prey;
Our firſt Succeſs in War make *Bacchus* crown,
And half the Vintage of the Year our own.

The *Dutch* their Wine, and all their Brandy, loſe;
Diſarm'd of that, from which their Courage grows:
While the glad *Engliſh*, to relieve their Toil,
In Healths to their great Leader drink the Spoil.

His

His high Command to *Africk's* Coast extend,
And make the *Moors* before the *English* bend;
Those barb'rous Pirates willingly receive
Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give.
Deserted by the *Dutch*, let Nations know,
We can our own, and their great Business do;
False Friends chastise, and common Foes restrain,
Which, worse than Tempests, did infest the Main.
Within those *Streights* make *Holland's Smyrna* Fleet
With a small Squadron of the *English* meet;
Like Falcons these, those like a num'rous Flock
Of Fowl, which scatter to avoid the Shock.

There paint Confusion in a various Shape,
Some sink, some yield, and flying some escape:
Europe and *Africa* from either Shoar
Spectators are, and hear our Cannon roar;
While the divided World in this agree,
Men that fight so, deserve to rule the Sea.

But, nearer home, thy Pencil use once more,
And place our Navy by the *Holland* Shore;
The World they compass'd, while they fought with *Spain*;
But here already they resign the Main.

Those greedy Mariners, out of whose way
Diffusive Nature cou'd no Region lay,
At home preserv'd, from Rocks and Tempests lie,
Compell'd, like others, in their Beds to die.

Their single Towns th' *Iberian* Armies prest,
We all their Provinces at once invest,

And in a Month ruin their Traffick more,
Than that long War cou'd in an Age before.
But who can always on the Billows lie?
The watry Wilderneſs yields no Supply;
Spreading our Sails, to *Harwich* we reſort,
And meet the Beauties of the *Britiſh* Court;
Th' Illuſtrious Dutcheſs, and her Glorious Train,
Like *Thetis* with her Nymphs, adorn the Main;
The gazing Sea-gods, ſince the *Paphian* Queen
Sprung from among them, no ſuch Sight had ſeen;
Charm'd with the Graces of a Troop ſo fair,
Thoſe deathleſs Pow'rs for us themſelves declare.
Reſolv'd the Aid of *Neptune*'s Court to bring,
And help the Nation where ſuch Beauties ſpring;
The Soldier here his waſted Store ſupplies,
And takes new Valour from the Ladies Eyes:
Mean while, like Bees when ſtormy Winter's gone,
The *Dutch* (as if the Sea were all their own)
Deſert their Ports, and falling in their Way,
Our *Hamburgh* Merchants are become their Prey;
Thus flouriſh they, before th' approaching Fight,
As dying Tapers give a blazing Light.
To check their Pride, our Fleet half victual'd goes,
Enough to ſerve us 'till we reach our Foes,
Who now appear ſo numerous and bold,
The Action worthy of our Arms we hold;
A greater Force than that which here we find,
Ne'er preſs'd the Ocean, nor employ'd the Wind.

Reſtrain'd

Reſtrain'd a while by the unwelcome Night,
Th' impatient *Engliſh* ſcarce attend the Light.
But now the Morning, Heav'n ſeverely clear,
To the fierce Work indulgent does appear;
And *Phœbus* lifts above the Waves his Light,
That he might ſee, and thus record the Fight.
As when loud Winds from diff'rent Quarters ruſh,
Vaſt Clouds incount'ring, one another cruſh;
With ſwelling Sails, ſo from their ſev'ral Coaſts,
Join the *Batavian* and the *Britiſh* Hoſts.
For a leſs Prize, with leſs Concern and Rage,
The *Roman* Fleets at *Actium* did Engage;
They for the Empire of the World they knew,
Theſe for the Old contend, and for the New.
At the firſt Shock, with Blood and Powder ſtain'd,
Nor Heav'n, nor Sea, their former Face retain'd:
Fury and Art produce Effects ſo ſtrange,
They trouble Nature, and her Viſage change.
Where burning Ships the baniſh'd Sun ſupply,
And no Light ſhines but that by which Men die,
There YORK appears; ſo prodigal is he
Of Royal Blood, as Ancient as the Sea,
Which down to him ſo many Ages told,
Has thro' the Veins of mighty Monarchs roll'd.
The great *Achilles* march'd not to the Field,
'Till *Vulcan* that impenetrable Shield
And Arms had wrought; yet there no Bullets flew,
But Shafts and Darts, which the weak *Phrygians* threw.

Our bolder Hero on the Deck does ſtand
Expos'd, the Bulwark of his Native Land,
Defenſive Arms laid by, as uſeleſs here,
Where maſſy Balls the neighb'ring Rocks do tear;
Some Pow'r unſeen thoſe Princes does protect,
Who for their Country thus themſelves neglect.

Againſt *Him* firſt *Opdam* his Squadrons leads,
Proud of his late Succeſs againſt the *Swedes*,
Made by that Action, and his high Command,
Worthy to periſh by a Prince's Hand.

The tall *Batavian* in a vaſt Ship rides,
Bearing an Army in her hollow Sides;
Yet not inclin'd the *Engliſh* Ship to board,
More on his Guns relies than on his Sword;
From whence a fatal Volly we receiv'd,
It miſs'd the Duke, but his Great Heart it griev'd;
Three worthy Perſons from his Side it tore,
And dy'd his Garment with their ſcatter'd Gore.

Happy! to whom this glorious Death arrives,
More to be valu'd than a thouſand Lives!
On ſuch a Theatre, as this, to Die,
For ſuch a Cauſe, and ſuch a Witneſs by!
Who wou'd not thus a Sacrifice be made,
To have his Blood on ſuch an Altar laid?

The reſt about him ſtruck with Horror ſtood,
To ſee their Leader cover'd o'er with Blood:
So trembled *Jacob*, when he thought the Stains
Of his Son's Coat had iſſued from his Veins.

He

He feels no Wound, but in his troubled Thought;
Before for Honour, now Revenge, he fought:
His Friends in Pieces torn, the bitter News
Not brought by Fame, with his own Eyes he views;
His Mind at once reflecting on their Youth,
Their Worth, their Love, their Valour, and their Truth;
The Joys of Court, their Mothers and their Wives,
To follow him, abandon'd, and their Lives:
He ſtorms and ſhoots; but flying Bullets now,
To execute his Rage, appear too ſlow;
They miſs, or ſweep but common Souls away;
For ſuch a Loſs, *Opdam* his Life muſt pay:
Encouraging his Men, he gives the Word,
With fierce Intent that hated Ship to Board,
And make the guilty *Dutch*, with his own Arm,
Wait on his Friends, while yet their Blood is warm.
His winged Veſſel like an Eagle ſhows,
When thro' the Clouds to truſs a Swan ſhe goes:
The *Belgian* Ship unmov'd, like ſome huge Rock
Inhabiting the Sea, expects the Shock.
From both the Fleets Mens Eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the Buſineſs of the Day;
Bullets their Flight, and Guns their Noiſe ſuſpend,
The ſilent Ocean does th' Event attend,
Which Leader ſhall the doubtful Victʼry bleſs,
And give an Earneſt of the War's Succeſs;
When Heav'n it ſelf, for *England* to declare,
Turns Ship, and Men, and Tackle into Air.

Their new Commander from his Charge is toſt,
Which that young *Prince* had ſo unjuſtly loſt,
Whoſe great Progenitors, with better Fate,
And better Conduct, ſway'd their Infant State.
His Flight tow'rds Heav'n th' aſpiring *Belgian* took,
But fell like *Phaeton* with Thunder ſtrook;
From vaſter Hopes, than his, he ſeem'd to fall,
That durſt attempt the *Britiſh* Admiral:
From her Broadſides a ruder Flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery Chariot of the Sun:
That bears the radiant Enſign of the Day,
And ſhe the Flag that governs in the Sea.
The Duke ill pleas'd that Fire ſhou'd thus prevent
The Work which for his brighter Sword he meant,
Anger ſtill burning in his valiant Breaſt,
Goes to compleat Revenge upon the reſt.
So on the guardleſs Herd, their Keeper ſlain,
Ruſhes a Tyger in the *Libyan* Plain.
The *Dutch*, accuſtom'd to the raging Sea,
And in black Storms the Frowns of Heav'n to ſee,
Never met Tempeſt which more urg'd their Fears,
Than that which in the Prince's Look appears.
Fierce, Goodly, Young, *Mars* he reſembles, when
Jove ſends him down to ſcourge perfidious Men,
Such as with foul Ingratitude have paid
Both thoſe that led, and thoſe that gave them Aid.
Where he goes on, diſpoſing of their Fate,
Terror and Death on his loud Cannon wait,

With

With which he pleads his Brother's Cauſe ſo well,
He ſhakes the Throne to which he does appeal.
The Sea with Spoils his angry Bullets ſtrow,
Widows and Orphans making as they go;
Before his Ship, Fragments of Veſſels torn,
Flags, Arms, and *Belgian* Carcaſſes are born,
And his deſpairing Foes, to Flight inclin'd,
Spread all their Canvas to invite the Wind:
So the rude *Boreas*, where he liſts to blow,
Makes Clouds above, and Billows fly below;
Beating the Shoar, and with a boiſt'rous Rage,
Does Heav'n at once, and Earth, and Sea ingage.
The *Dutch*, elſewhere, did thro' the watry Field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But *Engliſh* Courage, growing as they fight,
In Danger, Noiſe, and Slaughter takes Delight;
Their bloody Task, unweary'd ſtill, they ply,
Only reſtrain'd by Death, or Victory.
Iron and Lead, from Earth's dark Entrails torn,
Like Show'rs of Hail from either Side are born;
So high the Rage of wretched Mortals goes,
Hurling their Mother's Bowels at their Foes.
Ingenious to their Ruin, ev'ry Age
Improves the Arts and Inſtruments of Rage;
Death-haſt'ning Ills Nature enough has ſent,
And yet Men ſtill a thouſand more invent.
But *Bacchus* now, which led the *Belgians* on
So fierce at firſt, to favour us begun:

Brandy

Brandy and Wine, their wonted Friends, at length
Render them uſeleſs, and betray their Strength.
So Corn in Fields, and in the Garden Flow'rs,
Revive, and raiſe themſelves with mod'rate Show'rs;
But over-charg'd with never-ceaſing Rain,
Become too moiſt, and bend their Heads again.
Their reeling Ships on one another fall,
Without a Foe enough to ruin all:
Of this Diſorder, and the fav'ring Wind,
The watchful *Engliſh* ſuch Advantage find,
Ships fraught with Fire among the Heap they throw,
And up the ſo intangled *Belgians* blow;
The Flame invades the Powder-Rooms, and then
Their Guns ſhoot Bullets, and their Veſſels Men:
The ſcorcht *Batavians* on the Billows float,
Sent from their own to paſs in *Charon*'s Boat.
And now our Royal Admiral, Succeſs,
With all the Marks of Victory, does bleſs;
The burning Ships, the taken, and the ſlain
Proclaim his Triumph o'er the conquer'd Main.
Nearer to *Holland* as their haſty Flight
Carries the Noiſe and Tumult of the Fight,
His Cannons roar, Forerunner of his Fame,
Makes their *Hague* tremble, and their *Amſterdam*:
The *Britiſh* Thunder does their Houſes rock,
And the Duke ſeems at ev'ry Door to knock.
His dreadful Streamer, like a Comet's Hair,
Threatning Deſtruction, haſtens their Deſpair,

Makes

akes them deplore their ſcatter'd Fleet as loſt,
nd fear our preſent Landing on their Coaſt.
The trembling *Dutch* th' approaching Prince behold,
s Sheep a Lion leaping tow'rds their Fold;
hoſe Piles which ſerve them to repel the Main,
hey think too weak his Fury to reſtrain.
hat Wonders may not *Engliſh* Valour work,
ed by th' Example of Victorious YORK?
r what Defence againſt him can they make,
ho at ſuch Diſtance does their Country ſhake?
is fatal Hand their Bulwarks will o'erthrow,
nd let in both the Ocean and the Foe.
Thus cry the People; and their Land to keep,
llow our Title to command the Deep;
laming their State's ill Conduct, to provoke
hoſe Arms which freed them from the *Spaniſh* Yoke.
Painter, excuſe me, if I have a while
orgot thy Art, and us'd another Stile;
or tho' you draw arm'd Heroes as they ſit,
The Task in Battel does the Muſes fit;
They in the dark Confuſion of a Fight
Diſcover all; inſtruct us how to write,
And Light and Honour to brave Actions yield,
Hid in the Smoak and Tumult of the Field.
Ages to come ſhall know that Leader's Toil,
And his Great Name on whom the Muſes ſmile;
Their Dictates here let thy fam'd Pencil trace,
And this Relation with thy Colours grace:

Then

Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met,
And our Great Monarch, high above them ſet;
Like Young *Auguſtus* let his Image be,
Triumphing for that Victory at Sea,
Where *Egypt*'s Queen, and *Eaſtern* Kings o'erthrown,
Made the Poſſeſſion of the World his own.
Laſt, draw the Commons at his Royal Feet,
Pouring out Treaſure to ſupply his Fleet;
They vow with Lives and Fortunes to maintain
Their King's eternal Title to the Main,
And with a Preſent to the Duke approve
His Valour, Conduct, and his Country's Love.

To the KING.

GReat Sir, diſdain not in this Piece to ſtand,
Supream Commander both of Sea and Land:
Thoſe which inhabit the Celeſtial Bow'r,
Painters expreſs with Emblems of their Pow'r;
The Club *Alcides*, *Phœbus* has his Bow,
Jove has his Thunder, and your Navy You.
But Your great Providence no Colours here
Can repreſent, nor Pencil draw that Care
Which keeps you waking, to ſecure our Peace,
The Nation's Glory, and our Trade's Increaſe;

You

You for theſe Ends whole Days in Council ſit,
And the Diverſions of your Youth forget.
Small were the Worth of Valour and of Force,
If your high Wiſdom govern'd not their Courſe;
You as the Soul, as the firſt Mover You,
Vigour and Life on ev'ry Part beſtow:
How to build Ships, and dreadful Ord'nance caſt,
Inſtruct the Artiſts, and reward their Haſt.
So *Jove* himſelf, when *Typhon* Heav'n does brave,
Deſcends to viſit *Vulcan*'s ſmoaky Cave,
Teaching the brawny *Cyclops* how to frame
His Thunder, mixt with Terror, Wrath, and Flame.
Had the old *Greeks* diſcover'd Your Abode,
Crete had not been the Cradle of their God,
On that ſmall Iſland they had look'd with Scorn,
And in *Great Britain* thought the Thund'rer born.

To QUEEN CATHARINE, *upon Her Majeſty's Birth-Day, after Her Happy Recovery from a Dangerous Sickneſs.*

FArewel the Year, which threaten'd ſo
The faireſt Light the World can ſhow;
Welcome the New, whoſe ev'ry Day,
Reſtoring what was ſnatch'd away

By pining Sickneſs from the Fair,
That matchleſs Beauty does repair,
So faſt, that the approaching Spring,
Which does to flow'ry Meadows bring
What the rude Winter from them tore,
Shall give her all ſhe had before.
But we recover not ſo faſt
The Senſe of ſuch a Danger paſt;
We that eſteem'd You ſent from Heav'n,
A Pattern to this Iſland giv'n,
To ſhew us what the Bleſs'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here;
When that which we Immortal thought,
We ſaw ſo near Deſtruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure,
And tremble yet, as not ſecure:
So tho' the Sun Victorious be,
And from a dark Eclipſe ſet free,
Th' Influence which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our Thoughts the foll'wing Year.
But that which may relieve our Care
Is, that You have a Help ſo near
For all the Evil you can prove,
The Kindneſs of Your Royal Love:
He that was never known to mourn,
So many Kingdoms from him torn;
His Tears reſerv'd for You, more dear,
More priz'd than all thoſe Kingdoms were:

For

For when no healing Art prevail'd,
When Cordials and Elixirs fail'd,
On your pale Cheek he dropt the Show'r,
Reviv'd you like a dying Flow'r.

Nunc itaque & verſus & cætera ludicra pone,
Quid verum, *atque decens, curo, & rogo, & omnis in hoc*
ſum.

PROLOGUE for the Lady Actors.

AMaze us not with that Majeſtick Frown,
But lay aſide the Greatneſs of your Crown;
And for that Look, which does your People awe,
When in your Throne and Robes you give 'em Law,
Lay it by here, and give a gentler Smile,
Such as we ſee great *Jove*'s in Picture, while
He liſtens to *Apollo*'s charming Lyre,
Or judges of the Song he does inſpire.
Comedians on the Stage ſhew all their Skill;
And after do as Love and Fortune will.
We are leſs careful, hid in this Diſguiſe;
In our own Cloaths more ſerious, and more wiſe.
Modeſt at home, upon the Stage more bold,
We ſeem warm Lovers, tho' our Breaſts be cold.
A Fault committed here deſerves no Scorn,
If we act well the Parts to which we're born.

Sung by Mrs. Knight, *to Her Majeſty Queen* Catharine, *on Her Birth-Day.*

THIS happy Day two Lights are ſeen,
A Glorious Saint, a Matchleſs Queen;
Both nam'd alike, both Crown'd appear,
The Saint above, th' *Infanta* here.
May all thoſe Years which *Catharine*
The Martyr did for Heav'n reſign,
Be added to the Line
Of your bleſt Life among us here,
For all the Pains that She did feel,
And all the Torments of her Wheel,
May you as many Pleaſures ſhare;
May Heav'n it ſelf content
With *Catharine* the Saint.
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may You,
With Eyes as bright as now,
This welcome Day behold.

THE

MAID'S

TRAGEDY

ALTER'D


BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE.

Scarce ſhou'd we have the Boldneſs to pretend
So long renown'd a Tragedy to mend;
Had not already ſome deſerv'd your Praiſe
With like Attempt. Of all our elder Plays,
This and Philaſter *have the loudeſt Fame:*
Great are their Faults, and glorious is their Flame.
In both our Engliſh *Genius is expreſt;*
Lofty and bold, but negligently dreſt.
Above our Neighbours our Conceptions are:
But faultleſs Writing is th' effect of Care.
Our Lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haſte;
Poliſh'd like Marble, wou'd like Marble laſt.
But as the preſent, ſo the laſt Age writ;
In both we find like Negligence and Wit.
Were we but leſs indulgent to our Faults,
And Patience had to cultivate our Thoughts,
Our Muſe wou'd flouriſh; and a nobler Rage
Wou'd honour this, than did the Græcian *Stage.*
Thus ſays our Author, not content to ſee
That Others write as careleſly as He.
Tho' he pretends not to make things compleat;
Yet, to pleaſe You, he'd have the Poets ſweat.

PROLOGUE.

In this old Play, what's new, we have expreſt
In rhiming Verſe, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
That, as the Rhoſne *its haſty Way does make,*
Not mingling Waters, thro' Geneva's Lake:
So, having here the diff'rent Stiles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.
If we leſs rudely ſhall the Knot unty,
Soften the Rigour of the Tragedy;
And yet preſerve each Perſon's Character:
Then to the Other, This you may prefer.
'Tis left to you: The Boxes and the Pit
Are Sov'reign Judges of this ſort of Wit.
In other things the knowing Artiſt may
Judge better than the People; but a Play,
Made for Delight, and for no other uſe,
If you approve it not, has no Excuſe.

THE

THE
Maid's Tragedy Alter'd.

Enter Evadne, *with a Page of Honour.*

EVADNE.

A *Myntor* loſt, it were as vain a thing,
As 'tis prodigious, to betray the King.
Compell'd by Threats, to take that bloody Oath,
And the Act ill, I am abſolv'd by both.
This Iſland left, with Pity I'll look down
On the King's Love, and fierce *Melantius'* Frown.
Theſe will to both my Reſolution bring:
Page, give *Melantius* that, this to the King.

[*Exit Page with the Letters.*

Under how hard a Fate are Women born!
Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn!
If we want Beauty, we of Love deſpair;
And are beſieg'd like Frontier-Towns, if fair.
The Pow'r of Princes Armies overthrows:
What can our Sex againſt ſuch Force oppoſe?

Love

Love and Ambition have an equal Share
In their vaſt Treaſures; and it coſts as dear
To ruin us, as Nations to ſubdue:
But we are faulty, tho' all this be true.
For Towns are ſtarv'd, or batter'd, ere they yield;
But we, perſwaded, rather than compell'd,
For things ſuperfluous neglect our Fame,
And weakly render up our ſelves to Shame.
Oh! that I had my Innocence again,
My untouch'd Honour: But I wiſh in vain.
The Fleece, that has been by the Dyer ſtain'd,
Never again its native Whiteneſs gain'd.
Th' unblemiſh'd may pretend to Virtue's Crown:
'Tis Beauty now muſt perfect my Renown.
With that I govern'd him that rules this Iſle;
'Tis that which makes me triumph in the Spoil,
The Wealth I bear from this exhauſted Court,
Which here my Bark ſtands ready to tranſport.
In narrow *Rhodes* I'll be no longer pent;
But act my Part upon the Continent:
Aſiatick Kings ſhall ſee my Beauty's Prize,
My ſhining Jewels, and my brighter Eyes.
Princes that fly, their Scepters left behind,
Contempt or Pity, where they travel, find:
The Enſigns of our Pow'r about we bear;
And ev'ry Land pays Tribute to the Fair.
So ſhines the Sun, tho' hence remov'd, as clear
When his Beams warm th' Antipodes, as here. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Melantius, *with a Letter in his Hand.*

She's gone to periſh, if the Gods be juſt;
The Sea's not vaſt enough to quench her Luſt.
The ſtanding Regiments, the Fort, the Town,
All but this wicked Siſter, are our own.
Oh! that I cou'd but have ſurpris'd the Wretch,
E'er ſhe that watry Element did reach.
Twice falſe *Evadne*, ſpightfully forſworn!
That fatal Beaſt like this I wou'd have torn.
[*Tears the Paper with Fury.*
But this Deſign admits of no Delay;
And our Revenge muſt find ſome ſpeedy way.
I'll ſound *Lucippus*, he has always paid
Reſpect to my Deſerts: Cou'd he be made
To join with us, we might preſerve the State;
And take Revenge, without our Country's Fate.
He loves his Brother; but a preſent Crown
Cannot but tempt a Prince ſo near the Throne.
He's full of Honour: tho' he like it not,
If once he ſwear, he'll not reveal the Plot. [*Exit.*

Enter the King alone.

Melantius falſe! it cannot be: And yet,
When I remember how I merit it,
He is preſented to my guilty Mind
Leſs to his Duty, than Revenge, inclin'd.
'Tis not my Nature to ſuſpect my Friends,
Or think they can have black malicious Ends:

'Tis doing Wrong creates ſuch Doubts as theſe,
Renders us jealous, and deſtroys our Peace.
Happy the Innocent, whoſe equal Thoughts
Are free from Anguiſh, as they are from Faults.

Enter a Page with a Letter.

Page. 'Tis from *Evadne*, Sir. [*Exit.*

King. Why ſhou'd ſhe uſe
Her Pen to me? 'tis ſome important News!

Reads the Letter.

From on Board my Yatch,

[Strangely dated.]

WHich is now bearing me away from the Rage of my offended Brothers: I wiſh you were as ſafe from their Revenge. They aim at your Life, and made me ſwear to take it. They have got the Fort, and are aſſured of the Inclinations, both of the Soldiers and Citizens. My firſt Prayer is to the Gods, for your Preſervation: my next to your Majeſty, that if they return to their Duty, you would afford them your Grace.

'Tis no feign'd Tale *Callianax* has told;
The great *Melantius* is as falſe as bold.
The Crown we hazard, when at home we ſtay,
And teach our Forces others to obey.
Conduct of Armies is a Prince's Art;
And when a Subject acts that Royal Part,

As

As he in Glory riſes, we grow leſs,
While our Arms proſper, ruin'd by Succeſs:
For in a Court what can ſo dreadful be,
As one more glorious than our ſelves to ſee!

Enter Melantius and Lucippus.

Such is the General:——To *Lucippus'* Ear
What 'tis he truſts, I'll ſtep aſide and hear.

Luc. How am I caught with an unwary Oath,
Not to reveal the Secret, which I loath!
To ſtain my Conſcience with my Brother's Blood,
To be a King! No, not to be a God.
He that with Patience can ſuch Treaſon hear,
Tho' he conſent not, has a guilty Ear.
Unto thy ſelf pronounce the Name of *King*;
That Word will keep thee from ſo foul a thing.

Mel. Sir, your fond Care and Kindneſs comes too late,
To ſave your Brother, or prevent my Hate:
The People mutiny, the Fort is mine,
And all the Soldiers to my Will incline:
Of his own Servants he has loſt the Heart,
And in the Court I have the nobler Part.
Unto your ſelf pronounce the Name of *King*;
That Word will tell you 'tis no trivial thing
That you are offer'd: Do not ſtorm and frown
At my Endeavours to preſerve the Crown;
Wear it your ſelf: Occaſion will not ſtay;
'Tis loſt, unleſs you take it while you may.

Tumult and Ruin will o'erwhelm the State;
And you'll be guilty of your Country's Fate.

Luc. [*Aſide.*] Some form'd Deſign againſt the King is laid;
Let's try how far our Reaſon may perſwade.
To him.] The Crown you value ſo, my Brother bears
Upon his Head, and with it all the Cares;
While I enjoy th'advantage of his State,
And all the Crown can give, except the Weight.
Long may he reign, that is ſo far above
All Vice, all Paſſion, but Exceſs of Love.
And can th'Effects of Love appear ſo ſtrange,
That into Beaſts our greateſt Gods cou'd change?

Mel. The deathleſs Gods, when they commit a Rape,
Diſguis'd a while, again reſume their Shape:
But Princes once turn'd into Beaſts, remain
For ever ſo: and ſhou'd, like Beaſts, be ſlain.

Luc. Tho' more in Years, you have a Miſtreſs ſtill;
And for that Fault wou'd you your Sov'raign kill?
Love is the Frailty of Heroic Minds;
And, where great Virtues are, our Pardon finds.
Brutes may be chaſte; Pidgeons, Swans and Doves,
Are more confin'd, than we are, in their Loves.
Juſtice and Bounty, in a Prince, are things
That Subjects make as happy as their Kings.
Will you contract the Guilt of Royal Blood?
And rob your Country of her chiefeſt Good?

Mel. Of one, whoſe Luſt His Family has ſtain'd,
By whoſe good Conduct he ſecurely reign'd.

Luc.

Luc. Of one, whoſe Choice firſt made your Valour known,
And with whoſe Armies you have got Renown.
'Tis all the Gratitude Subjects can ſhew,
To bear with Patience what their Princes do.
Mel. Yet *Brutus* did not let proud *Tarquin* 'ſcape.
Luc. The Prince his Son was guilty of a Rape.
For Joys extorted with a violent Hand,
Revenge is juſt, and may with Honour ſtand.
But ſhou'd a Prince, becauſe he does comply
With one that's Fair, and not unwilling, die?
Or is it fit the People ſhou'd be taught
Your Siſter's Frailty, with my Brother's Fault?
Mel. Let her be known unchaſt; ſo it be ſaid,
That he that durſt perſwade her to't is dead.
Luc. The King has wrong'd you: Is it juſt that you
Miſchief to me and the whole Nation do?
Mel. Rather than not accompliſh my Revenge,
Juſt, or unjuſt, I would the World unhinge.
Luc. Yet of all Virtues, Juſtice is the beſt:
Valour without it, is a common Peſt.
Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac'd,
Shew us how ill that Virtue may be plac'd.
'Tis our Complexion makes us chaſt or brave;
Juſtice from Reaſon, and from Heav'n, we have:
All other Virtues dwell but in the Blood,
That in the Soul, and gives the Name of Good.

Juſtice, the Queen of Virtues, you deſpiſe,
And only rude and ſavage Valour prize.
To your Revenge you think the King, and all
That Sacred is, a Sacrifice ſhou'd fall:
The Town be ruin'd, and this Iſle laid waſte,
Only becauſe your Siſter is not chaſte.
Can you expect, that ſhe ſhou'd be ſo ſage
To rule her Blood, and you not rule your Rage?
Both foul Diſtempers are; but your's the worſe,
Leſs Pleaſure has, and brings the greater Curſe.

Mel. In idle *Rhodes* Philoſophers are bred,
And you, young Prince, are in their Morals read.
Nor is it hard for one that feels no Wrong,
For patient Duty to employ his Tongue.
Oppreſſion makes Men mad, and from their Breaſt
All Reaſon does, and Senſe of Duty, wreſt.
The Gods are ſafe, when under Wrongs we groan,
Only becauſe we cannot reach their Throne.
Shall Princes then, that are but Gods of Clay,
Think they may ſafely with our Honour play?
Reward a Soldier's Merit with a Stain
To his whole Race, and yet ſecurely reign?
Farewel! I know ſo brave a Prince will ſcorn
To tell the Secret unto which he's ſworn.

Luc. [*aſide.*] I promis'd Secrecy, but did not ſay
I wou'd look tamely on.——*Melantius*, ſtay:
You have my Promiſe, and my haſty Word
Reſtrains my Tongue, but ties not up my Sword.

Ot

Of other Virtues tho' you are bereft
By your wild Rage, I know your Valour's left.
Swear not to touch my Brother, or with Speed
Behind the Caſtle-wall let's meet. *Mel.* Agreed.

[*Exit* Lucippus.

Mel. His well-known Virtue, and his conſtant Love
To his bad Brother, may the People move:
I'll take th' occaſion, which he gives, to bring
Him to his Death, and then deſtroy the King.

[*Exit* Melantius

Enter the King as diſcovering himſelf.

King. O! what an Happineſs it is to find
A Friend of our own Blood, a Brother kind!
A Prince ſo good, ſo juſt, ſo void of Fear,
Is of more value than the Crown I wear.
The Kingdom offer'd, if he wou'd engage,
He has refuſ'd with a becoming Rage.
For ſuch a Brother, to th' immortal Gods
More Thanks I owe, than for the Crown of *Rhodes*.
Happy this Iſle, with ſuch a Hero bleſt!
What Virtue dwells not in his Loyal Breaſt?

Enter Strato.

Stra. Sir, we are loſt; *Melantius* has the Fort,
And the Town riſes to aſſault the Court,
Where they will find the ſtrongeſt part their own:
If you'll preſerve your ſelf, you muſt be gone.
I have a Garden opens to the Sea,
From whence I can your Majeſty convey

To ſome near Friend.

[*King.* There with your Shallop ſtay.
The Game's not loſt; I have one Card to play.
Suffer not *Diphilus* to leave the Court,
But bid him preſently to me reſort. [*Ex.* Strato.
Had not this Challenge ſtopt th' impendent Fate,
We muſt have periſh'd with the ruin'd State.
Forts, Soldiers, Citizens, of all bereſt,
There's nothing but our private Valour left:
If he ſurvive, I have not long to reign;
But he that's injur'd, ſhou'd be fairly ſlain:
The People for their Darling wou'd repine,
If he ſhou'd fall by any Hand but mine.
Leſs wiſe than valiant, the vain Man is gone
To fight a Duel, when his Work was done.
Shou'd I command my Guards to find him, where
He meets my Brother, and deſtroy him there,
All hope of Peace wou'd be for ever loſt;
And the wild Rabble wou'd adore his Ghoſt.
Dead, than alive, he wou'd do greater harm,
And the whole Iſland, to revenge him, arm.
So popular, ſo mighty have I made
This fighting Man, while I liv'd in the Shade.
But 'twas a double Fault, to raiſe him ſo,
And then Diſhonour on his Houſe to throw.
Ill-govern'd Paſſions in a Prince's Breaſt,
Hazard his private, and the publick Reſt.
Slaves to our Paſſions we become, and then
It grows impoſſible to govern Men.

But Errors, not to be recall'd, do find
Their beſt Redreſs from Preſence of the Mind.
Courage our greateſt Failings does ſupply,
And makes all good, or handſomely we dye.
Life is a thing of common uſe, by Heav'n
As well to Inſects as to Princes giv'n,
But, for the Crown, 'tis a more ſacred thing:
I'll dying loſe it, or I'll live a King.

Enter Diphilus.

Come, *Diphilus*, we muſt together walk,
And of a matter of Importance talk.

Diph. [*aſide.*] What Fate is this! Had he ſtay'd half an Hour,
The riſing Town had freed me from his Pow'r. [*Exe.*

SCENE *changes into a Field: Into which enter* Lucippus *and* Melantius, *with Swords drawn.*

Mel. Be yet adviſ'd, th' injurious King forſake;
Death, or a Scepter, from *Melantius* take.

Luc. Be thou adviſ'd, thy black Deſign forſake;
Death, or this Counſel, from *Lucippus* take.

Mel. Youth and vain Confidence thy Life betray:
Thro' Armies this has made *Melantius'* way.

Luc. Drawn for your Prince, that Sword cou'd Wonders do;
The better Cauſe makes mine the ſharper now.
Thy brutal Anger does the Gods defy;
Kings are their Care: Reſume thy Loyalty;

Or from thy guilty Head I'll pluck the Bays,
And all thy Triumphs ſhall become my Praiſe.

Mel. That ſhall be quickly try'd.

Enter the King with Diphilus.

King. With Sword in Hand,
Like a good Brother, by your Brother ſtand.

Diph. Glad that your Pleaſure lies this noble way,
I never did more willingly obey.

King. Thy Life, *Melantius*, I am come to take,
Of which foul Treaſon does a Forfeit make.
To do thee Honour, I will ſhed that Blood,
Which the juſt Laws, if I were faultleſs, ſhou'd.

Mel. 'Tis bravely urg'd, Sir; but, their Guards away,
Kings have but ſmall Advantage of the Law.

King. Having infring'd the Law, I wave my Right
As King, and thus ſubmit my ſelf to fight.
Why did not you your own fierce Hand employ,
As I do mine, and tell the Reaſon why?
A Subject ſhou'd be heard before he's ſlain;
And does leſs Right belong to us that Reign?

Mel. If, as unjuſt, I cou'd have thought you brave,
This way I choſen had Revenge to have.
A way ſo noble, that I muſt confeſs
Already I begin to hate you leſs.
So unexpected, and ſo brave a thing,
Makes me remember that you are a King.
And I cou'd rather be contented, ſince
He challeng'd firſt, to combat with that Prince;

That

That ſo, a Brother for a Siſter chang'd,
We may be of your wanton Pride reveng'd.

King. 'Twas I that wrong'd you, you my Life have ſought.
No Duel ever was more juſtly fought.
We both have Reaſon for our fatal Wrath;
Nor is it fit the World ſhou'd hold us both.

Lucippus to the King apart.

Me for what nobler uſe can you reſerve,
Than thus the Crown from Danger to preſerve?
Members expoſe themſelves, to ſave the Head:
This way he ſhall be ſatisfy'd, or dead.

Melantius to his Brother apart.

Tho' foul Injuſtice Majeſty did ſtain,
This noble Carriage makes it bright again.
When Kings with Courage act, ſomething divine,
That calls for Rev'rence, does about them ſhine.

Diph. Were we born Princes, we cou'd not expect,
For an Affront receiv'd, greater Reſpect.
They that with ſharpeſt Injuries are ſtung,
If fairly fought withal, forget the Wrong.
A thouſand Pities, ſuch a Royal Pair
Shou'd run this hazard, for a wanton Fair!

Mel. Let us fight ſo, as to avoid th' Extream
Either of fearing, or of killing them.

Lucippus apart to his Brother.

Sir, you ſhou'd wield a Scepter, not a Sword;
Not with your Weapon kill, but with your Word.
The Gods by others execute their Will.

King. Yet Heav'n does oft with its own Thunder kill:

And when Neceſſity and Right command,
A Sword is Thunder in a Sov'raign's Hand.
Let us diſpatch, leſt any find us here,
Before we fight; or they grow leſs ſevere.

[*Here they all Fight.*

Lucippus to the King.

Hold, Sir, they only guard, and ſtill give Place.

To them. Fight us as Enemies, or ask for Grace.

Mel. I never thought I cou'd Expedient ſee,
On this ſide Death, to right our Family.
The Royal Sword thus drawn, has cur'd a Wound
For which no other Salve cou'd have been found.
Your Brothers now in Arms our ſelves we boaſt,
A Satisfaction for a Siſter loſt.
The Blood of Kings expos'd, waſhes a Stain
Cleaner, than thouſands of the Vulgar ſlain.
You have our Pardon, Sir: and humbly now,
As Subjects ought, we beg the ſame of you.

[*Here they both kneel.*

Pardon our guilty Rage; which here takes end,
For a loſt Siſter, and a ruin'd Friend.

Luc. Let your great Heart a gracious Motion feel:
Is't not enough, you ſee *Melantius* kneel?
I'll be a Pledge for both; they ſhall be true
As heretofore; and you ſhall truſt 'em too.
His Loyal Arm ſhall ſtill ſupport the State,
And you no more provoke ſo juſt a Hate.

King. Riſe, brave *Melantius*, I thy Pardon ſign,
With as much Joy as I am proud of mine.

Riſe, valiant *Diphilus*; I hope you'll both
Forget my Fault, as I ſhall your juſt Wrath.

Diph. Valour reveal'd in Princes does redeem
Their greateſt Faults, and crowns them with Eſteem.
Uſe us with Honour, and we are your Slaves,
To bleed for you, when leaſt Occaſion craves.

King. With Honour and with Truſt this Land ſhall know,
After my Brother, none ſo great as you.

Enter the King's Guards.

Mel. If theſe approach us, Sir, by your Command,
Take back your Pardon, on our Guard we ſtand.

The King ſteps between 'em.

King. What over-diligence has brought you here?

Guard. Such as you'll pardon when the News you hear.
Amyntor is retir'd, *Aſpaſia* gone;
And a ſtrange Humour does poſſeſs the Town:
They arm apace, Sir, and aloud declare
Things which we dare not whiſper in your Ear.
The Council met, your Guards to find you ſent,
And know your Pleaſure in this Exigent.
This honour'd Perſon you might juſtly fear,
Were he not Loyal, and amongſt us here;
They ſay his Merit's ill return'd, and cry,
With great *Melantius* they will live and die.

Mel. Sir, not your Pow'r, but Virtue, made me bow;
For all he tells you, I did kneeling know.
Tho' now the faithful'ſt of your Subjects, we
Have been the Cauſe of all this Mutiny.

Go

Go comfort, Sir, *Amyntor*, while we run
To ſtop the Rage of this revolting Town;
And let them know the Happineſs they have
In ſuch a Royal Pair, ſo juſt, ſo brave.
Lend me your Guards, that if Perſwaſion fail,
Force may againſt the Mutinous prevail.

King [*to the Guards*] Go, and obey, with as exact a Care
All his Commands, as if our ſelf were there.
[*Aſide.*] He that depends upon another, muſt
Oblige his Honour with a boundleſs Truſt.

[*Exeunt King and* Lucippus.

Mel. How frail is Man! how quickly changed are
Our Wrath and Fury to a Loyal Care!
This drawn but now againſt my Sov'raign's Breaſt,
Before 'tis ſheath'd, ſhall give him Peace and Reſt.

[*Exeunt Brothers and Guards.*

The SCENE *changes into a Foreſt.*

Enter Aſpaſia.

Aſp. They ſay wild Beaſts inhabit here;
But Grief and Wrong ſecure my Fear.
Compar'd to him that does refuſe,
A Tyger's kind, for he purſues.
To be forſaken's worſe than torn;
And Death a leſſer Ill than Scorn.
No Foreſt, Cave, or Savage Den
Holds more pernicious Beaſts than Men.
Vows, Oaths, and Contracts they deviſe,
And tell us, they are Sacred Ties;

And

And ſo they are in our Eſteem;
But empty Names, deſpis'd by them.
Women with ſtudy'd Arts they vex:
Ye Gods, deſtroy that impious Sex!
And if there muſt be ſome t'invoke
Your Pow'rs, and make your Altars ſmoke,
Come down your ſelves, and in their Place
Get a more Juſt and Nobler Race:
Such as the old World did adorn,
When Hero's like your ſelves were born.
But this I wiſh not for *Aſpaſia*'s ſake:
For ſhe no God wou'd for *Amyntor* take
The Heart, which is our Paſſion's Seat,
Whether we will or no, does beat:
And yet we may ſuppreſs our Breath:
This lets us ſee that Life and Death
Are in our Pow'r; but Love and Hate,
Depend not on our Will, but Fate.
My Love was lawful, when 'twas born;
Their Marriage makes it merit Scorn.
Evadne's Husband 'tis a Fault
To love, a Blemiſh to my Thought!
Yet twiſted with my Life; and I,
That cannot faultleſs live, will die.
Oh! that ſome hungry Beaſt wou'd come,
And make himſelf *Aſpaſia*'s Tomb!
If none accept me for a Prey.
Death muſt be found ſome other way.

In

In colder Regions Men compoſe
Poiſon with Art; but here it grows,
Not long ſince, walking in the Field,
My Nurſe and I, we there beheld
A goodly Fruit; which tempting me,
I wou'd have pluck'd; but, trembling, ſhe,
Whoever eat thoſe Berries, cry'd,
In leſs than half an Hour dy'd.
Some God direct me to that Bough,
On which thoſe uſeful Berries grow! [*Exit.*

Enter Amyntor *alone.*

Amyn. Repentance, which became *Evadne* ſo,
Wou'd no leſs handſome in *Amyntor* ſhow.
She ask'd me Pardon; but *Aſpaſia*, I,
Injur'd alike, ſuffer to pine and die.
'Tis ſaid, that ſhe this dang'rous Foreſt haunts,
And in ſad Accents utters her Complaints.
If overtaken, ere ſhe periſh, I
Will gain her Pardon, or before her die.
Not ev'ry Lady does from Virtue fall;
Th' injurious King does not poſſeſs them all.
Well I deſerv'd *Evadne*'s Scorn to prove,
That to Ambition ſacrific'd my Love.
Fools that conſult their Avarice or Pride!
To chuſe a Wife, Love is our nobleſt Guide. [*Exit.*

Enter Aſpaſia *alone, with a Bough full of fair Berries.*

Aſp. This happy Bough ſhall give Relief,
Not to my Hunger, but my Grief.

The

The Birds know how to chuſe their Fare,
To peck this Fruit they all forbear.
Thoſe chearful Singers know not why
They ſhou'd make any haſte to dye:
And yet they couple —— Can they know
What 'tis to Love, and not know Sorrow too?
'Tis Man alone that willing dyes;
Beaſts are leſs wretched, or leſs wiſe.
How lovely theſe ill Berries ſhew!
And ſo did falſe *Amyntor* too.
Heav'n wou'd enſnare us! who can 'ſcape
When fatal things have ſuch a Shape?
Nothing in vain the Gods create,
This Bough was made to haſten Fate.
'Twas in Compaſſion of our Woe,
That Nature firſt made Poiſons grow;
For hopeleſs Wretches, ſuch as I,
Kindly providing Means to dye.
As Mothers do their Children keep,
So Nature feeds, and makes us ſleep:
The indiſpos'd ſhe does invite
To go to Bed, before 'tis Night.
Death always is to come, or paſt:
If it be ill, it cannot laſt.
Sure 'tis a thing was never known;
For when that's preſent, we are gone.
'Tis an imaginary Line,
Which does our Being here confine.

Dead

Dead we ſhall be, as when unborn;
And then I knew nor Love, nor Scorn.
But ſay we are to live elſewhere,
What has the Innocent to fear?
Can I be treated worſe than here?
Juſtice from hence long ſince is gone,
And reigns where I ſhall be anon.

Enter Amyntor.

Am. 'Tis ſhe; thoſe fatal Berries ſhew
The Miſchief ſhe's about to do.
Women are govern'd by a ſtubborn Fate:
Their Love's inſuperable, as their Hate.
No Merit their Averſion can remove;
Nor ill Requital can efface their Love.

Aſp. Like Slaves redeem'd, Death ſets us free
From Paſſion, and from Injury.
The Living, chain'd to Fortune's Wheel,
In Triumph led, her Changes feel:
And Conquerors kept Poiſons by,
Prepar'd for her Inconſtancy.
Bays againſt Thunder might defend their Brow:
But againſt Love and Fortune here's the Bough.

[*Here ſhe puts ſome of the Berries to her Mouth.*

Amyntor *ſtrikes the Berries out of her Hand, and ſnatches the Bough.*

Am. Raſh Maid, forbear; and lay thoſe Berries by,
Or give them him that has deſerv'd to dye.

Aſp. What double Cruelty is this? Wou'd you,
That made me wretched, keep me always ſo?

Evadne has you: let *Aſpaſia* have
The common Refuge of a quiet Grave;
If you have Kindneſs left, there ſee me laid:
To bury decently the injur'd Maid,
Is all the Favour that you can beſtow,
Or I receive——Pray render me my Bough.

Am. No leſs than you, was your *Amyntor* wrong'd;
The falſe *Evadne* to the King belong'd.
You had my Promiſe, and my Bed is free;
I may be your's, if you can pardon me.

Aſp. Your Vows to her were in the Temple made;
The ſacred Altar witneſs'd what you ſaid.

Am. The Pow'rs above are to no place confin'd,
But ev'ry where hear Promiſes that bind.
The Heav'n, the Air, the Earth, and boundleſs Sea,
Make but one Temple for the Deity:
That was a Witneſs to my former Vow;
None can *Amyntor* juſtly claim, but you.
Who gives himſelf away the ſecond time,
Creates no Title, but commits a Crime.

Aſp. I cou'd have dy'd but once; but this believ'd,
I may, alas! be more than once deceiv'd.
Death was the Port, which I almoſt did gain,
Shall I once more be toſt into the Main?
By what new Gods, *Amyntor*, will you ſwear?

Am. By the ſame Gods, that have been ſo ſevere;
By the ſame Gods, the Juſtice of whoſe Wrath
Puniſh'd th' Infraction of my former Faith.

May

May ev'ry Lady an *Evadne* prove,
That ſhall divert me from *Aſpaſia*'s Love!

Aſp. If ever you ſhou'd prove unconſtant now,
I ſhall remember where thoſe Berries grow.

Am. My Love was always conſtant; but the King,
Melantius' Friendſhip, and that fatal thing
Ambition, me on proud *Evadne* threw;
And made me cruel to my ſelf, and you:
But if you ſtill diſtruſt my Faith, I vow
Here in your Preſence I'll devour the Bough.

Aſp. *ſnatching the Bough from him:*
Raſh Man, forbear! but for ſome Unbelief,
My Joy had been as fatal as my Grief:
The ſudden News of unexpected Bliſs,
Would yet have made a Tragedy of this.
Secure of my *Amyntor*, ſtill I fear
Evadne's mighty Friend, the King.

Am. He's here.

Enter the King, and his Brother, to them.

King, turning to his Brother:
How ſhall I look upon that noble Youth,
So full of Patience, Loyalty, and Truth?
The fair *Aſpaſia* I have injur'd too,
The guilty Author of their double Woe.
My Paſſion's gone, and Reaſon in her Throne,
Amaz'd I ſee the Miſchiefs I have done.
After a Tempeſt, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made.

Am.

Am. Men wrong'd by Kings impute it to their Fate,
And Royal Kindneſs never comes too late:
So when Heav'n frowns, we think our Anger vain;
Joyful and thankful when it ſmiles again.
Taking Aſpaſia *by the Hand.*
This Knot you broke, be pleas'd again to bind,
And we ſhall both forget you were unkind.
King. May you be happy, and your Sorrows paſt,
Set off thoſe Joys I wiſh may ever laſt,
Giving the Letter:
Read this, *Amyntor.*
Am. Evadne fled! *Aſpaſia*, now
You'll have no more Occaſion for your Bough.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſſ. Melantius, Sir, has let the People know
How juſt you are, and how he's grac'd by you.
The Town's appeas'd, and all the Air does ring
With Repetitions of *Long live the King.*
Luc. Sir, let us to the Sacred Temple go,
That you are ſafe our Joys and Thanks to ſhow.
King. Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,
The ſweeteſt Incenſe is fraternal Love:
Like the rich Clouds that riſe from melted Gums,
It ſpreads it ſelf, and the whole Iſle perfumes.
This ſacred Union has preſerv'd the State:
And from all Tempeſt ſhall ſecure our Fate:
Like a well-twiſted Cable, holding faſt
The anchor'd Veſſel in the loudeſt Blaſt.

Am.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the KING.

THE fierce Melantius was content, you see,
The King shou'd live: Be not more fierce than he;
Too long indulgent to so rude a Time,
When Love was held so capital a Crime,
That a Crown'd Head cou'd no Compassion find,
But dy'd, because the Killer had been kind.
Nor is't less strange such mighty Wits as those
Shou'd use a Style in Tragedy, like Prose.
Well sounding Verse, where Princes tread the Stage,
Shou'd speak their Virtue, or describe their Rage.
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that Sound, as well as Sense, perswades:
And Verses are the potent Charms we use,
Heroick Thoughts and Virtue to infuse.
When next we act this Tragedy again,
Unless you like the Change, we shall be slain.
The innocent Aspasia's Life or Death,
Amyntor's too, depends upon your Breath.
Excess of Love was heretofore the Cause;
Now if we die, 'tis want of your Applause.

Mr.

MR. *Waller*, in his first Thoughts of Altering this Play, pitch'd upon a Design of making *Evadne* go among the Vestals. But considering, that the Persons in his Play are suppos'd to be Heathens, who never admitted any but pure Virgins among their Vestals, he chang'd his Design. Nevertheless, before he did so, he had writ the following Verses.

Evadne. *A Vestal vow'd, with Pity I look down*
On the King's Love, and fierce Melantius' *Frown.*
But here's the Sacred Place, where we may have,
Before we dye, an honourable Grave.
We Dead, and they that live retired here,
Obtain like Pardon from the most severe.

[Knocks at a Door.

Enter Governess.

Gov. *The Great* Evadne *visiting our Cell!*
Ev. *'Tis not to visit you; but here to dwell.*
Can you find Room for one so bad as I,
That humbly begs she may among you dye?
Gov. *You that so early can correct your Thoughts,*
May hope for Pardon for your greatest Faults.
Happy is she that from the World retires,
And carries with her what the World admires.
Thrice happy she, whose young Thoughts fixt above,
While she is Lovely does to Heav'n make Love.
Need not urge your Promise, e'er you find
The Entrance here, to leave the World behind?

Ev.

Ev. *My guilty Love Devotion ſhall ſucceed;*
Love ſuch as mine was, tho' a dang'rous Weed,
Shews, the rich Soil on which it grew ſo high,
May yield as fair a Crop of Piety.
But of all Paſſions, I Ambition find
Hardeſt to baniſh from a glorious Mind:
Yet Heav'n our Object made, Ambition may,
As well as Love, be turn'd a nobler way:
Still I aſcend; it is a Step above
A Prince's Favour, to belong to Jove.

[They go in, and the Door ſhuts.

Enter *Melantius* with a Letter.

Among the Veſtals! ſhe'll corrupt them all,
And teach them from their Sacred Vow to fall.

To the Dutcheſs of Orleans, *when She was taking Leave of the Court at* Dover. *In the Year* 1670.

THAT Sun of Beauty did among us riſe,
England firſt ſaw the Light of your fair Eyes:
In *Engliſh* too your early Wit was ſhown;
Favour that Language which was then your own;
When, tho' a Child, thro' Guards you made your way,
What Fleet or Army cou'd an Angel ſtay?
Thrice happy *Britain!* if ſhe cou'd retain
Whom ſhe firſt bred within her ambient Main.
Our late-burnt *London*, in Apparel new,
Shook off her Aſhes to have treated you;
But we muſt ſee our Glory ſnatch'd away,
And with warm Tears increaſe the guilty Sea:
No Wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,
We muſt be wrackt, and our dear Treaſure loſe.
Sighs will not let us half our Sorrows tell:
Fair, Lovely, Great, and Beſt of Nymphs! Farewel.

To a Friend of the Author's, a Perſon of Honour; who lately writ a Religious Book, Entituled,* Hiſtorical Applications, and Occaſional Meditations upon ſeveral Subjects. *In the Year* 1670.

BOLD is the Man that dares ingage
For Piety, in ſuch an Age.
Who can preſume to find a Guard
From Scorn, when Heav'n's ſo little ſpar'd?
Divines are pardon'd, they defend
Altars on which their Lives depend;
But the Prophane impatient are,
When Nobler Pens make this their Care.
For why ſhou'd theſe let in a Beam
Of Divine Light, to trouble them,
And call in doubt their pleaſing Thought,
That none believes what we are Taught?
High Birth and Fortune warrant give,
That ſuch Men write what they believe;
And feeling firſt what they indite,
New Credit give to ancient Light.
Amongſt theſe few, our Author brings
His well-known Pedigree from Kings.
This Book, the Image of his Mind,
Will make his Name not hard to find.

---

* *Supposed to be the Lord* Berkley *of* Berkley.

I wiſh the Throng of *Great* and *Good*
Made it leſs eas'ly underſtood.

Written on a Card that Her MAJESTY *tore at* Ombra.

THE Cards you tear in Value riſe,
So do the Wounded by your Eyes:
Who to Celeſtial Things aſpire,
Are by that Paſſion rais'd the higher.

To the DUTCHESS, *when he preſented this Book to Her Royal Highneſs.*

MADAM,

I Here preſent you with the Rage,
And with the Beauties, of a former Age;
Wiſhing you may, with as great Pleaſure, view
This, as we take in Gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then; your brighter Eyes inſpire
A nobler Flame, and raiſe our *Genius* higher:
While we your Wit and early Knowledge fear,
To our Productions we become ſevere:
Your matchleſs Beauty gives our Fancy Wing;
Your Judgment makes us careful how we ſing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haſt,
Poliſh'd, like Marble, ſhall like Marble laſt;

And make you through as many Ages ſhine,
As *Taſſo* has the Heroes of your Line.
Tho' other Names our wary Writers uſe,
You are the Subject of the *Britiſh* Muſe;
Dilating Miſchief to your ſelf unknown,
Men write, and die, of Wounds they dare not own.
So the bright Sun burns all our Graſs away,
While it means nothing but to give us Day.

Theſe VERSES were writ in the Taſſo *of Her Royal Highneſs.*

TAſſo knew how the fairer Sex to grace,
But in no One durſt all Perfection place:
In Her alone, that owns this Book, is ſeen,
Clorinda's Spirit, and her lofty Mein:
Sophronia's Piety, *Erminia*'s Truth,
Armida's Charms, her Beauty, and her Youth.
Our Princeſs here, as in a Glaſs, do's dreſs
Her well-taught Mind, and ev'ry Grace expreſs,
More to our Wonder, than *Rinaldo* fought;
The Hero's Race excels the Poet's Thought.

EPI-

EPILOGUE, *Deſign'd upon the firſt Alteration of the* Maid's Tragedy; *when the King only was left alive.*

A *Spaſia* bleeding on the Stage does lye,
To ſhew you ſtill 'tis the *Maid's Tragedy.*
The fierce *Melantius*, &c. (*as before, to*
——*the Killer had been kind.*
This better-natur'd Poet had repriev'd
Gentle *Amyntor* too, had he believ'd
The fairer Sex his Pardon cou'd approve,
Who to Ambition ſacrific'd his Love.
Aſpaſia he has ſpar'd; but for her Wound,
Neglected Love, there cou'd no Salve be found.
When next we act this Tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the Change, I muſt be ſlain.
Exceſs of Love was heretofore the Cauſe;
Now if I dye, 'tis want of your Applauſe.

On the STATUE *of King* CHARLES *the Firſt, at* Charing-Croſs.

In the Year 1674.

THat the Firſt *Charles* does here in Triumph ride,
See his Son Reign where he a Martyr Dy'd;

And People pay that Rev'rence, as they paſs,
Which then he wanted, to the ſacred Braſs;
Is not th' Effect of Gratitude alone,
To which we owe the Statue and the Stone:
But Heav'n this laſting Monument has wrought,
That Mortals may Eternally be taught,
Rebellion, though ſucceſsful, is but vain;
And Kings ſo kill'd riſe Conquerors again.
This Truth the Royal Image does proclaim,
Loud as the Trumpet of ſurviving Fame.

Upon our late Loſs of the Duke of Cambridge, *Born in* November, 1677. *and Died the* December *following.*

THE failing Bloſſoms which a young Plant bears,
Ingage our Hope for the ſucceeding Years:
And Hope is all which Art or Nature brings,
At the firſt Tryal, to accompliſh things.
Mankind was firſt created an Eſſay;
That ruder Draught the Deluge waſh'd away.
How many Ages paſs'd, what Blood and Toil,
Before we made one Kingdom of this Iſle?
How long in vain had Nature ſtriv'd to frame
A perfect Princeſs, e'er her Highneſs came?
For Joys ſo great we muſt with Patience wait,
'Tis the ſet Price of Happineſs compleat.

As a Firſt-Fruit, Heav'n claim'd that lovely Boy;
The next ſhall Live, and be the Nation's Joy.

Of the Lady MARY, *Princeſs of* Orange. *In the Year* 1677.

AS once the Lion Honey gave,
Out of the Strong ſuch Sweetneſs came;
A Royal Hero, no leſs brave,
Produc'd this ſweet, this lovely Dame.

To Her, the Prince that did oppoſe
Such mighty Armies in the Field,
And *Holland* from prevailing Foes
Cou'd ſo well free, himſelf does yield.

Not *Belgia*'s Fleet (his high Command)
Which triumphs where the Sun does riſe,
Nor all the Force he leads by Land,
Could guard him from her Conqu'ring Eyes.

Orange, with Youth, Experience has,
In Action young, in Council old:
Orange is what *Auguſtus* was,
Brave, Wary, Provident and Bold.

On that fair Tree which bears his Name,
Bloſſoms and Fruit at once are found;

In him we all admire the ſame,
His flow'ry Youth with Wiſdom crown'd.

Empire and Freedom reconcil'd
In *Holland* are, by Great *Naſſau*;
Like thoſe he ſprung from, Juſt and Mild,
To willing People he gives Law.

Thrice Happy Pair! ſo near Ally'd,
In Royal Blood, and Virtue too;
Now Love has you together ty'd,
May none this Triple Knot undo.

The Church ſhall be the happy Place,
Where Streams which from the ſame Source run,
Tho' divers Lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

A thouſand Thanks the Nation owes
To him that does protect us all;
For while he thus his Neice beſtows,
About our Iſle he builds a Wall;

A Wall like that which *Athens* had,
By th' Oracle's Advice, of Wood:
Had their's been ſuch as *Charles* has made,
That mighty State 'till now had ſtood.

Upon the Earl of Roſcommon's *Tranſlation of* Horace de Arte Poetica: *And of the Uſe of Poetry. In the Year* 1680.

ROME was not better by her *Horace* taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his Thought;
The Poet writ to noble *Piſo* there,
A Noble *Piſo* does inſtruct us here,
Gives us a Pattern in his flowing Style,
And with rich Precepts does oblige our Iſle,
Britain, whoſe *Genius* is in Verſe expreſt
Bold and ſublime, but negligently dreſt.
Horace will our ſuperfluous Branches prune,
Give us new Rules, and ſet our Harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged Horſe,
Favour his Flight, and moderate his Force.
Tho' Poets may of Inſpiration boaſt;
Their Rage, ill-govern'd, in the Clouds is loſt:
He that proportion'd Wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his Fancy and his Judgment ſhows.
Chaſt moral Writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no Wit can recompence:
The Fountain which from *Helicon* proceeds,
That ſacred Stream, ſhou'd never water Weeds;
Nor make the Crop of Thorns and Thiſtles grow,
Which Envy, or perverted Nature, ſow.

Well ſounding Verſes are the Charm we uſe,
Heroick Thoughts, and Virtue, to infuſe;
Things of deep Senſe we may in Proſe unfold,
But they move more in lofty Numbers told;
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that Sound, as well as Senſe, perſwades.
The Muſes' Friend, unto himſelf ſevere,
With ſilent Pity looks on all that Err:
But where a Brave, a Publick Action ſhines,
That he rewards with his Immortal Lines:
Whether it be in Council, or in Fight,
His Country's Honour is his chief Delight:
Praiſe of great Acts he ſcatters as a Seed,
Which may the like in coming Ages breed.

Here taught the Fate of Verſes, always priz'd
With Admiration, or as much deſpis'd;
Men will be leſs indulgent to their Faults,
And Patience have to cultivate their Thoughts:
(Poets loſe half the Praiſe they ſhou'd have got,
Cou'd it be known what they diſcreetly blot:)
Finding new Words, that to the raviſh'd Ear
May like the Language of the Gods appear;
Such as, of old, wiſe Bards employ'd, to make
Unpoliſh'd Men their wild Retreats forſake;
Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming Brutes,
And raiſing Cities, with their charming Lutes;
For rudeſt Minds with Harmony were caught,
And civil Life was by the Muſes taught.

So wand'ring Bees wou'd periſh in the Air,
Did not a Sound, proportion'd to their Ear,
Appeaſe their Rage, invite them to the Hive,
Unite their Force, and teach them how to thrive,
To rob the Flow'rs, and to forbear the Spoil;
Preſerv'd in Winter by the Summer's Toil,
They give us Food, which may with Nectar vie,
And Wax, that does the abſent Sun ſupply.

Of Her Majeſty Queen CATHARINE, *on* New-Years Day, 1683.

WHAT Revolutions in the World have been,
How are we chang'd, ſince we firſt ſaw the Queen?
She, like the Sun, does ſtill the ſame appear,
Bright as She was at her Arrival here:
Time has Commiſſion Mortals to impair,
But Things Celeſtial is oblig'd to ſpare.
May ev'ry *New-Year* find her ſtill the ſame,
In Health and Beauty, as She hither came;
When Lords and Commons with united Voice,
Th' *Infanta* nam'd, approv'd the Royal Choice!
Firſt of our Queens, whom not the King alone,
But the whole Nation, lifted to the Throne!
With like Conſent, and like Deſert, was crown'd
The Glorious Prince, that does the *Turk* confound.

Victorious both; his Conduct wins the Day,
And her Example chaces Vice away.
Tho' louder Fame attend the Martial Rage;
'Tis greater Glory to reform the Age.

Of TEA, commended by her Majesty.

Venus her Myrtle, *Phœbus* has his Bays;
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
The best of Queens, and best of Herbs, we owe
To that bold Nation, which the Way did show
To the fair Region, where the Sun does rise;
Whose rich Productions we so justly prize.
The Muse's Friend, Tea, does our Fancy aid;
Repress those Vapours which the Head invade;
And keeps that Palace of the Soul serene,
Fit on her Birth-day to salute the Queen.

The Triple Combat.

WHEN thro' the World fair *Mazarin* had run,
Bright as her Fellow-Traveller, the Sun;
Hither at length the *Roman* Eagle flies,
As the last Triumph of her conqu'ring Eyes,

As

As Heir to *Julius*, ſhe may pretend
A ſecond time to make this Iſland bend.
But *Portſmouth*, ſpringing from the Ancient Race
Of *Britains*, which the *Saxon* here did chaſe,
As they Great *Caſar* did oppoſe, makes Head,
And does againſt this new Invader lead.
That goodly Nymph, the Taller of the two,
Careleſs and fearleſs to the Field does go.
Becoming Bluſhes on the other wait,
And her young Look excuſes want of Height:
Beauty gives Courage; for ſhe knows the Day
Muſt not be won the *Amazonian* way.
Legions of *Cupids* to the Battel come,
For little *Britain* theſe, and thoſe for *Rome*.
Dreſt to Advantage, this Illuſtrious Pair
Arriv'd, for Combat in the Liſt appear.
What may the Fates deſign! For never yet
From diſtant Regions two ſuch Beauties met.
Venus had been an equal Friend to both,
And Vict'ry to declare her ſelf ſeems loath;
Over the Camp with doubtful Wings ſhe flies;
'Till *Chloris* ſhining in the Field ſhe ſpies.
The lovely *Chloris* well attended came,
A thouſand Graces waited on the Dame:
Her matchleſs Form made all the *Engliſh* glad,
And Foreign Beauties leſs Aſſurance had.
Yet, like the Three on *Ida*'s Top, they all
Pretend alike, conteſting for the Ball:

Which

Which to determine, Love himſelf declin'd,
Leſt the Neglected ſhou'd become leſs kind.
Such killing Looks; ſo thick the Arrows fly;
That 'tis unſafe to be a Stander by!
Poets approaching to deſcribe the Fight,
Are by their Wounds inſtructed how to write.
They with leſs hazard might look on, and draw,
The ruder Combats in *Alſatia*;
And, with that Foil of Violence and Rage,
Set off the Splendor of our Golden Age:
Where Love gives Law, Beauty the Scepter ſways,
And, uncompell'd, the happy World obeys.

Of an Elegy made by Mrs. Wharton *on the Earl of* Rocheſter.

THUS mourn the Muſes, on the Herſe
Not ſtrowing Tears, but laſting Verſe;
Which ſo preſerve the Hero's Name,
They make him live again in Fame.
Chloris, in Lines ſo like his own,
Gives him ſo juſt and high Renown;
That ſhe th'afflicted World relieves,
And ſhews, that ſtill in her he lives.
Her Wit as Graceful, Great and Good,
Ally'd in Genius, as in Blood,

His Loſs ſupplies; now all our Fears
Are, that the Nymph ſhou'd melt in Tears.
Then, faireſt *Chloris*, Comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our Sake;
Leſt his fair Soul, that lives in you,
Shou'd from the World for ever go.

On the Duke of Monmouth's *Expedition into* Scotland, *in the Summer Solſtice. In the Year* 1678.

SWIFT as *Jove*'s Meſſenger the winged God,
With Sword as Potent as his Charming Rod,
He flew to execute the King's Command,
And in a Moment reach'd that *Northern* Land,
Where Day contending with approaching Night,
Aſſiſts the Hero with continu'd Light.
On Foes ſurpriz'd, and by no Night conceal'd,
He might have ruſh'd; but noble Pity held
His Hand awhile, and to their Choice gave Space,
Which they wou'd prove, his Valour, or his Grace.
This not well heard, his Cannon louder ſpoke,
And then, like Lightning, thro' that Cloud he broke.
His Fame, his Conduct, and that Martial Look,
The guilty *Scotch* with ſuch a Terror ſtrook;

That

That to his Courage they reſign the Field,
Who to his Bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that ſo little Loyal Blood it coſt,
He grieves ſo many *Britains* ſhou'd be loſt;
Taking more Pains, when he beheld them yield,
To ſave the Flyers, than to win the Field:
And at the Court his Int'reſt does employ,
That none, who 'ſcap'd his fatal Sword, ſhou'd die.

And now theſe raſh bold Men their Error find,
Not truſting one beyond his Promiſe kind;
One whoſe great Mind, ſo Bountiful and Brave,
Had learnt the Art to Conquer, and to Save.

In Vulgar Breaſts no Royal Virtues dwell,
Such Deeds as theſe his high Extraction tell;
And give a ſecret Joy to him that Reigns,
To ſee his Blood triumph in *Monmouth*'s Veins:
To ſee a Leader, whom he got and choſe,
Firm to his Friends, and fatal to his Foes,

But ſeeing Envy, like the Sun, does beat,
With ſcorching Rays, on all that's high and great:
This, ill-requited *Monmouth*, is the Bough
The Muſes ſend to ſhade thy Conqu'ring Brow.
Lampoons, like Squibs, may make a preſent Blaze;
But Time and Thunder pay Reſpect to Bays.
Achilles' Arms dazle our preſent View,
Kept by the Muſe as Radiant and as New,
As from the Forge of *Vulcan* firſt they came;
Thouſands of Years are paſt, and they the ſame;
Such Care ſhe takes, to pay Deſert with Fame:

Than which, no Monarch, for his Crown's Defence,
Knows how to give a nobler Recompence.

Of the late Invaſion and Defeat of the Turks, *&c. In the Year* 1683.

THE Modern *Nimrod*, with a ſafe Delight
Purſuing Beaſts, that ſave themſelves by Flight,
Grown proud, and weary of his wonted Game,
Wou'd Chriſtians chaſe, and ſacrifice to Fame.
A Prince, with Eunuchs and the ſofter Sex
Shut up ſo long, wou'd Warlike Nations vex;
Provoke the *German*, and, neglecting Heav'n,
Forget the Truce for which his Oath was giv'n.
His Grand Viſier, preſuming to inveſt
The chief Imperial City of the Weſt;
With the firſt Charge compell'd in haſte to riſe,
His Treaſure, Tents, and Cannon, left a Prize,
The Standard loſt, and Janizaries ſlain,
Render the Hopes he gave his Maſter vain.
The flying *Turks*, that bring the Tidings home,
Renew the Mem'ry of his Father's Doom,
And his Guards murmur, that ſo often brings
Down from the Throne their unſucceſsful Kings.
The trembling *Sultan*'s forc'd to expiate
His own ill Conduct, by another's Fate:

The

The *Grand Viſier*, a Tyrant, tho' a Slave,
A fair Example to his Maſter gave;
He *Baſſas* Heads, to ſave his own, made fly,
And now, the *Sultan* to preſerve, muſt die.

The fatal Bow-ſtring was not in his Thought,
When, breaking Truce, he ſo unjuſtly fought;
Made the World tremble with a num'rous Hoſt,
And of undoubted Victory did boaſt.
Strangled he lies! Yet ſeems to cry aloud,
To warn the Mighty, and inſtruct the Proud;
That of the Great, neglecting to be Juſt,
Heav'n in a Moment makes an heap of Duſt.

The *Turks* ſo low, why ſhou'd the Chriſtians loſe
Such an Advantage of their Barb'rous Foes?
Neglect their preſent Ruin to compleat,
Before another *Solyman* they get?
Too late they wou'd with Shame, repenting, dread
That num'rous Herd, by ſuch a Lion led.
He *Rhodes* and *Buda* from the Chriſtians tore,
Which timely Union might again reſtore.

But, ſparing *Turks*, as if with Rage poſſeſt,
The Chriſtians periſh, by themſelves oppreſt:
Cities and Provinces ſo dearly won,
That the Victorious People are undone!

What Angel ſhall deſcend, to reconcile
The Chriſtian States, and end their guilty Toil?
A Prince more fit, from Heav'n we cannot ask,
Than *Britain*'s King, for ſuch a Glorious Task:

His

His dreadful Navy, and his lovely Mind,
Give him the Fear and Favour of Mankind.
His Warrant does the Chriſtian Faith defend;
On that relying, all their Quarrels end:
The Peace is ſign'd, and *Britain* does obtain,
What *Rome* had ſought from her fierce Sons in vain.

In Battels won, Fortune a Part doth claim,
And Soldiers have their Portion in the Fame:
In this ſucceſsful Union we find
Only the Triumph of a worthy Mind:
'Tis all accompliſh'd by his Royal Word,
Without unſheathing the deſtructive Sword;
Without a Tax upon his Subjects laid,
Their Peace diſturb'd, their Plenty, or their Trade:
And what can they to ſuch a Prince deny,
With whoſe Deſires the greateſt Kings comply?

The Arts of Peace are not to him unknown,
This happy way he march'd into the Throne;
And we owe more to Heav'n than to the Sword,
The wiſh'd Return of ſo benign a Lord.

Charles, by old *Greece*, with a new Freedom grac'd,
Above her antique Heroes ſhall be plac'd.
What *Theſeus* did, or *Theban Hercules*,
Holds no Compare with this victorious Peace,
Which, o'er the *Turks*, ſhall greater Honour gain,
Than all their Giants and their Monſters ſlain.
Thoſe are bold Tales, in fab'lous Ages told;
This Glorious Act the Living do behold.

A Preſage of the Ruin of the Turkiſh *Empire, Preſented to His Majeſty King* JAMES II. *on his Birth-Day.*

SINCE *James* the Second grac'd the *Britiſh* Throne,
Truce well obſerv'd has been, infring'd by none;
Chriſtians to him their preſent Union owe,
And late Succeſs againſt the common Foe:
While neighb'ring Princes, loath to urge their Fate,
Court his Aſſiſtance, and ſuſpend their Hate.
So angry Bulls the Combat do forbear,
When from the Wood a Lion does appear.
This happy Day Peace to our Iſland ſent,
As now he gives it to the Continent.
A Prince more fit for ſuch a glorious Task,
Than *England*'s King, from Heav'n we cannot aſk:
He Great and Good proportion'd to the Work,
Their ill-drawn Swords ſhall turn againſt the *Turk*.
Such Kings, like Stars with Influence unconfin'd,
Shine with Aſpect propitious to Mankind;
Favour the Innocent, repreſs the Bold,
And, while they flouriſh, make an Age of Gold.
Bred in the Camp, fam'd for his Valour Young,
At Sea ſucceſsful, vigorous and ſtrong!
His Fleet, his Army, and his mighty Mind,
Eſteem and Rev'rence thro' the World do find.

A Prince, with ſuch Advantages as theſe,
Where he perſuades not, may command a Peace.
Britain declaring for the juſter Side,
The moſt Ambitious will forget their Pride;
They that complain will their Endeavours ceaſe,
Adviſ'd by him, incline to preſent Peace;
Join to the *Turks* Deſtruction, and then bring
All their Pretences to ſo juſt a King.
If the ſucceſsful Troublers of Mankind,
With Laurel crown'd, ſo great Applauſe do find;
Shall the vext World leſs Honour yield to thoſe
That ſtop their Progreſs, and their Rage oppoſe?
Next to that Pow'r which does the Ocean awe,
Is, to ſet Bounds, and give Ambition Law.
The *Britiſh* Monarch ſhall the Glory have,
That famous *Greece* remains no longer Slave;
That Source of Art and cultivated Thought,
Which they to *Rome*, and *Romans* hither brought.
The baniſh'd Muſes ſhall no longer mourn;
But may with Liberty to *Greece* return:
Tho' Slaves, (like Birds that ſing not in a Cage)
They loſt their *Genius* and Poetick Rage;
Homers again, and *Pindars* may be found,
And his great Actions with their Numbers crown'd.
The *Turk*'s vaſt Empire does united ſtand:
Chriſtians divided under the Command
Of jarring Princes, wou'd be ſoon undone,
Did not this *Hero* make their Int'reſt one;

Peace

Peace to embrace, Ruin the common Foe,
Exalt the Croſs, and lay the Croiſſant low.
Thus may the Goſpel to the riſing Sun
Be ſpread, and Flouriſh where it firſt begun:
And this great Day, ſo juſtly honour'd here,
Known to the Eaſt, and Celebrated there.

Hæc Ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime Regum:
Auſus & ipſe manu juvenum tentare laborem. Virg.

OF

DIVINE LOVE,

IN

SIX CANTO'S.

I. *Aſſerting the Authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is reveal'd.*

II. *The Preference and Love of God to Man in the Creation.*

III. *The ſame Love more amply declar'd in our Redemption.*

IV. *How neceſſary this Love is to reform Mankind, and how excellent in it ſelf.*

V. *Shewing how happy the World wou'd be, if this Love were Univerſally Embrac'd.*

VI. *Of preſerving this Love in our Memory, and how uſeful the Contemplation thereof is.*

CANTO I.

THE *Grecian* Muſe has all their Gods ſurviv'd,
Nor *Jove* at us, nor *Phœbus*, is arriv'd;
Frail Deities, which firſt the Poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their Fancies aid!
Yet if they ſtill divert us with their Rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better Age;
When not from *Helicon*'s imagin'd Spring,
But ſacred Writ, we borrow what we ſing?
This with the Fabrick of the World begun,
Elder than Light, and ſhall out-laſt the Sun.
Before this Oracle (like *Dagon*) all
The falſe Pretenders, *Delphos*, *Hammon*, fall:
Long ſince deſpis'd, and ſilent, they afford
Honour and Triumph to th' Eternal Word.
As late Philoſophy our Globe has grac'd,
And rowling Earth among the Planets plac'd;
So has this Book intitl'd us to Heav'n,
And Rules to guide us to that Manſion giv'n:
Tells the Conditions, how our Peace was made,
And is our Pledge for the great Author's Aid.
His Power in Nature's ample Book we find;
But the leſs Volume does expreſs his Mind.
This Light unknown, bold *Epicurus* taught,
That his bleſt Gods vouchſafe us not a Thought;
But unconcern'd, let all below them ſlide,
As Fortune does, or humane Wiſdom, guide.

Religion

Religion thus remov'd, the ſacred Yoke
And Band of all Society is broke:
What Uſe of Oaths, of Promiſe, or of Teſt,
Where Men regard no God but Intereſt?
What endleſs War wou'd jealous Nations tear,
If none above did Witneſs what they Swear?
Sad Fate of Unbelievers, (and yet juſt)
Among themſelves to find ſo little Truſt!
Were Scripture ſilent, Nature wou'd proclaim,
Without a God, our Falſhood and our Shame.
To know our Thoughts the Object of his Eyes,
Is the firſt Step tow'rds being Good, or Wiſe;
For tho' with Judgment we on things reflect,
Our Will determines, not our Intellect:
Slaves to their Paſſion, Reaſon Men employ
Only to compaſs what they wou'd enjoy.
His Fear, to guard us from our ſelves, we need,
And ſacred Writ our Reaſon does exceed.

For tho' Heav'n ſhews the Glory of the Lord,
Yet ſomething ſhines more Glorious in his Word,
His Mercy this (which all his Works excells)
His tender Kindneſs, and Compaſſion, tells:
While we, inform'd by that Celeſtial Book,
Into the Bowels of our Maker look.
Love there reveal'd, which never ſhall have end,
Nor had beginning, ſhall our Song commend;
Deſcribe it ſelf, and warm us with that Flame,
Which firſt from Heav'n, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

THE Fear of Hell, or aiming to be bleſt,
Savours too much of private Intereſt;
This mov'd not *Moſes*, nor the zealous *Paul*,
Who for their Friends abandon'd Soul and all:
A greater yet from Heav'n to Hell deſcends,
To ſave, and make his Enemies his Friends.
What Line of Praiſe can fathom ſuch a Love,
Which reach'd the loweſt Bottom from above?
The Royal Prophet, that extended Grace
From Heav'n to Earth, meaſur'd but half that ſpace:
The Law was regnant, and confin'd his Thought,
Hell was not conquer'd, when that Poet wrote;
Heav'n was ſcarce heard of, until he came down
To make the Region, where Love triumphs, known.
That early Love of Creatures yet unmade,
To frame the World th' Almighty did perſwade:
For Love it was that firſt created Light,
Mov'd on the Waters, chac'd away the Night
From the rude *Chaos*, and beſtow'd new Grace
In Things diſpos'd of to their proper Place,
Some to reſt here, and ſome to ſhine above;
Earth, Sea, and Heav'n, were all th' Effects of Love;
And Love wou'd be return'd; but there was none
That to themſelves, or others, yet were known:
The World a Palace was, without a Gueſt,
Till one appears, that muſt excel the reſt;

One, like the Author, whoſe Capacious Mind
Might, by the Glorious Work, the Maker find;
Might meaſure Heav'n, and give each Star a Name;
With Art and Courage the rough Ocean tame;
Over the Globe with ſwelling Sails might go,
And that 'tis round, by his Experience know;
Make ſtrongeſt Beaſts obedient to his Will,
And ſerve his Uſe the fertile Earth to till.
When, by his Word, God had accompliſh'd all,
Man to create, he did a Council call;
Imploy'd his Hand, to give the Duſt he took
A Graceful Figure, and Majeſtick Look;
With his own Breath, convey'd into his Breaſt
Life, and a Soul fit to command the reſt,
Worthy alone to celebrate his Name
For ſuch a Gift, and tell from whence it came.
Birds ſing his Praiſes, in a wilder Note,
But not with laſting Numbers, and with Thought,
Man's great Prerogative. But above all
His Grace abounds, in his new Fav'rites Fall.
If he Create, it is a World he makes;
If he be angry, the Creation ſhakes:
From his juſt Wrath our guilty Parents fled;
He curſt the Earth, but bruis'd the Serpent's Head:
Amidſt the Storm, his Bounty did exceed,
In the rich Promiſe of the Virgin's Seed:
Tho' Juſtice Death as Satisfaction craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our Graves.

CANTO

CANTO III.

NOT willing Terror ſhou'd his Image move,
He gives a Pattern of Eternal Love;
His Son deſcends, to treat a Peace with thoſe
Which were, and muſt have ever been, his Foes;
Poor he became, and left his Glorious Seat,
To make us Humble, and to make us Great;
His Buſineſs here was Happineſs to give
To thoſe, whoſe Malice cou'd not let him live.
Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
For us reſolv'd to periſh! he refus'd;
While they ſtood ready to prevent his Loſs,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Croſs.
Immortal Love! which in his Bowels reign'd,
That we might be by ſuch great Love conſtrain'd
To make Return of Love; upon this Pole
Our Duty does, and our Religion, rowl.
To Love is to Believe, to Hope, to Know,
'Tis an Eſſay, a Taſte of Heav'n below.
He to proud Potentates wou'd not be known;
Of thoſe that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
'Till Love appear, we live in anxious Doubt;
But Smoak will vaniſh, when that Flame breaks out:
This is the Fire that wou'd conſume our Droſs,
Refine, and make us richer by the Loſs.
Cou'd we forbear Diſpute, and practiſe Love,
We ſhou'd agree, as Angels do above.

Where Love preſides, not Vice alone does find
No Entrance there, but Virtues ſtay behind:
Both Faith, and Hope, and all the meaner Train
Of Moral Virtues, at the Door remain;
Love only enters as a Native there,
For, born in Heav'n, it does but ſojourn here.
He that alone wou'd Wiſe and Mighty be,
Commands that others love, as well as he:
Love as he lov'd! how can we ſoar ſo high?
He can add Wings, when he commands to fly:
Nor ſhou'd we be with this Command diſmay'd;
He that Example gives, will give his Aid;
For he took Fleſh, that where his Precepts fail,
His Practice as a Pattern may prevail.
His Love at once, and Dread, inſtruct our Thought;
As Man he ſuffer'd, and as God he taught:
Will for the Deed he takes; we may with Eaſe
Obedient be, for if we Love, we Pleaſe;
Weak tho' we are, to love is no hard Task,
And Love for Love, is all that Heav'n does ask:
Love, that wou'd all Men juſt and temp'rate make,
Kind to themſelves, and others, for his ſake.
'Tis with our Minds, as with a fertile Ground;
Wanting this Love, they muſt with Weeds abound;
Unruly Paſſions, whoſe Effects are worſe
Than Thorns or Thiſtles ſpringing from the Curſe,

CANTO

CANTO IV.

TO Glory, Man, or Miſery, is born,
Of his proud Foe the Envy or the Scorn;
Wretched he is, or happy, in Extream;
Baſe in himſelf, but great in Heav'n's Eſteem;
With Love, of all Created Things the beſt,
Without it, more pernicious than the reſt.

For greedy Wolves unguarded Sheep devour
But while their Hunger laſts, and then give o'er;
Man's boundleſs Avarice his Want exceeds,
And on his Neighbours, round about him, feeds.

His Pride and vain Ambition are ſo vaſt,
That, Deluge like, they lay whole Nations waſte;
Debauches and Exceſs, tho' with leſs Noiſe,
As great a Portion of Mankind deſtroys.

The Beaſts and Monſters *Hercules* oppreſt,
Might, in that Age, ſome Provinces infeſt;
Theſe more deſtructive Monſters are the Bane
Of ev'ry Age, and in all Nations reign;
But ſoon wou'd vaniſh, if the World were bleſt
With ſacred Love, by which they are repreſt.

Impendent Death, and Guilt that threatens Hell,
Are dreadful Gueſts, which here with Mortals dwell;
And a vext Conſcience, mingling with their Joy
Thoughts of Deſpair, do's their whole Life annoy:
But, Love appearing, all thoſe Terrors fly,
We live contented, and contented die.

They in whoſe Breaſt this ſacred Love has Place,
Death as a Paſſage to their Joy embrace.
Clouds and thick Vapours which obſcure the Day,
The Sun's victorious Beams may chaſe away;
Thoſe which our Life corrupt and darken, Love,
The nobler Star, muſt from the Soul remove:
Spots are obſerv'd in that which bounds the Year,
This brighter Sun moves in a boundleſs Sphere;
Of Heav'n the Joy, the Glory, and the Light,
Shines among Angels, and admits no Night.

CANTO V.

THIS Iron Age, ſo fraudulent and bold,
Touch'd with this Love, wou'd be an Age of Gold;
Not as they feign'd, that Oaks ſhou'd Honey drop,
Or Land neglected bear an unſown Crop:
Love wou'd make all things eaſie, ſafe, and cheap,
None for himſelf wou'd either ſow or reap:
Our ready Help and mutual Love wou'd yield
A nobler Harveſt, than the richeſt Field,
Famine and Death, confin'd to certain Farts,
Extended are, by Barrenneſs of Hearts;
Some pine for Want, where others ſurfeit now,
But then we ſhou'd the uſe of Plenty know;
Love wou'd betwixt the Rich and Needy ſtand,
And ſpread Heav'n's Bounty with an equal Hand;

At once the Givers and Receivers bleſs,
Encreaſe their Joy, and make their Suff'rings leſs.
Who for himſelf no Miracle wou'd make,
Diſpens'd with ſev'ral for the Peoples' ſake;
He that, long Faſting, wou'd no Wonder ſhow,
Made Loaves and Fiſhes, as they eat them, grow:
Of all his Power, which boundleſs was above,
Here he us'd none, but to expreſs his Love;
And ſuch a Love wou'd make our Joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other Mouths we feed.
Laws wou'd be uſeleſs, which rude Nature awe,
Love, changing Nature, wou'd prevent the Law.
Tygers, and Lions, into Dens we thruſt,
But milder Creatures with their Freedom truſt.
Devils are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouſe
No force but Love; nor Bond, but Bounty, knows:
Men, whom we now ſo fierce and dang'rous ſee,
Wou'd Guardian Angels to each other be:
Such Wonders can this mighty Love perform,
Vultures to Doves, Wolves into Lambs transform.
Love, what *Iſaiah* prophecy'd, can do,
Exalt the Valleys, lay the Mountains low;
Humble the Lofty, the Dejected raiſe,
Smooth and make ſtraight our rough and crooked Ways.
Love, ſtrong as Death, and like it, levels all;
With that poſſeſt, the great in Title fall,
Themſelves eſteem but equal to the leaſt,
Whom Heav'n with that high Character has bleſt.

This Love, the Centre of our Union, can
Alone beſtow compleat Repoſe on Man;
Tame his wild Appetite, make inward Peace,
And foreign Strife among the Nations ceaſe:
No Martial Trumpet ſhou'd diſturb our Reſt,
Nor Prince's Arm, tho' to ſubdue the Eaſt;
Where, for the Tomb, ſo many Heroes, taught
By thoſe that guided their Devotion, fought.
Thrice happy we, cou'd we like Ardor have
To gain his Love, as they to win his Grave!
Love, as he lov'd; a Love ſo unconfin'd,
With Arms extended, wou'd embrace Mankind.
Self-Love wou'd ceaſe, or be dilated, when
We ſhou'd behold as many Selfs, as Men;
All of one Family, in Blood ally'd,
His precious Blood! that for our Ranſom dy'd.

CANTO VI.

THO' the Creation, ſo divinely taught,
Prints ſuch a lively Image in our Thought,
That the firſt Spark of new-Created Light,
From *Chaos* ſtruck, affects our preſent Sight:
Yet the firſt Chriſtians did eſteem more bleſt
The Day of Riſing, than the Day of Reſt;
That ev'ry Week might new Occaſion give,
To make his Triumph in their Mem'ry live.

Then

Then let our Muſe compoſe a ſacred Charm
To keep his Blood, among us, ever warm;
And Singing, as the Bleſſed do above,
With our laſt Breath dilate this Flame of Love.
But, on ſo vaſt a Subject, who can find
Words that may reach th'Idea's of his Mind?
Our Language fails, or if it cou'd ſupply,
What Mortal Thought can raiſe it ſelf ſo high?
Deſpairing here, we might abandon Art,
And only hope to have it in our Heart;
But tho' we find this ſacred Task too hard,
Yet the Deſign, th' Endeavour brings Reward;
The Contemplation does ſuſpend our Woe,
And makes a Truce with all the Ills we know.
As *Saul*'s afflicted Spirit, from the Sound
Of *David*'s Harp, a preſent Solace found;
So on this Theam while we our Muſe engage,
No Wounds are felt, of Fortune, or of Age:
On Divine Love to meditate is Peace,
And makes all Care of meaner Things to ceaſe.
Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundleſs Pow'r ſo infinitely kind,
The Soul contending to that Light to fly
From her dark Cell, we practiſe how to die;
Imploying thus the Poet's winged Art,
To reach this Love, and grave it in our Heart.
Joy ſo compleat, ſo ſolid, and ſevere,
Wou'd leave no place for meaner Pleaſures there;

Pale they wou'd look, as Stars that muſt be gone,
When from the Eaſt the riſing Sun comes on.

Floriferis ut Apes in ſaltibus omnia libant,
Sic nos Scriptura depaſcimur aurea dicta;
Aurea perpetuâ ſemper digniſſima vitâ.
Nam Divinus Amor cum cœpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt Animi Terrores: ——— Lucr.

Exul eram, requieſque mihi, non fama petita eſt,
Mens intenta ſuis ne foret uſque malis.
Namque ubi mota calent ſacrâ mea pectora Musâ,
Altior humano Spiritus ille malo eſt. De Triſt.

OF

DIVINE POESIE.

TWO CANTO'S,

Occaſion'd upon Sight of the 53d Chapter of Iſaiah, *turn'd into* Verſe *by Mrs.* WHARTON.

CANTO I.

POets we prize, when in their Verſe we find
Some great Employment of a worthy Mind.
Angels have been inquiſitive to know
The Secret, which this Oracle does ſhow.
What was to come, *Iſaiah* did declare,
Which ſhe deſcribes, as if ſhe had been there;
Had ſeen the Wounds, which to the Reader's View
She drawes ſo lively, that they bleed anew.
As Ivy thrives, which on the Oak takes hold,
So, with the Prophet's, may her Lines grow old;
If they ſhou'd die, who can the World forgive?
Such pious Lines! When wanton *Sappho*'s live.

Who

Who with his Breath his Image did inspire,
Expects it shou'd foment a nobler Fire:
Not Love, which Brutes, as well as Men, may know;
But Love like his, to whom that Breath we owe.
Verse so design'd, on that high Subject wrote,
Is the Perfection of an ardent Thought:
The Smoke which we from burning Incense raise,
When we compleat the Sacrifice of Praise.
In boundless Verse the Fancy soars too high,
For any Object, but the Deity.
What Mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share
In the Superlatives of Wise and Fair?
A meaner Subject when with these we grace,
A Giant's Habit on a Dwarf we place.
Sacred shou'd be the Product of our Muse,
Like that sweet Oil, above all private Use,
On pain of Death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the Altar laid.
Verse shows a rich inestimable Vein;
When dropt from Heav'n, 'tis thither sent again.
Of Bounty 'tis that he admits our Praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise:
For as that Angel up to Heav'n did rise,
Born on the Flame of *Manoah*'s Sacrifice;
So, wing'd with Praise, we penetrate the Sky,
Teach Clouds and Stars to praise him as we fly;
The whole Creation, by our Fall made groan,
His Praise to eccho, and suspend their Moan:

For

For that he Reigns, all Creatures ſhou'd rejoyce,
And we with Songs ſupply their want of Voice.
The Church Triumphant, and the Church below,
In Songs of Praiſe their preſent Union ſhow;
Their Joys are full, our Expectation long;
In Life we differ, but we join in Song.
Angels, and we, aſſiſted by this Art,
May ſing together, tho' we dwell apart.
Thus we reach Heav'n, while vainer Poems muſt
No higher riſe, than Winds may lift the Duſt:
From that they ſpring; this from his Breath that gave,
To the firſt Duſt, th' Immortal Soul we have:
His Praiſe well ſung, our great Endeavour here,
Shakes off the Duſt, and makes that Breath appear.

CANTO II.

HE that did firſt this way of Writing grace,
Convers'd with the Almighty Face to Face;
Wonders he did in Sacred Verſe unfold,
When he had more than eighty Winters told:
The Writer feels no dire Effect of Age,
Nor Verſe that flows from ſo Divine a Rage.
Eldeſt of Poets, he beheld the Light,
When firſt it triumph'd o'er Eternal Night:
Chaos he ſaw, and cou'd diſtinctly tell
How that Confuſion into Order fell:
As if conſulted with, he has expreſt
The Work of the Creator, and his Reſt:

How the Flood drown'd the first offending Race,
Which might the Figure of our Globe deface:
For new-made Earth, so even and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the Air;
Surpriz'd with Heat, and unexpected Cold,
Early Distempers make our Youth look Old:
Our Days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the Ruins of that World we dwell.
Strong as the Oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd Race did on their Force rely,
Neglecting Heav'n: But we, of shorter Date,
Shou'd be more mindful of impendent Fate.
To Worms, that crawl upon the Rubbish here,
This Span of Life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a Noble Seat.
Which well observing, he in num'rous Lines,
Taught wretched Man, how fast his Life declines:
In whom he dwelt, before the World was made,
And may again retire, when that shall fade.
The lasting *Iliads* have not liv'd so long,
As his and *Deborah's* Triumphant Song.
Delphos unknown, no Muse cou'd them inspire,
But that which governs the Celestial Choir.
Heav'n to the Pious did this Art reveal;
And from their Store succeeding Poets steal.
Homer's Scamander for the *Trojans* fought,
And swell'd so high, by her old *Kishon* taught:

His

His River ſcarce cou'd fierce *Achilles* ſtay;
Her's more ſucceſsful, ſwept her Foes away:
The Hoſt of Heav'n, his *Phœbus* and his *Mars*,
He arms; inſtructed by her fighting Stars:
She led them all againſt the common Foe;
But he, miſ-led by what he ſaw below,
The Powers above, like wretched Men, divides,
And breaks their Union into different Sides.

The nobleſt Parts which in his Heroes ſhine,
May be but Copies of that Heroine:
Homer himſelf, and *Agamemnon*, She
The Writer cou'd, and the Commander, be.

Truth ſhe relates, in a ſublimer Strain,
Than all the Tales the boldeſt *Greeks* cou'd feign:
For what ſhe ſung, the Spirit did indite,
Which gave her Courage, and Succeſs, in Fight:
A double Garland crowns the matchleſs Dame;
From Heav'n her Poem, and her Conqueſt, came.

Tho' of the *Jews* ſhe merit moſt Eſteem:
Yet here the Chriſtian has the greater Theme:
Her martial Song deſcribes how *Siſera* fell,
This ſings our Triumph over Death and Hell.

The riſing Light employ'd the ſacred Breath
Of the bleſt Virgin, and *Elizabeth*;
In Songs of Joy the Angels ſung his Birth:
Here, how he treated was upon the Earth
Trembling we read; th' Affliction and the Scorn,
Which, for our Guilt, ſo patiently was born.

Conception,

Conception, Birth, and Suff'ring, all belong,
Tho' various Parts, to one Celeſtial Song:
And ſhe, well uſing ſo divine an Art,
Has, in this Conſort, ſung the Tragick Part.
As *Hannah*'s Seed was vow'd to ſacred Uſe,
So here this Lady conſecrates her Muſe.
With like Reward may Heav'n her Bed adorn,
With Fruit as fair as by her Muſe is Born.

On the Paraphraſe on the LORD's *Prayer, Written by Mrs.* WHARTON.

SIlence, you Winds! liſten, Etherial Lights!
While our *Uranio* ſings what Heav'n indites;
The Numbers are the Nymph's, but from above
Deſcends the Pledge of that Eternal Love.
Here, wretched Mortals have not Leave alone,
But are inſtructed to approach his Throne;
And how can he to miſerable Men
Deny Requeſts, which his own Hand did Pen?
In the Evangeliſts we find the Proſe,
Which, paraphras'd by her, a Poem grows:
A devout Rapture! ſo divine a Hymn!
It may become the higheſt Seraphim;
For they, like her, in that Celeſtial Choir,
Sing only what the Spirit does inſpire.
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may
For all, but Pardon for Offences, pray.

Some

Some Reflections of his upon the ſeveral Petitions in the ſame Prayer.

I. HIS Sacred Name, with Reverence profound,
Shou'd mention'd be, and trembling at the Sound:
It was *Jehovah*, 'tis *Our Father* now,
So low to us does Heav'n vouchſafe to bow.
Pſalm. 18. 9.
He brought it down, that taught us how to Pray,
And did ſo dearly for our Ranſom pay.

II. *His Kingdom come:* For this we pray in vain,
Unleſs he does in our Affections reign:
Abſurd it were to wiſh for ſuch a King,
And not Obedience to his Scepter bring;
Whoſe Yoke is eaſie, and his Burthen light,
His Service Freedom, and his Judgments right.

III. *His Will be done:* In Fact 'tis always done,
But, as in Heav'n, it muſt be made our own:
His Will ſhou'd all our Inclinations ſway,
Whom Nature and the Univerſe obey.
Happy the Man, whoſe Wiſhes are confin'd
To what has been Eternally deſign'd;
Referring all to his Paternal Care,
To whom more dear, than to our ſelves, we are!

IV. It is not what our Avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our Cup:
Like new-born Babes, depending on the Breaſt,
From Day to Day we on his Bounty feaſt.

Nor ſhou'd the Soul expect above a Day
To dwell in her frail Tenement of Clay:
The ſetting Sun ſhou'd ſeem to bound our Race,
And the new Day a Gift of ſpecial Grace.

V. *That he ſhou'd all our Treſpaſſes forgive,*
While we in Hatred with our Neighbours live;
Tho' ſo to Pray may ſeem an eaſie Task,
We curſe our ſelves when thus inclin'd we ask:
This Prayer to uſe, we ought with equal Care
Our Souls as to the Sacrament prepare.
The nobleſt Worſhip of the Pow'r above,
Is to extol, and imitate, his Love:
Not to forgive our Enemies alone,
But uſe our Bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all Temptations of the Foe,*
And thoſe we may in ſeveral Stations know:
The Rich and Poor in ſlippery Places ſtand:
Give us enough, but with a ſparing Hand:
Not ill-perſwading Want, nor wanton Wealth;
But what proportion'd is to Life and Health.
For not the Dead, but Living, ſing thy Praiſe,
Exalt thy Kingdom, and thy Glory raiſe.

——— *Favete Linguis* ———
Virginibus Puerisque canto. Horat.

Of the laſt VERSES in the BOOK.

WHEN we for Age cou'd neither read nor write,
The Subject made us able to indite.
The Soul with nobler Reſolutions deckt,
The Body ſtooping, does her ſelf erect:
No mortal Parts are requiſite to raiſe
Her, that unbody'd can her Maker praiſe.

The Seas are quiet, when the Winds give o'er;
So calm are we, when Paſſions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boaſt
Of fleeting Things, ſo certain to be loſt.
Clouds of Affection from our younger Eyes
Conceal that Emptineſs, which Age deſcries.

The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made:
Stronger by Weakneſs, wiſer Men become,
As they draw near to their eternal Home:
Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
That ſtand upon the Threſhold of the New.

——— *Miratur limen Olympi.* Virgil.

OF THE FEAR of GOD: IN TWO CANTO'S.

Written in the Year 1687.

CANTO I.

THE Fear of God is Freedom, Joy and Peace;
And makes all Ills, that vext us here, to ceaſe:
Tho' the Word, *Fear*, ſome Men may ill endure;
'Tis ſuch a Fear, as only makes ſecure.
Ask of no Angel to reveal thy Fate;
Look in thy Heart, the Mirrour of thy State:
He that Invites will not th' Invited mock;
Op'ning to all, that do in earneſt knock.
Our Hopes are all well grounded on this Fear;
All our Aſſurance rolls upon that Sphere.
This Fear, that drives all other Fears away,
Shall be my Song, the Morning of our Day.
Where this Fear is, there's nothing to be fear'd:
It brings from Heav'n an Angel for a Guard.

Tran-

Tranquillity and Peace this Fear does give:
Hell gapes for thoſe that do without it live.
It is a Beam, which he on Man lets fall,
Of Light; by which he made and governs all.
'Tis God alone ſhou'd not offended be:
But we pleaſe others, as more great than he.
For a good Cauſe, the Sufferings of Man
May well be born: 'Tis more than Angels can.
Man, ſince his Fall, in no mean Station reſts,
Above the Angels, or below the Beaſts.
He with true Joy their Hearts does only fill,
That Thirſt and Hunger to perform his Will.
Others, tho' rich, ſhall in this World be vext;
And ſadly live, in Terror of the next.
The World's great Conqu'ror wou'd his Point purſue;
And wept, becauſe he cou'd not find a New:
Which had he done, yet ſtill he wou'd have cry'd,
To make him work, until a Third he ſpy'd.
Ambition, Avarice will nothing owe
To Heav'n it ſelf, unleſs it make them grow.
Tho' richly fed, Man's Care does ſtill exceed:
Has but one Mouth, yet wou'd a thouſand feed.
In Wealth and Honour, by ſuch Men poſſeſt,
If they increaſe not, there is found no Reſt.
All their Delight is while their Wiſh comes in;
Sad when it ſtops, as there had nothing been:
'Tis ſtrange, Men ſhou'd neglect their preſent Store,
And take no Joy, but in purſuing more:

No,

No, tho' arriv'd at all the World can aim,
This is the Mark and Glory of our Frame:
A Soul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing, but he that made, can satisfy.
A thousand Worlds, if we with him compare,
Less than so many Drops of Water are.
Men take no Pleasure, but in new Designs:
And what they hope for, what they have, outshines.
Our Sheep and Oxen seem no more to crave;
With full Content feeding on what they have,
Vex not themselves for an Increase of Store:
But think to-morrow we shall give them more;
What we from Day to Day receive from Heav'n,
They do from us expect it shou'd be giv'n:
We made them not, yet they on us rely,
More than vain Men upon the Deity:
More Beasts than they, that will not understand,
That we are fed from his immediate Hand.
Man, that in him has Being, moves and lives,
What can he have, or use, but what he gives?
So that no Bread can Nourishment afford,
Or useful be, without his sacred Word.

CANTO II.

EArth praises Conquerors for shedding Blood:
Heav'n those that love their Foes, and do 'em good.

It

It is terreſtrial Honour, to be crown'd
For ſtrowing Men, like Ruſhes, on the Ground:
True Glory 'tis to riſe above them all,
Without th' Advantage taken by their Fall.
He that in Fight diminiſhes Mankind,
Does no Addition to his Stature find:
But he that does a noble Nature ſhow,
Obliging others, ſtill does higher grow;
For Virtue practis'd ſuch an Habit gives,
That among Men he like an Angel lives:
Humbly he doth, and without Envy, dwell,
Lov'd and admir'd by thoſe he does excel.
Fools Anger ſhew, which Politicians hide:
Bleſt with this Fear, Men let it not abide.
The humble Man, when he receives a Wrong,
Refers Revenge to whom it doth belong:
Nor ſees he Reaſon, why he ſhou'd engage,
Or vex his Spirit for another's Rage.
Plac'd on a Rock, vain Men he pities, toſt
On raging Waves, and in the Tempeſt loſt.
The rolling Planets, and the glorious Sun,
Still keep that Order which they firſt begun;
They their firſt Leſſon conſtantly repeat,
Which their Creator, as a Law, did ſet;
Above, below, exactly all obey:
But wretched Men have found another Way.
Knowledge of Good and Evil, as at firſt,
That vain Perſwaſion keeps them ſtill accurſt.

The

The Sacred Word refuſing as a Guide,
Slaves they become to Luxury and Pride.
As Clocks, remaining in the skilful Hand
Of ſome great Maſter, at the Figure ſtand;
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random ſtrike, and the falſe Hour do ſhow:
So from our Maker wandering, we ſtray,
Like Birds, that know not to their Neſts the way.
In him we dwelt before our Exile here;
And may, returning, find Contentment there:
True Joy may find, Perfection of Delight;
Behold his Face, and ſhun eternal Night.

Silence, my Muſe! make not theſe Jewels cheap,
Expoſing to the World too large an Heap.
Of all we read, the ſacred Writ is beſt;
Where great Truths are in feweſt Words expreſt.

Wreſtling with Death, theſe Lines I did indite,
No other Theme cou'd give my Soul Delight.
O that my Youth had thus imploy'd my Pen!
Or that I now cou'd write as well as then!
But 'tis of Grace, if Sickneſs, Age and Pain
Are felt as Throws, when we are born again:
Timely they come to wean us from this Earth;
As Pangs that wait upon a Second Birth.

Mr. *WALL*-

Mr. WALLER's SPEECH to the House of Commons. April 22. 1640.

Mr. SPEAKER,

I Will uſe no Preface, as they do who prepare Men for ſomething in which they have a particular Intereſt: I will only propoſe what I conceive fit for the Houſe to conſider; and ſhall be no more concerned in the Event, than they that ſhall hear me.

Two Things I obſerve in his Majeſty's Demands.

Firſt, The Supply.

Secondly, Our ſpeedy Diſpatch thereof.

Touching the Firſt: His Majeſty's Occaſions for Money are but too evident. For, to ſay nothing, how we are neglected abroad, and diſtracted at home; the Calling of this Parliament, and our Sitting here (an Effect which no light Cauſe cou'd in theſe Times have produced) is enough to make any reaſonable Man believe, That the Exchequer abounds not ſo much in Money, as the State does in Occaſions to uſe it. And I hope we ſhall all appear willing to diſprove thoſe who have thought to diſſwade his Majeſty from this way of Parliaments, as uncertain; and to let Him ſee, it is as ready, and more ſafe, for the Advancement of His Affairs, than any New, or pretended Old, Way whatſoever.

For the ſpeedy Diſpatch required, which was the Second thing, not only his Majeſty, but *Res ipſa loquitur*;

the Occaſion ſeems to importune no leſs: Neceſſity is come upon us like an Armed Man.

Yet the Uſe of Parliaments heretofore (as appears by the Writs that call us hither) was to adviſe with His Majeſty of Things concerning the Church and Commonwealth. And it hath ever been the Cuſtom of Parliaments, by good and wholſome Laws to refreſh the Commonwealth in general; yea and to deſcend into the Remedies of particular Grievances; before any Mention made of a Supply. Look back upon the beſt Parliaments, and ſtill you ſhall find, That the laſt Acts are for the free Gifts of Subſidies on the People's part, and General Pardons on the King's part. Even the wiſeſt Kings have firſt acquainted their Parliaments with their Deſigns, and the Reaſons thereof; and then demanded the Aſſiſtance, both of their Counſel and Purſes. But Phyſicians, tho' they be called of the lateſt, muſt not ſtomach it, or talk what might have been, but apply themſelves roundly to the Cure. Let us not ſtand too nicely upon Circumſtances, not too rigidly poſtpone the Matter of Supply, to the healing of our lighter Wounds. Let us do, what poſſibly may be done with Reaſon and Honeſty on our parts, to comply with his Majeſty's Deſires, and to prevent the imminent Ills which threaten us.

But conſider (Mr. Speaker) that they who think themſelves already undone, can never apprehend themſelves in Danger: and they that have nothing left, can never give freely. Nor ſhall we ever diſcharge the Truſt of thoſe that ſent us hither, or make them believe that they contribute to their own Defence and Safety; unleſs his Majeſty be pleaſed, firſt to reſtore them to the Property of their Goods and Lawful Liberties, whereof they eſteem themſelves now out of Poſſeſſion. One need not tell you, That the Property of Goods is the Mother of Courage, and the Nurſe of Induſtry, makes us valiant in War, and good Husbands in Peace. The Experience I have of former Parliaments, and my preſent Obſervation of the Care the Country has had to chuſe Perſons of Worth and Cou-

rage,

rage, makes me think this House like the *Spartans*, whose forward Valour required some softer Musick to allay and quiet their Spirits, too much moved with the Sound of Martial Instruments. 'Tis not the Fear of Imprisonment, or, if need be, of Death it self, that can keep a true-hearted *English* Man from the Care to leave this part of his Inheritance as entire to Posterity, as he received it from his Ancestors.

This therefore let us first do, and the more speedily, that we may come to the matter of Supply; let us give new Force to the many Laws which have been heretofore made for the maintaining of our Rights and Privileges, and endeavour to restore this Nation to its Fundamental and Vital Liberties, the Property of our Goods, and the Freedom of our Persons: No way doubting, but we shall find his Majesty as gracious and ready, as any of his Royal Progenitors have been, to grant our just Desires therein. For not only the People do think, but the Wisest do know, That what we have suffered in this long Vacancy of Parliaments, we have suffered from his Ministers. That the Person of no King was ever better beloved of his People; and that no People were ever more unsatisfied with the ways of levying Monies, are Two Truths which may serve, one to demonstrate the other: For such is their Aversion to the present Courses, That neither the Admiration they have of his Majesty's native Inclinations to Justice and Clemency, nor the pretended Consent of the Judges, could make them willingly submit themselves to this late Tax of Ship-Money: And such is their Natural Love and just Esteem of his Majesty's Goodness, That no late Pressure could provoke them, nor any Example invite them, to Disloyalty or Disobedience.

But what is it then, that hath bred this Misunderstanding betwixt the King and his People? How is it, that having so good a King, we have so much to complain of? Why, we are told of the Son of *Solomon*, that he was a Prince of a tender Heart; and yet we see, by the Advice of violent Counsellors, how rough an Answer he gave to

his People. *That his Finger ſhould be as heavy as his Father's Loins*, was not his own, but the Voice of ſome Perſons about him, that wanted the Gravity and Moderation requiſite for the Counſellors of a young King. I love not to preſs Allegories too far; but the Reſemblance of *Job*'s Story with ours holds ſo well, that I cannot but obſerve it to you. It pleaſed God to give his Enemy leave to afflict him more than once or twice, and to take all he had from him: and yet he was not provoked to rebel, ſo much as with his Tongue; tho' he had no very good Example of one that lay very near him, and felt not half that which he ſuffer'd. I hope his Majeſty will imitate God in the benigner part too; and as he was ſevere to *Job* only while he diſcourſed with another concerning him; but when he vouchſafed to ſpeak himſelf to him, began to rebuke thoſe, who had miſtaken and miſ-judged his Caſe, and to reſtore the patient Man to his former Proſperity: So now, that his Majeſty hath admitted us to his Preſence, and ſpoken Face to Face with us; I doubt not but we ſhall ſee fairer Days, and be as rich in the Poſſeſſion of our own as ever we were.

I wonder at thoſe that ſeem to doubt the Succeſs of this Parliament, or that the Miſunderſtanding between the King and his People ſhould laſt any longer, now they are ſo happily met. His Majeſty's Wants are not ſo great, but that we may find Means to ſupply him: Nor our Deſires ſo unreaſonable, or ſo incompatible with Government, but that his Majeſty may well ſatisfie them. For our late Experience, I hope, will teach us what Rocks to ſhun, and how neceſſary the uſe of Moderation is. And for his Majeſty, he has had Experience enough, how that proſpers, which is gotten without the concurrent Goodwill of his People: Never more Mony taken from the Subject; never more Want in the Exchequer. If we look upon what has been paid; it is more than ever the People of *England* were wont to pay in ſuch a time: If we look upon what has been effected therewith; it ſhews, as if never King had been worſe ſupplied. So that we ſeem

to

to have endeavoured the filling of a Sieve with Water. Whoſoever gave Advice for theſe Courſes, has made good the Saying of the Wiſe Man, *Qui conturbat Domum ſuam poſſidebit Ventum.* By new ways they think to accompliſh Wonders; but in truth they graſp the Wind, and are at the ſame time cruel to us, and to the King too. For if the Commonwealth flouriſh, then he that hath the Sovereignty can never want nor do amiſs: ſo as he govern not according to the Intereſt of others; but go the ſhorteſt and the ſafeſt Ways, to his own, and the Common Good.

The Kings of this Nation have always governed by Parliament: And if we look upon the Succeſs of things ſince Parliaments were laid by, it reſembles that of the *Grecians*,

Ex illo fluere & retrò ſublapſa referri
Rês Denaum ———

eſpecially on the Subjects part. For though the King hath gotten little; they have loſt all.

But his Majeſty ſhall hear the Truth from us; and we ſhall make appear the Errors of thoſe Divines, who would perſuade us, that a Monarch muſt be Abſolute, and that he may do all things *ad libitum*; receding not only from their Text (tho' that be a wand'ring too) but from the way their own Profeſſion might teach them *State ſuper Vias antiquas*, and *Remove not the ancient Bounds and Land-marks which our Fathers have ſet.* If to be Abſolute, were to be reſtrained by no Laws; then can no King in *Chriſtendom* be ſo; for they all ſtand obliged to the Laws Chriſtian. And we ask no more; for to this Pillar are our Privileges fixt, our Kings at their Coronation taking a ſacred Oath not to infringe them.

I am ſorry theſe Men take no more Care to gain our Belief of thoſe things, which they tell us for our Souls Health; while we know them ſo manifeſtly in the Wrong, in that which concerns the Liberties and Privi-

leges of the Subjects of *England*: But they gain Preferment; and then 'tis no matter, tho' they neither believe themſelves, nor are believed by others. But ſince they are ſo ready to let looſe the Conſciences of their Kings, we are the more carefully to provide for our Protection againſt this Pulpit-Law, by declaring and reinforcing the Municipal Laws of this Kingdom.

It is worth obſerving, how new this Opinion is, or rather this way of ruling, even among themſelves. For *Mr. Hooker*, who ſure was no refractory Man, (as they term it) thinks, That the firſt Government was Arbitrary, 'till it was found, that to live by one Man's Will, became the Cauſe of all Men's Miſery: (Theſe are his Words) concluding, That this was the Original of inventing Laws. And if we look further back, our Hiſtories will tell us, that the Prelates of this Kingdom have often been the Mediators between the King and his Subjects, to preſent and pray Redreſs of their Grievances; and had reciprocally then as much Love and Reverence from the People.

But theſe Preachers, more active than their Predeceſſors, and wiſer than the Laws, have found out a better Form of Government. The King muſt be a more Abſolute Monarch, than any of his Predeceſſors; and to them he muſt owe it: tho' in the mean time, they hazard the Hearts of his People; and involve him in a thouſand Difficulties. For, ſuppoſe this Form of Government were inconvenient; and yet this is but a Suppoſition, for theſe five hundred Years it hath not only maintained us in Safety, but made us Victorious over other Nations; but, I ſay, ſuppoſe they have another Idea of one more convenient; we all know how dangerous Innovations are, though to the better, and what hazard thoſe Princes muſt run, that enterprize the Change of a long-eſtabliſh'd Government. Now of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to ſucceed in this happy Race; Why ſhou'd ſo Pious and ſo Good a King be expoſed to this Trouble and Hazard? Beſides, that Kings ſo diverted can never do any great Matter abroad.

But

But while theſe Men have thus bent their Wits againſt the Laws of their Country; whether they have neglected their own Province, and what Tares are grown up in the Field which they ſhou'd have tilled, I leave to a ſecond Conſideration: Not but that Religion ought to be the firſt thing in our Purpoſes and Deſires; but that which is firſt in Dignity, is not always to precede in order of Time. For Well-being ſuppoſes a Being; and the firſt Impediment, which Men naturally endeavour to remove, is the want of thoſe things, without which they cannot ſubſiſt. God firſt aſſigned unto *Adam* Maintenance of Life, and gave him a Title to the reſt of the Creatures, before he appointed him a Law to obſerve. And let me tell you, if our Adverſaries have any ſuch Deſign; as there is nothing more eaſie, than to impoſe Religion on a People deprived of their Liberties; ſo there is nothing more hard than to do the ſame upon Freemen.

And therefore (Mr. Speaker) I conclude with this Motion, That there may be an Order preſently made, that the firſt thing this Houſe will conſider of, ſhall be the reſtoring this Nation in general to its Fundamental and Vital Liberties; the Property of our Goods, and Freedom of our Perſons: And that then we will forthwith conſider of the Supply deſired.

And thus we ſhall diſcharge the Truſt repoſed in us, by thoſe that ſent us hither. His Majeſty will ſee, that we make more than ordinary haſte to ſatisfie his Demands; and we ſhall let all thoſe know, that ſeek to haſten the matter of Supply, that they will ſo far delay it, as they give Interruption to the former.

Mr. Waller's *Speech in Parliament, at a Conference of both Houſes in the Painted Chamber* July 6, 1641.

MY LORDS,

I Am commanded, by the Houſe of Commons, to preſent you with theſe Articles againſt Mr. Juſtice *Crawley*, which when your Lordſhips ſhall have been pleaſed to hear read, I ſhall take Leave (according to Cuſtom) to ſay ſomething of what I have collected from the Senſe of that Houſe, concerning the Crimes therein contained.

Then the Charge was read, containing his extrajudicial Opinions ſubſcribed, and Judgment given for Ship-Mony; and afterward, a Declaration in his Charge at an Aſſize, That Ship-Mony was ſo inherent a Right in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of a Parliament to take it away.

My Lords,

NOT only my Wants, but my Affections render me leſs fit for this Employment; for though it has not been my Happineſs to have the Law a Part of my Breeding, there is no Man honours that Profeſſion more, or has a greater Reverence towards the grave Judges, the Oracles thereof. Out of Parliament, all our Courts of Juſtice are govern'd or directed by them; and when a Parliament is call'd, if your Lordſhips were not aſſiſted by them, and the

the Houſe of Commons by other Gentlemen of that Robe, Experience tells us, it might run a Hazard of being ſtiled *Parliamentum indoctorum*. But as all Profeſſions are obnoxious to the Malice of the Profeſſors, and by them moſt eaſily betray'd; ſo (my Lords) theſe Articles have told you, how theſe Brothers of the Coif are become *fratres in malo*; how theſe Sons of the Law have torn out the Bowels of their Mother. But this Judge (whoſe Charge you laſt heard) in one Expreſſion of his, excels no leſs his Fellows than they have done the worſt of their Predeceſſors, in this Conſpiracy againſt the Common-wealth. Of the Judgment for Ship-Money, and thoſe extra-judicial Opinions preceding the ſame (wherein they are jointly concern'd) you have already heard: How unjuſt and pernicious a Proceeding that was in ſo publick a Cauſe, has been ſufficiently expreſs'd to your Lordſhips. But this Man, adding Deſpair to our Miſery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-Money was a Right ſo inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein (my Lords) he did not only give as deep a Wound to the Common-wealth as any of the reſt, but dipt his Dart in ſuch a Poiſon, that, ſo far as in him lay, it might never receive a Cure. As by thoſe abortive Opinions, ſubſcribing to the Subverſion of our Property, before he heard what cou'd be ſaid for it, he prevented his own; ſo by this Declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the Judgment of your Lordſhips too, and to confine the Power of a Parliament, the only Place where this Miſchief might be redreſs'd. Sure he is more Wiſe and Learned, than to believe himſelf in this Opinion; or not to know how ridiculous it would appear to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himſelf; and therefore, no doubt, but by ſaying no Parliament could aboliſh this Judgment, his Meaning was, that this Judgment had aboliſh'd Parliaments.

This Impoſition of Ship-money ſpringing from a pretended Neceſſity, was it not enough that it was now grown Annual, but he muſt entail it upon the State for ever, at once making Neceſſity inherent to the Crown, and Slavery to the Subject? Neceſſity, which diſſolving all Law, is ſo much more prejudicial to his Majeſty than to any of us, by how much the Law has inveſted his Royal State with a greater Power, and ampler Fortune; for ſo undoubted a Truth it has ever been, that Kings, as well as Subjects, are involv'd in the Confuſion which Neceſſity produces, that the Heathen thought their Gods alſo obliged by the ſame, *pareamus neceſſitati quam nec homines nec dii ſuperant*: This Judge then having in his Charge at the Aſſize, declar'd the Diſſolution of the Law, by this ſuppos'd Neceſſity; with what Conſcience cou'd he, at the ſame Aſſize, proceed to condemn and puniſh Men, unleſs perhaps he meant the Law was ſtill in force for our Deſtruction, and not for our Preſervation; that it ſhould have power to kill, but none to protect us; a thing no leſs horrid, than if the Sun ſhould burn without lighting us, or the Earth ſerve only to bury, and not to feed and nouriſh us. But (my Lords) to demonſtrate that this was a ſuppoſititious, impos'd Neceſſity, and ſuch as they could remove when they pleas'd; at the laſt Convention in Parliament, a Price was ſet upon it, *for twelve Subſidies you ſhall reverſe this Sentence*: It may be ſaid that ſo much Money would have removed the preſent Neceſſity, but here was a Rate ſet upon future Neceſſity; *for twelve Subſidies you ſhall never ſuffer Neceſſity again, you ſhall for ever aboliſh that Judgment.* Here this Myſtery is revealed, this Vizor of Neceſſity is pull'd off, and now it appears, that this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully preſented his Majeſty with twelve Subſidies, to be levy'd on your Lordſhips, and the Commons. Certainly, there is no Privilege which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the Purſe of the Subject; and yet theſe Judges, who are neither capable

capable of ſitting among us in the Houſe of Commons, nor with your Lordſhips, otherwiſe than your Aſſiſtants, have not only aſſum'd to themſelves this Privilege of Parliament, but preſum'd at once to make a Preſent to the Crown, of all that either your Lordſhips, or the Commons of *England* do, or ſhall hereafter poſſeſs.

And becauſe this Man has had the Boldneſs to put the Power of Parliament in ballance with the Opinion of the Judges, I ſhall intreat your Lordſhips to obſerve by way of Compariſon, the ſolemn and ſafe Proceeding of the one, with the precipitate Diſpatch of the other. In Parliament (as your Lordſhips know well) no new Law can paſs, or old be abrogated, 'till it has been thrice read with your Lordſhips, thrice in the Commons Houſe, and then it receives the Royal Aſſent; ſo that 'tis like Gold ſeven times purify'd: Whereas theſe Judges, by this one Reſolution of theirs, would perſwade his Majeſty, that by naming *Neceſſity* he might at once diſſolve (at leaſt ſuſpend) the Great Charter thirty two times confirm'd by his Royal Progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other Laws provided for the Maintenance of the Right and Property of the Subject; a ſtrange Force (my Lords) in the Sound of this Word *Neceſſity*, that like a Charm it ſhould ſilence the Laws, while we are deſpoil'd of all we have; for that but a part of our Goods was taken, is owing to the Grace and Goodneſs of the King; for ſo much as concerns theſe Judges, we have no more left than they perhaps may deſerve to have, when your Lordſhips ſhall have paſſed Judgment upon them. This for the neglect of their Oaths, and betraying that publick Truſt, which for the Conſervation of our Laws was repoſed in them.

Now for the Cruelty and Unmercifulneſs of this Judgment. You may pleaſe to remember that in the old Law they were forbid to ſeeth a Kid in his Mother's Milk; of which the receiv'd Interpretation is, that we ſhould not uſe that to the Deſtruction of any Creature, which was intended for its Preſervation: Now

(my Lords) God and Nature have given us the Sea as our beſt Guard againſt our Enemies, and our Ships as our greateſt Glory above other Nations; and how barbarouſly would theſe Men have let in the Sea upon us, at once to waſh away our Liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our Land, all the Property we have therein, making the Supply of our Navy a Pretence for the Ruin of our Nation; for obſerve, I beſeech you, the Fruit and Conſequence of this Judgment, how this Money has proſpered, how contrary an Effect it has had to the End, for which they pretended to take it: On every County a Ship is annually impos'd, and who would not expect, but our Seas by this time ſhould be covered with the number of our Ships? Alas (my Lords) the daily Complaints of the Decay of our Navy tell us how ill Ship-money has maintain'd the Sovereignty of the Sea; and by the many Petitions which we receive from the Wives of thoſe miſerable Captives at *Algier*, (being between four and five thouſand of our Country Men) it does too evidently appear, that to make us Slaves at home, is not the way to keep us from being made Slaves abroad; ſo far has this Judgment been from relieving the preſent, or preventing the future Neceſſity, that as it changed our real Property into the ſhadow of a Property, ſo of a feign'd it has made a real Neceſſity.

A little before the Approach of the *Gauls* to *Rome*, while the *Romans* had yet no Apprehenſion of that Danger, there was heard a Voice in the Air louder than ordinary, *The Gauls are come*; which Voice, after they had ſack'd the City, and beſieged the Capitol, was held ſo ominous, that *Livy* relates it as a Prodigy: This Anticipation of Neceſſity ſeems to have been no leſs ominous to us: Theſe Judges, like ill-boding Birds, have call'd Neceſſity upon the State in a time, when I dare ſay, they thought themſelves in greateſt Security; but if it ſeem ſuperſtitious to take this as an Omen, ſure I am, we may look on it as a Cauſe of the unfeigned Neceſſity we now ſuffer; for what Regret and Diſcontent had this Judg-

ment

ment bred among us? As when the Noiſe and Tumult in a private Houſe grows ſo loud as to be heard into the Streets, it calls in the next Dwellers either kindly to appeaſe, or to make their own uſe of domeſtick Strife; ſo in all likelihood our known Diſcontents at home have been a concurrent Cauſe to invite our Neighbours to viſit us, ſo much to the Expence and Trouble of both theſe Kingdoms.

And here, my Lords, I cannot but take notice of the moſt ſad Effect of this Oppreſſion, the ill Influence it has had upon the ancient Reputation and Valour of the *Engliſh* Nation: And no wonder, for if it be true that Oppreſſion makes a wiſe Man mad, it may well ſuſpend the Courage of the Valiant: The ſame happened to the *Romans*, when for Renown in Arms, they moſt excell'd the reſt of the World; the Story is but ſhort, 'twas in the time of the *Decemviri*, (and I think the chief Troublers of our State may make up that Number) The *Decemviri*, my Lords, had ſubverted the Laws, ſuſpended the Courts of Juſtice, and (which was the greateſt Grievance both to the Nobility and People) had for ſome Years omitted to aſſemble the Senate, which was their Parliament: This, ſays the Hiſtorian, did not only deject the *Romans*, and make them deſpair of their Liberty, but cauſed them to be leſs valu'd by their Neighbours: The *Sabines* take the Advantage and invade them; and now the *Decemviri* are forc'd to call the long deſired Senate, whereof the People were ſo glad that *Hoſtibus belloque gratiam habuerunt*: This Aſſembly breaks up in Diſcontent, nevertheleſs the War proceeds; Forces are raiſed, led by ſome of the *Decemviri*, and with the *Sabines* they meet in the Field: I know your Lordſhips expect the Event: My Author's Words of his Countrymen are theſe, *Ne quid ductu aut auſpicio Decemvirorum proſpere gereretur, vinci ſe patiebantur*, They choſe rather to ſuffer a preſent Diminution of their Honour, than by Victory to confirm the Tyranny of their new Maſters. At their Return from this unfortunate Expedition, after ſome Diſtempers and Expoſtu-

poſtulations of the People, another Senate, that is, a ſecond Parliament, is call'd, and there the *Decemviri* are queſtion'd, depriv'd of their Authority, impriſon'd, baniſh'd, and ſome loſe their Lives; and ſoon after this Vindication of their Liberties, the *Romans* by their better Succeſs, made it appear to the World, that Liberty and Courage dwell always in the ſame Breaſt, and are never to be divorc'd. No doubt, my Lords, but your Juſtice ſhall have the like. Effect upon this diſpirited People; 'tis not the Reſtitution of our Antient Laws alone, but the Reſtauration of our Ancient Courage which is expected from your Lordſhips: I need not ſay any thing to move your juſt Indignation, that this Man ſhou'd ſo cheaply give away that which your Noble Anceſtors with ſo much Courage and Induſtry had ſo long maintained: You have often been told how careful they were, tho' with the hazard of their Lives and Fortunes, to derive thoſe Rights and Liberties as entire to Poſterity as they received them from their Fathers; what they did with Labour you may do with Eaſe: What they did with Danger you may do ſecurely: The Foundation of our Laws is not ſhaken with the Engine of War, they are only blaſted with the Breath of theſe Men, and by your Breath they may be reſtored.

What Judgments your Predeceſſors have given, and what Puniſhments their Predeceſſors have ſuffered for Offences of this Nature, your Lordſhips have already been ſo well informed, that I ſhall not trouble you with a Repetition of thoſe Precedents: Only (my Lords) ſomething I ſhall take leave to obſerve of the Perſon with whoſe Charge I have preſented you, that you may the leſs doubt of the Wilfulneſs of his Offence.

His Education in the Inns of Court, his conſtant Practice as a Counſellor, and his Experience as a Judge (conſider'd with the Miſchief he has done) makes it appear that this Progreſs of his thro' the Law, has been like that of a diligent Spy thro' a Country, into which he meant to conduct an Enemy.

To

To let you ſee he did not offend for Company, there is one Crime ſo peculiar to himſelf, and of ſuch Malignity, that it makes him at once uncapable of your Lordſhips' Favour, and his own Subſiſtence incompatible with the Right and Property of the Subject: For if you leave him in a Capacity of interpreting the Laws; has he not declared his Opinion, That your Votes and Reſolutions againſt Ship-money are void, and that it is not in the Power of Parliament to aboliſh that Judgment? To him, my Lords, that has thus play'd with the Power of Parliament, we may well apply what was once ſaid to a Goat browſing on a Vine.

Rode, Caper, vitem, tamen hinc cum ſtabis ad aras,
In tua quod fundi cornua poſſit, erit:

He has cropt and infring'd the Privileges of a baniſh'd Parliament, but now it is returned, he may find it has Power enough to make a Sacrifice of him, to the better Eſtabliſhment of our Laws; and in truth what other Satisfaction can he make his injur'd Country, than to confirm, by his Example, thoſe Rights and Liberties which he had ruin'd by his Opinion?

For the Proofs, my Lords, they are ſo manifeſt, that they will give you little Trouble in the Diſquiſition; his Crimes are already upon Record, the Delinquent and the Witneſs is the ſame; having from ſeveral Seats of Judicature proclaim'd himſelf an Enemy to our Laws and Nation, *Ex ore ſuo judicabitur.* To which purpoſe I am commanded by the Knights, and Citizens, and Burgeſſes of the Houſe of Commons, to deſire your Lordſhips that as ſpeedy a Proceeding may be had againſt Mr. Juſtice *Crawley*, as the Courſe of Parliament will permit.

Mr. *WAL-*

Mr. *WALLER*'s SPEECH in the Houſe of Commons, on *Tueſday, July* 4, 1643.

Being brought to the Bar, and having Leave given him by the Speaker, to ſay what he cou'd for himſelf, before they proceeded to expel him the Houſe.

Mr. SPEAKER,

I Acknowledge it a great Mercy of God, and a great Favour from you, that I am once more ſuffered to behold this Honourable Aſſembly. I mean not to make uſe of it to ſay any thing in my own Defence, by Juſtification or Denial of what I have done; I have already confeſſed enough to make me appear worthy, not only to be put out of this Houſe, but out of the World too. All my humble Requeſt to you is, that if I ſeem to you as unworthy to live, as I do to my ſelf, I may have the Honour to receive my Death from your own Hands, and not be expoſed to a Tryal by the Council of War: What-ever you ſhall think me worthy to ſuffer in a Parliamentary way, is not like to find ſtop any where elſe.

This (Sir) I hope you will be pleaſed for your own Sakes to grant me, who am already ſo miſerable, that nothing

thing can be added to my Calamity, but to be made the Occaſion of creating a Precedent to your own Diſadvantage. Beſides the Right I may have to this, conſider, I beſeech you, that the Eyes of the World are upon you; you Govern in Chief, and if you ſhould expoſe your own Members to the Puniſhment of others, it will be thought that you either want Power, or Leiſure, to chaſtiſe them your ſelves: Nor let any Man deſpiſe the ill Conſequence of ſuch a Preeedent as this would be, becauſe he ſeeth not preſently the Inconveniences which may enſue: You have many Armies on foot, and it is uncertain how long you may have Occaſion to uſe them. Soldiers and Commanders (tho' I know well they of the Parliament's Army, excel no leſs in Modeſty than they do in Courage) are generally of a Nature ready to pretend to the utmoſt Power of this Kind, which they conceive to be due to them, and may be too apt, upon any Occaſion of Diſcontent, to make uſe of ſuch a Precedent as this. In this very Parliament you have not been without ſome taſte of the Experience hereof; it is now ſomewhat more than two Years ſince you had an Army in the North, paid and directed by your ſelves; and yet you may be pleaſed to remember there was a conſiderable Number of Officers in that Army, which joined in a Petition or Remonſtrance to this Houſe, taking Notice of what ſome of the Members had ſaid here, as they ſuppoſed, to their Diſadvantage, and did little leſs than require them of you: 'Tis true there had been ſome tampering with them, but what has happen'd at one time, may wiſely be thought poſſible to fall out again at another.

Sir, I preſume but to point you out the Danger; if it be not juſt, I know you will not do me the wrong to expoſe me to this Tryal; if it be juſt, your Army may another time require the ſame Juſtice of you, in their own Behalf, againſt ſome other Member, whom, perhaps, you would be leſs willing to part with. Neceſſity has of late forced you into untrodden Paths; and in ſuch a Caſe as this, where you have no Precedent of your own, you may

may not do amiſs to look abroad upon oth
Senates, which exerciſe the Supreme Power,
do here.

I dare confidently ſay you ſhall find none,
ent or Modern, which ever expoſed any of th
der to be tried for his Life by the Officers of
abroad, for what he did while he reſided am
the Senate.

Among the *Romans* the Practice was ſo c
ſome Inferior Officers in the Army far from
ving been ſentenced by their General, or Co
Chief, as deſerving Death by their Diſcipl
have nevertheleſs (becauſe they were Senato
thither, and the Cauſe has received a new he
Senate. Not to uſe more Words to perſuad
heed that you wound not your ſelves thoroug
in violating the Privileges belonging to your
I ſhall humbly deſire you to conſider likwiſe
of my Offence, not but that I ſhou'd be much
ſay any thing in diminution thereof: God kn
rid enough, for the Evil it might have occaſio
you look near it, it may perhaps appear to
Civil than a Martial Crime, and ſo to have Tit
at the Common Law of the Land: there m
ſome Difference between Me and Others in t

I have had nothing to do with the other Arm
Intention to begin the Offer of Violence to an
was only a Civil Pretence to that which I th
conceived to be the right of the Subject. I h
it to your Conſiderations, and to your Con
know you will take Care not to ſhed the Bl
in Peace; that Blood by the Law of War, w
Right to be tried by the Law of Peace.

For ſo much as concerns my Self and my
Buſineſs, (if I were worthy to have any thing
patiently heard in my Behalf) this might tr
that I made not this Buſineſs, but found it; it
Men's ands long before it was brought to me
it came, I extended it not, but reſtrain'd it.

road upon other States and
upreme Power, as you now

hall find none, either Anci-
poſed any of their own Or-
the Officers of their Armies
he reſided among them in

ctice was ſo contrary, that
rmy far from the City, ha-
General, or Commander in
their Diſcipline of War,
were Senators) Appealed
eived a new hearing in the
rds to perſuade you to take
ſelves thorough my Sides,
ging to your own Perſons;
onſider likwiſe the Nature
ſhou'd be much aſhamed to
ereof: God knows 'tis hor-
ht have occaſioned; but if
haps appear to be rather a
ſo to have Title to a Tryal
Land: there may juſtly be
nd Others in this Buſineſs.
h the other Army, nor any
Violence to any body. It
at which I then Fooliſhly
Subject. I humbly refer
d to your Conſciences. I
to ſhed the Blood of War
w of War, which hath a
f Peace.
Self and my Part in this
have any thing ſpoken, or
this might truly be ſaid,
ut found it; it was in other
brought to me, and when
reſtrain'd it. For the Pro-
poſi-

poſitions of letting in part of the King's Army, or offering Violence to the Members of this Houſe, I ever diſallowed, and utterly rejected them.

What it was that mov'd me to entertain Diſcourſe of this Buſineſs ſo far as I did, I will tell you ingenuouſly, and that rather as a Warning for others, than that it makes any thing for my ſelf; it was only an Impatience of the Inconveniences of the preſent War, looking on things with a carnal Eye, and not minding that which chiefly (if not only) ought to have been conſider'd, the ineſtimable Value of the Cauſe you have in Hand, the Cauſe of God and of Religion, and the Neceſſities you are forced upon for the Maintenance of the ſame; as a juſt Puniſhment for this Neglect, it pleaſed God to deſert and ſuffer me, with a fatal Blindneſs, to be led on, and ingaged in ſuch Councils as were wholly diſproportion'd to the reſt of my Life: this (Sir) my own Conſcience tells me was the Cauſe of my failing, and not Malice, or any ill Habit of Mind, or Diſpoſition toward the Commonwealth, or to the Parliament. For from whence ſhould I have it? If you look on my Birth, you will not find it in my Blood; I am of a Stock which hath born you better Fruit. If you look on my Education, it hath been almoſt from my Childhood in this Houſe, and among the beſt Sort of Men: and for the whole Practice of my Life 'till this time, if another were to ſpeak for me, he might reaſonably ſay, that neither my Actions out of Parliament, nor my Expreſſions in it, have ſavoured of Diſ-affection or Malice to the Liberties of the People, or Privileges of Parliament.

Thus (Sir) I have ſet before your Eyes, both my Perſon and my Caſe, wherein I ſhall make no ſuch Defence, by denying, or extenuating any thing I have done, as ordinary Delinquents do. My Addreſs to you, and all my Plea ſhall only be ſuch as Children uſe to their Parents, I have offended; I confeſs it; I never did any thing like it before; it is a Paſſage unſuitable to the whole Courſe of my Life beſide; and for the time to come, as God that can bring Light out of Darkneſs, hath made this in the Event uſeful to you, ſo alſo hath he to me: You have by

it

it made an happy Diſcovery of your Enemies, and I of my ſelf, and the Evil Principles I walk'd by; ſo that if you look either on what I have been heretofore, or what I now am, and, by God's Grace aſſiſting me, ſhall always continue to be, you may perhaps think me fit to be an Example of your Compaſſion and Clemency.

Sir, I ſhall no ſooner leave you, but my Life will depend on your Breath; and not that alone, but the Subſiſtence of ſome that are more innocent. I might ſhew you my Children, whom the Rigour of your Juſtice would make compleat Orphans, being already Motherleſs. I might ſhew you a Family, wherein there are ſome unworthy to have their ſhare in that mark of Infamy which now threatens us. But ſomething there is, which if I could ſhew you, would move you more than all this, it is my Heart, which abhors what I have done, and is more ſevere to it ſelf, than the ſevereſt Judge can be: A Heart (Mr *Speaker*) ſo awaken'd by this Affliction, and ſo intirely devoted to the Cauſe you maintain, that I earneſtly deſire of God to incline you, ſo to diſpoſe of me, whether for Life or for Death, as may moſt conduce to the Advancement thereof.

Sir, not to trouble you any longer, if I Die, I ſhall Die praying for you; if I Live, I ſhall Live ſerving you, and render you back the Uſe and Imployment of all thoſe Days you ſhall add to my Life.

After this, having withdrawn himſelf, he was called in again, and (being by the Speaker required thereto) gave them an exact Account how he came firſt to the Knowledge of this Buſineſs, as alſo what Lords were acquainted therewith, or had engaged themſelves therein.

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